AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JULY 1980 $2.00*
The guide for suddenly single men
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PLAYBILL

Suddenly you're single. For the first time in years you're on the loose, no spouse, no regular lady. For many people the demise of a relationship, de jure or de facto, creates a huge void, a sort of emotional and physical limbo in the life of the suddenly single man. He's got to become used to being alone, to finding companionship, to living with an absence. Even if the parting of ways was welcome, there are still major problems. In Australian PLAYBOY this month **Richard Schickel,** one of the best writers in the world, writes about The Great Second Chance, an absolutely essential guide, and a very amusing one as well, telling suddenly single men how to get their act together. **Geoff Kelly** wrought the fine graphics.

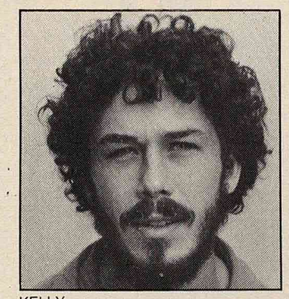
Federico Fellini is long acknowledged as a master of film, including the erotic film. This month we publish a series of pictures, Fellini's Feminist Fantasy, from his latest exercise of genius, *City of Women.* Maybe the title of our pictorial will give you an idea of what the film is all about . . . we do know this, they're very interesting pictures. And then there's the exquisite Gabriella Monti, an Italian-born Australian who graces the centrefold this month. Blonde, lissom and bosomy Gabriella is proud of her Latin blood. "I want to return to Europe to discover my heritage," she says. We make a different sort of salute — stylish pictures by **Peter McLean** and racy words — to beautiful Kim Wran, our cover girl this month.

Australian PLAYBOY readers are into cars. They enjoy the freedom of the roads and the efficiency of fine motoring machines, which makes **Rob Luck's** masterful report on anti-pollution issues, particularly the lead-in-petrol controversy, very relevant. Luck has some very controversial findings, like the one suggesting that we should throw away the pricey anti-pollution devices under the bonnet. He argues that motor mowers, barbecues, even burning leaves generate more dangerous pollution than do cars. **Colin Stead** created the photographic illustration.

We all have morbid fantasies about weapons, particularly nuclear weapons and their ability to end the human race as we know it. Well, here's some good news (of a sort). **John Edwards,** writing from Washington, has reviewed the state of the art of laser weaponry. Edwards reports that US defence establishment officials actually think that lasers might end the nuclear threat, that a new generation laser ray will be able to knock ICBMs out of the sky. Experimental lasers have already destroyed drone aircraft, so there's no doubt about their destructive capabilities, but it won't be until the end of the century that the laser will really come into its own. **David Pride** made the laser models.

We have a delightful essay from **Phillip Adams** on The Honorable Art of Hoppo Bumpo. Adams, never a sportsman, has realised that he can be a star, simply by shipping his bulk to Japan and its Sumo wrestling stadiums.

July Australian PLAYBOY has an excess of excellence. **Bruce Grant,** writer, former Australian High Commissioner to India, and a man of the world, has supplied us with a delightful short story, a young man's view of the Girls of East Melbourne. **Jim Di Mingo** has shot Clowning Around, a zany nude pictorial based on the characters of the greatest clowns. **Richard Beckett** humorously muses about what the Chinese have known for centuries — that ginseng is much more than an exotic root. **Patsy Clarke** gives wise advice about the etiquette of waking up in someone else's bed, and finally, the *Playboy Interview* this month is with Robert Sangster, pools millionaire, racing millionaire, the man who married Susan Peacock and set the Australian political establishment on its ears.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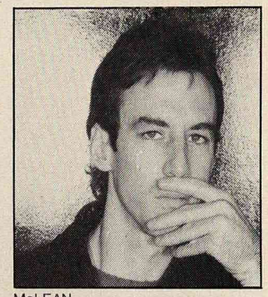
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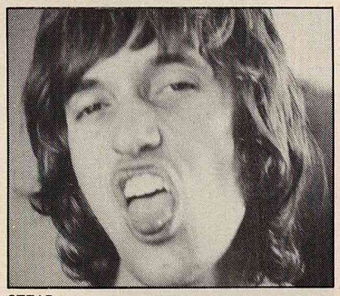
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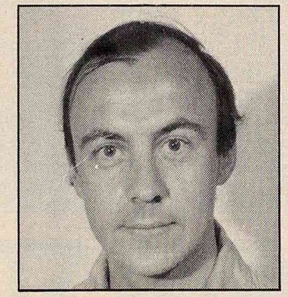
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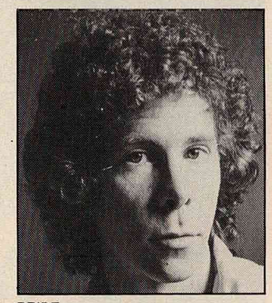
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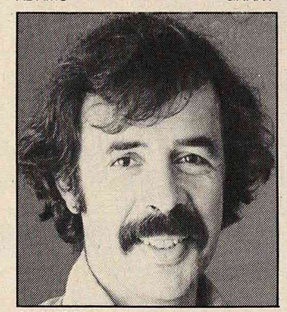
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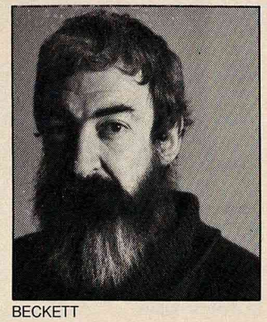
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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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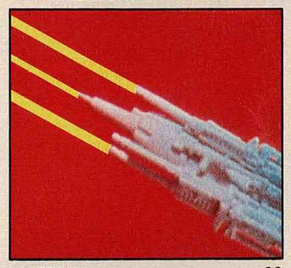

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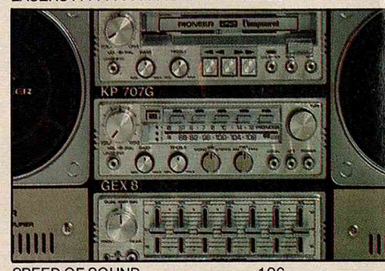

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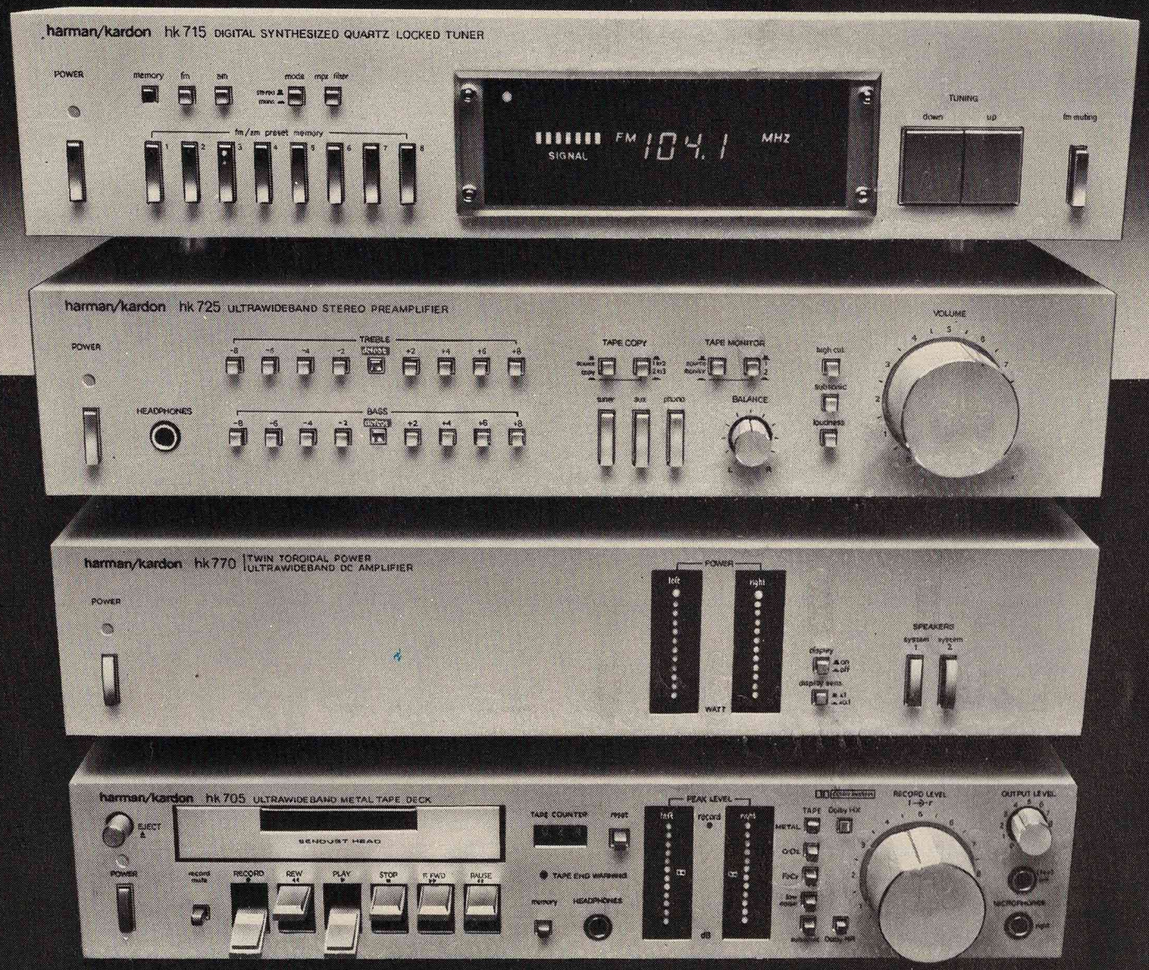

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

HIGH HANDED

Your March issue was fascinating, intelligent reading, particularly Garry Sturgess' fine and frightening article Menace of the Quops. Living as I do in a sad, wee country where the trend is towards governing by sheer McCarthyist histrionics, Mr Sturgess' article hit close to the bone.

It's not so much that governments have legislated to reduce our civil rights. Rather, it seems that they and their bureaucratic agencies have decided to operate on the principle that, until someone specifically forbids them to, they have the intrinsic right to act as they please. And, as they're the ones passing the laws, we should happily use our pretty wee credit cards and mind our own business!

Ainsley Dawrent
Christchurch,
New Zealand

DAVE SHOCK

Being a regular reader since the first issue, I've been very impressed with the quality of your artwork, the articles, photographs, etc. So it came as quite a shock to find Dave the Rave in your April issue. C'mon, we deserve better than this. It's poor quality, badly drawn and old fashioned rubbish (you'd expect to find this kind of "art" in a uni newspaper). What we should have is a comic strip that's sophisticated, well drawn and inked.

My verdict: Dave's ratshit. Dump him and Terrance Harrison too. Other than that, the April issue was terrific.

John Macpherson
Inala, Queensland

OCKER KNOCKING

I speak for myself, my mates and fellow workers, and I hope I'm speaking for all Australians. Dave the Rave is second class crap. That kind of Ocker Knocking was entertaining when it first came out, but it's old material today. Rehashed humor may go over well in America, such as their seemingly never ending ghetto-type TV shows. But in Australia we're not impressed.

We consider the strip an insult to a bloke's intelligence. If you want to knock

the Australian way of life we're all for it, but please give us creativity and bloody originality.

We reckon you just dropped your guard by letting that one slip through. If you just want a comic strip, I can think of a better theme.

Cobb Edwards
Bathurst, NSW

AD-DICTED

Keep up the good work on a terrific mag. Being a chick with an eye for spunky guys, I'm not into centrefolds and the like but love the jokes, the hard-hitting articles and the interviews.

And speaking of spunky guys, I loved that horny blonde Nordic-looking guy in Palmolive's Rapid Shave advert in recent issues of PLAYBOY. He can come on thick and quick with me any time he likes!

Ms Kate Cole
Harbord, NSW

HORSE SENSE

So your May *Playmate*, Debbie Cole, thinks there is a great similarity between a guy and a very spirited horse. Well, my own limited knowledge of matters equine does not allow me to say yeah or neigh on the subject. However, not even for Miss Cole would I submit to being broken in. But if Debbie happens to be grazing in my pasture you could put me out to stud any day!

Greg Done
Cairns, Q'land

You make good horse sense, Mr Done. Although we cannot guarantee Debbie will be cantering up your way, she has agreed to look out from our pages one more time . . .

TOP PRICE

Georgeous and fantastic, beautiful, a real spunk and one hell of a woman. Who? Your April Centrefold, Julie Price. This one's going to be hard to equal.

On the other hand, your "amazing new" Dave the Rave was a waste of five pages. Poor art and story.

Adam Koenig
Maribyrnong, Victoria

WE UNDERSTAND

I read your magazine every month and I find it to be an exciting and rewarding experience. Unfortunately I find myself in a situation where I am unable to pay for a monthly subscription to PLAYBOY. Because of me being in jail. I am asking for your understanding.

Glen A. Knight
East Maitland, NSW

You have it, Mr Knight.

DARK BEAUTY?

The only issue of your magazine I have missed is the first one, and I have thoroughly enjoyed each edition. But there has not been an Australian Aboriginal. How about one for *Playmate of the Month?*

C. Thompson
Burwood, NSW

It's bound to happen sooner or later, Mr Thompson. Until then, we'll all have to be patient.

TOP-NOTCH

In my opinion, Aussie PLAYBOY has got as high a standard as the best of the US versions and is much superior to its muck-racking Australian competitor.

Tony Lipton
Kenmore, Queensland

LIKE A DINNER

Congratulations on the fantastic feature on body painting entitled Out of Miss World, (April issue). Silvana Suarez has a gorgeous body to use for a work of art. Could you please do a picture spread in which a girl has her body decorated with whipped cream, red cherries and fruit? Could you consider Bronwyn Parker (January Playmate) for this?

Also, could you please have a picture of a beautiful Australian with her head shaved clean like Persis Khambatta, the Indian beauty in *Star Trek.*

Rod McLean
Kingsford, NSW

IN LIKE FLYNN

Regarding your June article on Errol Flynn . . . traitor or not, his bravado was something to be admired.

G.J. Gardiner
Sydney

What to have with chicken.

Barossa Valley
Kaiser Stuhl
Gold Medal Rose

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

DOLE HAPPY

Life on the dole can be a miserable existence, as a good number of Australia's 400,000 unemployed will tell you. But for a foreigner, especially one from a Third World country, coming here and signing on at the employment office can be tantamount to paradise.

This is what happened to Nai, 22, a tiny beauty from the northern Thai city of Chiang Mai. She ran into an Australian wandering the streets of her city and got to talking. An intimate friendship soon developed.

But all package holidays come to an end and the Australian found himself back in Newcastle, lonely and thinking about his lovely little lady. He sent her the airfare, she left her teaching job and flew here.

Nai was soon writing to all of her friends about how she was getting paid more for doing nothing than she had been for working back home, where schoolteachers earn around $30 a week. But after six months here, her visa expired and the Immigration Department got a little bit curious about the marriage plans. Her lover didn't think she fitted into the burly Newcastle scene too well, so he paid for her airfare back to Thailand.

But Nai didn't go away empty handed. Her dole savings amounted to $1000, a small fortune in Thailand.

TOO HEALTHY BY HALF

Every health food fanatic knows the incredible lift you get from your first health drink. The brewers' yeast, the raw egg and all the vitamins and minerals have you jumping out of your skin — for a while. But then the high wears off. And complications can set in.

A friend of ours found a book called *Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit,* with a recipe for one of these high-powered vitamin drinks. After a week of using it he started getting sore lips. He read the book and discovered he had the symptoms of vitamin B2 deficiency. This amused and puzzled him because the drink allegedly was rich in B2. But he started taking B2 tablets to complement the drink.

Next thing he was suffering from breathlessness and pale ears — sure signs, according to the book, of Vitamin B6 deficiency. The book advised a course of B6 and iron. Ironically, the vitamin drink was supposedly rich in B6 and iron.

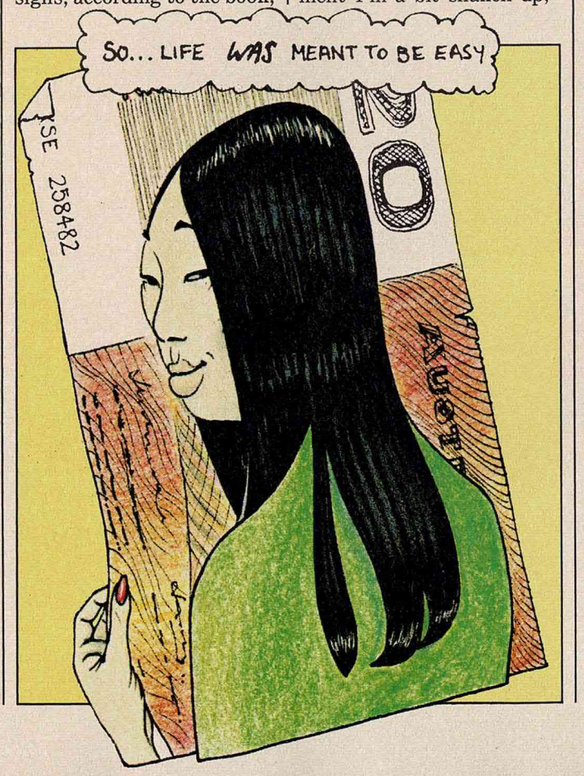
Our friend took the iron tablets to get himself back into shape but gave up the health drink — and threw the book away. He's been in great shape ever since.

WALKING TO WAR

Joe Murphy, the PLAYBOY correspondent who went behind the lines with the Khmer Rouge (PLAYBOY, May) has just dropped us a note from Kabul to say he has walked from the Pakistani border through the fighting zone to Afghanistan's capital. "At the moment I'm a bit shaken up," he wrote. "Soviet troops have seized some of my film and I'm very tired. I'm going to try to sleep but the goddamn Soviet tanks and APCs (armored personnel carriers) are making a helluva noise outside my hotel window."

Joe told us that he was going to Pakistan to interview the refugees. To our surprise he obviously decided to extend his assignment to the war zone itself. Wait for his report.

Knowing Joe, it will be worthwhile reading.

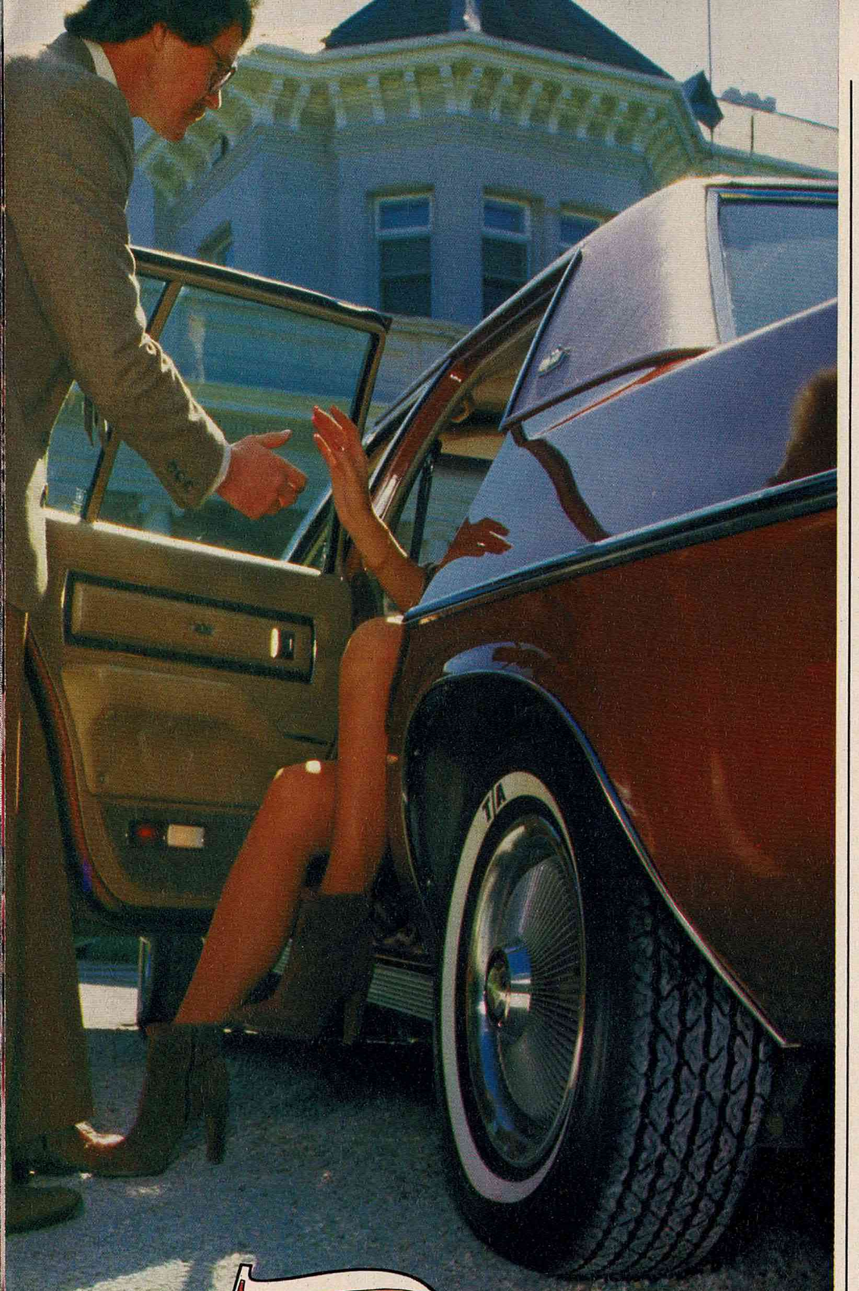


MOW ME DOWN

A Brisbane lawnmower salesman has blown the whistle on yet another male myth. According to Peter Samson, most men purchasing lawnmowers test them to see if they are light enough for their wives to handle. Often they have their wives along when they make the purchase so the women can try out the mowers. Said a Women's Action Group representative: "That's one of the reasons Queensland women look so tired."

GOOD GOD!

In an effort to reshape the image of the Greek god of debauch, Dionysus, a top Professor of Art History, Caroline Houser, has arranged an exhibition at Harvard University's Fogg Art Museum to present the old-time hell-raiser as something of a teetotaller — a sort of Fred Nile of the Olympic set. Houser insists that Dionysus was not a lecherous drunk at all, reinforcing her contention that



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he was never presented "falling down drunk" in ancient Greek artifacts. Moreover, says the American professor, Dionysus was faithful to his wife. Now if only some academician had done a whitewash job on Caligula, our censors would never have had to ban that tastelessly pornographic movie.

NUCLEAR NEUROSIS

The British have found something else to worry about now the North Sea oil is helping them out of the economic doldrums. They are now worried sick about the fact that they might *survive* a nuclear holocaust.

The whole debate blew up with a recent BBC program entitled *If the Bomb Drops*, which gave expert assurances that about half of London would survive an initial nuclear blast. It also showed clips from a secret government film to be screened before a potential nuclear strike.

In the film titled *Protect and Survive*, everyone is advised to stay at home and build an instant bomb shelter by removing some doors, propping them against any wall that might be left standing and covering the lot with soil-filled garbage bags.

This is all too much for the British, one of whom muttered: "When I moved to London I thought I'd be wiped out when The Bomb dropped. The last thing I want is a slow, lingering death."

The makeshift British efforts contrast sharply with the Swiss. All their new housing contains sophisticated government-subsidised shelters.

Moaned another Pommie: "Who wants to struggle for weeks, surviving under the kitchen door, if the world's most boring race is going to be left running Europe?"

BUSH BILLIARDS

Englishman Jack Karnehm, former world champion billiards player, remembers one game above all others in his long career . . . in Darwin.

He related how he was passing a tin shack when he heard the click of balls and looked in. "There were these six blokes dressed only in their underpants," he said. "There was so much beer they seemed to be paddling in it. I said, 'C'mon fellas, don't hit the balls so hard.' And they said something like 'You Pommy Bastard,' only much worse."

The champion gave them a demonstration and in the end there were 50 people crowded into the tiny hut. But there was no polite applause or backslapping for the master's expertise.

"I left when one of them took a swing at me," Karnehm recalled.

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...and that's sayin' something!
...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's."

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WORLD OF PLAYBOY

top beauties from playboy editions world-wide

SUSY

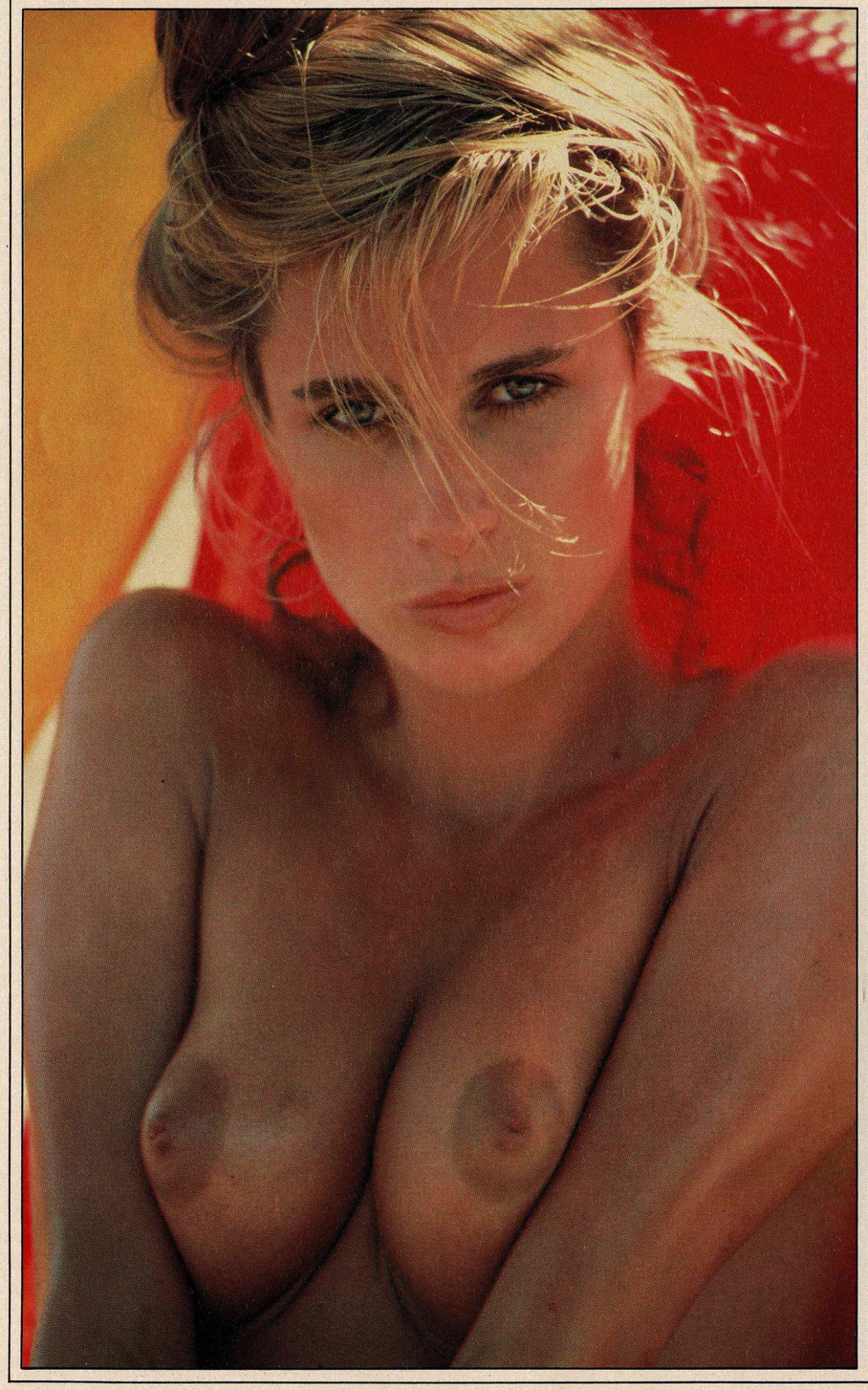
Susy Argiolas, 21, from Sardinia, has played bit parts in films and plans to advance her career by going to acting school.

SABINE

Sabine Schmidt sees it as self-evident that good-looking women have an advantage in a man's world. "But why should I put a sack over my head just to give the other women an even chance," asks the delectable German.

TERI

Californian beauty Teri Peterson, 21, has more than enough style to fulfil her secret dream — to be a fashion model.



...TED LAPIDUS LANCE
SA LIGNE DE TOILETTE POUR HOMME.
TED LAPIDUS PARIS
BDP TL9

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I am 19 and have never yet experienced an orgasm. Although my sexual responses are similar to those of other people my own age, I never actually reach a climax. My penis gets erect but that's as far as it goes. My erect penis is fairly small, being only about 13cm long, and I have accepted the fact that I may be impotent as I've never come while masturbating. But I get very strong sexual feelings whenever there is an attractive girl around, and my penis gets stiff quickly and frequently, so I wonder if there is some hope that I'm not entirely impotent. What should I do about being treated for my condition? — P.C., Victoria.

It could be that you're over-estimating the importance of the size. Ignore the stories you may have heard; a 13cm erection is not abnormally small — certainly not so small as to be dysfunctional. You say that you have come to believe you must be impotent. As you are still only 19, you must have been quite young when you came to that conclusion. And if you really believed your penis to be abnormally small long ago, then it's likely that your feelings of inadequacy have kept you from achieving an orgasm ever since. Someone who convinces himself that he is impotent quite possibly will be. This is not to say that there may not be some specific physical reason for your apparent impotence, and we suggest you do see your doctor. Even if he tells you everything is in full working order, it may take you a while to really believe it and, if necessary, your doctor will request specialist therapy for you.

Recently, I went on a camping holiday with my girlfriend. We got far away from civilisation and tended to rough it a bit. We didn't wash as often as we usually do and my girlfriend stopped using deodorant and perfume. What surprised me were the number of interesting smells a woman exudes and just how sexy they are. And I was certain I could pick up a particular odor just before we made love, as though she was giving some sort of signal. Was I just imagining it or is there a specific smell that women emit when sexually aroused? — T.S., WA.

Only the nose knows. If someone could bottle that smell and market it, he'd make a fortune. It has been found that sexually mature women manufacture strong smelling secretions known as pheromones during certain points in their menstrual cycle. Experiments have shown that many species produce similar substances when they are seeking to attract a mate but it is still not certain whether or not these smells are nearly as all-important in human sexual attraction. However, your experience, and that of quite a few other people, would suggest that they are not to be sneezed at.

I've been considering visiting Bali for a two-week holiday later this year. But recently I spoke with some people who had just been there, and they told me that the island was so overrun by tourists that it was no longer worth visiting. They said that everything was completely commercialised and that it was hard to get a minute's peace from the hustlers who make a living off tourists. Do you think they were exaggerating or should I look elsewhere for an unspoilt paradise? — H.L., Victoria.

It depends just what you're after. The people you spoke to sound like those typical Australian tourists who go to Kuta or Sanur and never venture further than a cautious hundred metres from their air-conditioned hotel room. Yes, the tourist industry within Bali has developed enormously, but the island is still large enough for you to find as much action **or** *as much peace and quiet as you want. The place remains as stunningly beautiful and romantic as ever, once you get away from the tourist ghettos. There are still many small villages barely touched by Western development. We suggest you have a look through one of the better tourist guide books, such as the* Indonesian Handbook, *by Bill Dalton (Moon Publications) or* South East Asia on a Shoestring, *by Tony Wheeler (Lonely Planet Publications). Then, when you get there, head for the terraced hills.*

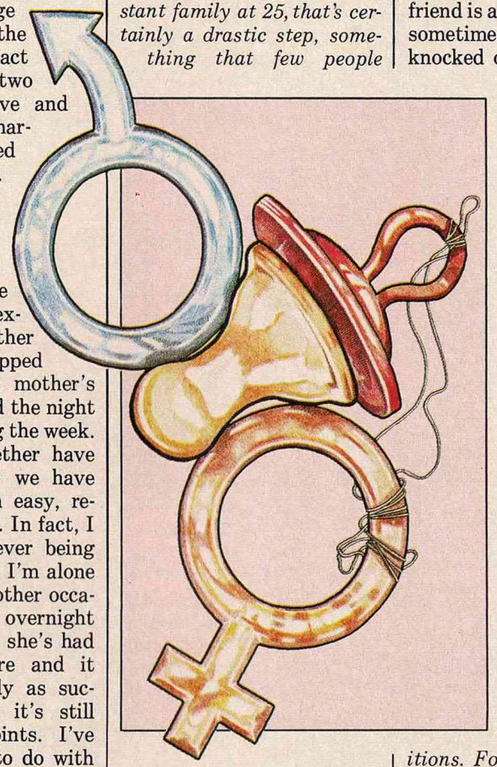
Recently at a motorcycle race meeting I found myself standing next to a heavily-tatooed bikie in the urinal. I caught a glimpse of his penis and I am sure I noticed some kind of small silver stud through the end of it. I didn't take a close look at it (I wouldn't have wanted him to get the wrong idea), but since then I have felt very curious about the device and exactly how it would be inserted. I suppose the operation would be extremely painful—it makes my stomach turn just thinking about it! Are these studs more of a widespread phenomenon than I imagine? — B.J., Queensland.

The practice of studs or rings being pierced through the glans (the head of the penis) is ages old. They are displayed openly in some African and South Pacific cultures and the practice is mentioned in the Kama Sutra *as a means of enhancing sexual pleasure. In the West, people tend to be more secretive about it, though your bikie friend is not alone. The two most basic types are the dydo, a stud through the rim of the glans, and the Prince Albert, a ring going all the way through. The latter is said to have been used by gentlemen in Victorian England as a means of securing the penis inside the right or left leg of their trousers. The operation*

is said to be quick and is usually performed using a local freezing agent to numb the pain. But in a lot of cases, the pain is what the customer is after, and some have been known to disrupt the healing process before it is complete and have the operation done over and over again . . . just for laughs.

I am 25, and for the past six months I have been involved with a woman of 34. It's not the age difference that's the problem but the fact that she has two children (aged five and seven) from a marriage that ended three years ago. Up until now, we have been spending the occasional weekend alone together when the kids are with her ex-husband and, at other times, she has dropped them off at her mother's and come to spend the night at my place during the week. Those times together have been fantastic — we have great sex and an easy, relaxed relationship. In fact, I can't remember ever being as happy as when I'm alone with her. But on other occasions I've stayed overnight at her place when she's had the children there and it hasn't been nearly as successful, although it's still had its good points. I've never had much to do with the children and don't feel particularly at ease with them. It always seems so messy and chaotic when they're around, and even when they've finally been packed off to bed it's not quite the same. We're not as free and uninhibited in our lovemaking as when she comes to stay with me. I'm very involved with her and we have discussed living together, but I'm not too sure about taking on an instant family. What do you think? — K.S., NSW.

Yours is a problem that is very much on the increase as the divorce rate climbs, and growing numbers of people seek new alliances, not as free-floating individuals but with a family in tow. You say you've not had much to do with the children and feel uneasy around them but perhaps you haven't been trying very hard. Children can at times seem determinedly unco-operative and even intimidating to someone who is unused to them, but it's amazing how quickly they will let down the barriers once someone shows a little interest in what they're doing. As for taking on an instant family at 25, that's certainly a drastic step, something that few people could adjust to immediately or easily. And whether, having moved in with your lover and her family, you'll find your idyllic weekends together still feel as good as they did before is something you won't know until you try. Perhaps you'll find you liked the relationship better when it was occasional — and was only the two of you.



My eyesight isn't the best. I'm extremely short-sighted and, without my glasses, I can see very little detail, even up close. Most of the time this is no real problem as my glasses give me virtually normal sight. Where I am having trouble, though, is with my sex life. What really turns me on is seeing a woman's body up close; I like to explore every bit of her skin during foreplay. In the past, I have managed okay, even though it has sometimes been awkward when the glasses have fallen off or bumped my partner painfully in the heat of the moment. My previous girlfriends were not very keen on oral sex so I never had much experience along those lines. However, my new girlfriend is as keen as I am. But sometimes my glasses get knocked off and I can't see what I'm doing, or else they dig into her thighs, causing her to get turned off. I wonder if you can provide me with any helpful suggestions, as it's too good an experience to give up. — J.W., Tasmania.

We agree that it is too moving an experience to forego. One solution might be to wear contact lenses; however, make sure they're put in correctly because it would be an extremely awkward place to lose them. A better idea might be to explore a few different positions. For example, get her to sit close to the edge of the bed or on a chair, with her legs spread wide apart. If you then squat on the floor in front of her you should be able to get a good view of what you're getting into without doing much damage with your horn-rims.

I have been considering having a breast enlargement operation but after reading the *Adviser* letter from an M.B. in the March edition of PLAYBOY, I'm not so certain about it. In spite of the fact there is always some risk of scarring, I still wonder if it might be worth it because my breasts are so small that I feel ashamed and embarrassed about them. I don't like my boyfriend to touch them, and when we make love, I try to keep a top on which drives him up the wall. He, and other people, have tried to tell me that my breasts are quite normal but I don't believe them. Whenever I look through your magazine, I see women with large, well-shaped breasts, and at 170cm (5ft 8in), with measurements of 78-58-88 (31-23-35), I feel inferior. Men always seem to hunger for women who are well-endowed on top, and I'm sure I will never be happy unless I do something about my shape. Do you think the operation would be worth the risk in my case? — D.M., South Australia.

Studies of women who have successfully undergone augmentation mammoplasty (the enlargement of the breasts) indicate that most of them claim to feel better for it. But, as we said to M.B., don't believe in miracles. Even if the surgery works perfectly and you find yourself with a pair worthy of Bo Derek, there can be no guarantee you will find your life suddenly transformed. If you are so hung up that you're not willing to allow your boyfriend even to look at your breasts when you're making love, perhaps you're placing too much emphasis on boobs and not enough on brains. As for your belief that men naturally prefer women to have enormous boobs, tastes differ. In fact, men are turned on by the whole range of shapes and sizes, from Raquel Welch right through to Twiggy, to stretch a point . . . or two.

After watching a film of the Sydney to Hobart yacht race, I felt a great desire to be a part of the action. It looks like an exhilarating way to spend a few days and that booze-up on Constitution Dock looked pretty good, too. The trouble is — so far, my only sailing has been done on the occasional Sunday on a friend's boat, and the Hobart race appears to be a millionaire's game. So I've been wondering — how can someone with limited sailing experience and a

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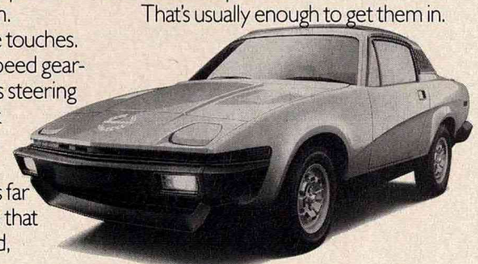

*The fuel consumption you obtain will vary with where and how you drive and your car's condition and equipment. LAS210PL/FMMH

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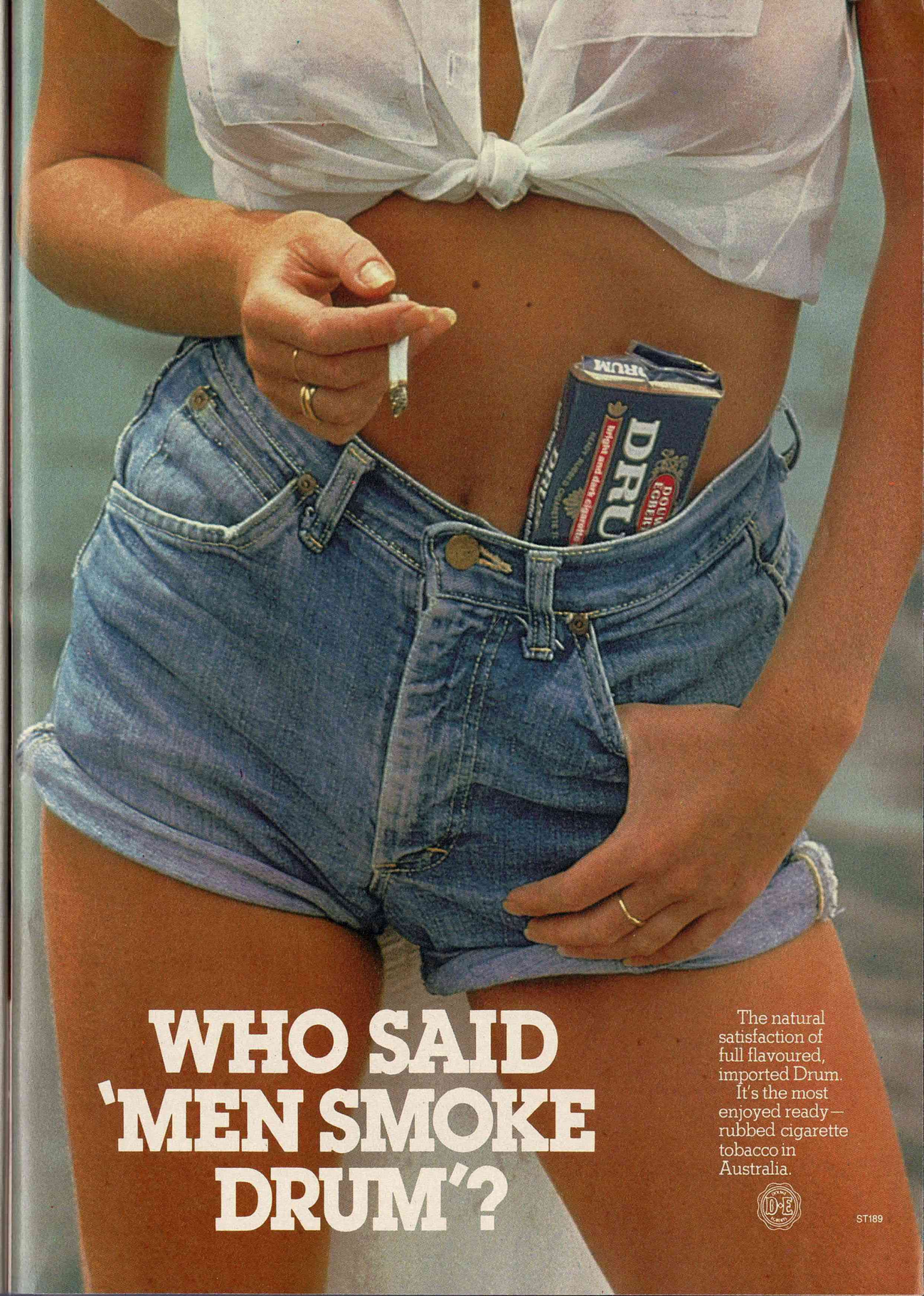
great deal of enthusiasm (but little money) get into off-shore yacht racing seriously? — S.P., NSW.

While you won't be able to step straight on to the deck of Bumble Bee or Condor or Ragamuffin, there's no reason why someone with a real urge to go racing can't work his way into the crew of some yacht or other. But make no mistake, ocean racing, especially the Hobart, is a lot more than one big booze-up. First of all, there's a long, hard training period to create a sense of unity and teamwork among crew members. If you're really serious, start checking out the various yacht clubs near where you live and ask around. Every weekend, several races go on in a wide range of classes and these yachts all have to have crews. Some of the smaller divisions that compete in harbor racing might be your best bet initially. If you can convince the captain that you're reliable enough to turn up every Saturday or Sunday and have a modicum of skill, there's a good chance you'll be given a go. From there, it may seem a long haul to Constitution Dock but you never know what breaks might come your way once you're out on the water.

My husband and I have recently started experimenting with aphrodisiacs. First we tried ginseng, and we were very disappointed as it didn't make us even slightly horny. Then we tried vitamin E and tea made from hops, and both were equally ineffective. Recently, we have been told that powdered rhinoceros horn is supposedly a good aphrodisiac. Is this true and, if so, where can we get some? — E.W., Victoria.

You'd probably find rhinoceros horn just as disappointing as all the others. Although the Chinese have claimed for many centuries that it's an aphrodisiac, there is no medical evidence to support their claim. The legend probably is based on the mistaken belief that, because a rhinoceros has that large horn thrusting forward, always ready for action, it is a very horny animal in other ways and that this is an energy that can be transmitted to humans. Even if the legend were true, powdered rhino horn has become extremely difficult to obtain, as the rhinoceros is an endangered species, and steps have been taken to prevent its being killed for its horn. Have you considered trying licorice?

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*



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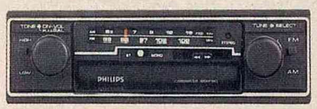
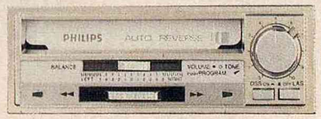


AC738 – AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto eject. Locking fast forward/rewind. FM noise Blanker. Output 2 x 4.5 watts (10%THD).

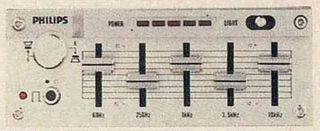
AC748 – AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto reverse. Locking fast forward/rewind. FM Noise Blanker. Output 2 x 4.5 watts (10%THD).

AC868 – AM/FM MPX Radio/Stereo Cassette Player. Features Auto tape stop with LED indication. Auto switching to radio at end of tape. Locking fast forward/rewind. ''Turnolock'' push-button tuning. Output 2 x 6 watts (10%THD).



AC490 – Stereo Cassette Player. Features auto switching from tape to radio. Auto reverse. Locking fast forward/rewind. Separate bass boost and muting switches. Output 2 x 6 watts (max.).

AC290 – Stereo Cassette Player with locking fast forward/rewind. Features auto eject. Auto switching from tape to radio. Separate bass boost and muting switches. Output 2 x 6 watts (max.).



AP120 – Hi-Fi Stereo Equalizer/Booster. Features five ± 12dB slider controls operating at 60, 250, 1000, 3500, and 10,000 Hz. Output 2 x 20 watts (10%THD). 2 x 10 watts (less than 0.5%THD).

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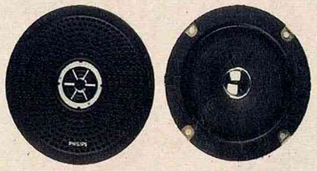
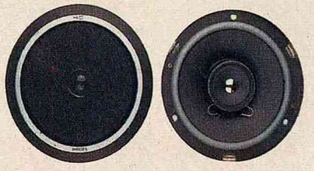
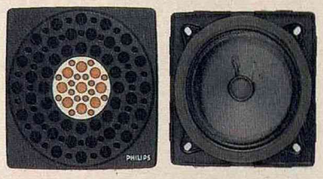
CA100 – Control Amplifier. Features six input circuits. Centralized controls. LAS (Level Attenuator System), DSS and bass/treble controls for fine tuning. LED Indicators.



EN8354 – 137 mm Single Cone Speakers. Slimline. Door mounted. 20 watts max. input.



EN8303 – 160 mm Co-Axial Speakers. 25 watts max. input.



EN8359 – 112 mm Single Cone Speakers. Door mounted. 8 watts max. input.

EN8302 – 160 mm Dual Cone Speakers. Flush mounted. 20 watts max. input.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

PRESS FREEDOM

Apropos your interview with Ranald Macdonald in the April edition. I for one have entreated both Lyle Turnbull and Ranald Macdonald in personal and written submissions to provide more scope for reader expression in their two newspapers, the Melbourne *Age* and the *Herald.* Neither has done so and, in fact, they both continue to inhibit pertinent comment.

I assured Mr Macdonald before its advent that the Press Council would be just a futile exercise. Unfortunately it has endorsed the privilege of editors to do as they please in a monopolistic situation where there is a captive audience.

I remain astonished at his chairmanship of the International Press Institute at a time when Australia has such a restricted press. It is significant that *The Australian* is the only newspaper to publish criticism of the APC and IPI!

R. Gough
Warrandyte, Victoria

UNDERHAND JUSTICE

Russell Deiley's excellent investigation, The Heroin Homicides (PLAYBOY, April) reminded me of just how dangerous drugs can be and how easy it is to be caught up in them — even if you are just an innocent victim.

Let me recount one experience I had. It involved a jealous bargirl, 45 grams of marijuana and an early-morning police raid on a Bangkok house.

It all began innocently enough. "I want to see other girls besides you," I told the girl, who thought she had a firm grip on my affections as well as my wallet. On finding she couldn't get her own way, she brought into operation a nasty little scheme that is not at all uncommon in this all-stops-out city.

The first I heard of it was being rudely awoken early one morning after a night's revelry by a loud banging on the door. Six people from the Vice Squad had come as a result of a complaint about heroin. They knew where to look and dug out a plastic bag from a bedroom drawer.

They pointed to me. "She claims this is yours and belongs to no one else in the house," the lieutenant in charge of the raid said. But fortunately, the bargirl's "plant" was not heroin, it was marijuana and the detectives realised I had been set up. But a formal complaint had been made, so someone had to answer it.

As a tourist, I would have been in deep trouble if taken before a court (at least six months' prison and deportation), but a Thai resident would be treated more kindly. So one of them in the house volunteered to take my place!

Then the wheels of negotiation were set in motion. The lieutenant was understanding. Over dinner and a few beers, he agreed to halve the marijuana haul, thereby reducing the severity of the inevitable sentence.

Later, in court, the judge handed down the verdict: 18 days' prison. More contacts were made and a little money paid into the right hands. Even 18 days in a Thai jail is an horrendous experience. The person who had taken the rap for me was freed after only a few hours. Another contact was made and all records of the conviction "disappeared" from police files.

The generosity of my friend and a few hundred dollars paid into the right hands saved me from prison and certain deportation.

And, despite the underhand dealings, I somehow felt justice had been done.

Paul L.
Melbourne

SPEAK UP, JOE

For some time now I have read both Australian and American editions of PLAYBOY. I have nothing but praise for the presentation and brilliant pictorial accomplishments of the Australian version. I have met and read with interest many famous and infamous people in *Playboy Interview,* expounding and/or deliberating on their particular attitudes to life, sex, marriage, career and other topical subjects. To one who knows or who has read about these personalities, one can perhaps anticipate or predict their attitudes, likes, dislikes, opinions and such.

The question comes to mind — what are the attitudes toward life, sex, marriage, career, etc of the average Australian male or female? Could they possibly be expressed in a *Playboy Interview,* perhaps creating just as interesting, if not more exciting reading than the likes of Adams, Teller and others.

I, for one, would find great interest in reading an interview with Joe Bloggs, wharfie or public servant, on the question of Australian life. Is it really all football, beer and sex in that order, or does the Australian male value his identity? Does he feel his women are his equal or his chattel? Does his standard of education or upbringing determine his attitude to women.

Many questions can be asked and many aspects of Australian life explored. Your magazine is life, why don't you consider interviewing Australian life?

Peter Lane
Lilydale, Victoria

AGE BARRIER

I would like to comment on the letter by Aimee Swift *(Playboy Forum,* May) on the May-December romance. I am a 52-year-old woman, and for eight years I lived with a man who was 11 years my junior.

At the beginning, the relationship was lovely. We were two lonely people when we met and drifted into living together, but after six years the relationship was not holding up. I was 50 and he was only 39, but I looked a little older. Women age much quicker than men and I seemed to be aging two years to his one. I started to notice that his friends were coming to visit us less often, and when they did I could see the looks of pity they felt for him.

One day during a party, I overheard a few of his friends talking and their remarks were: "Isn't it a shame to see him throwing his life away with a woman so much older," and a reply of: "Maybe he only wants a mother figure. I feel sorry

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LEO BURNETT 2.1318 CC317/79

for him because in a few years he'll only be 45 and she will look 65."

This hurt me greatly, but I know that what they were saying was the truth. I truly looked far too old for him, but I didn't realise that his friends were laughing about us behind our backs. Our relationship lasted only for another 12 months.

My advice to any man thinking about living with a woman more than five years his senior is to look at all the angles of it first. Remember that women age more quickly. An older woman can fill a gap in his life for only a few years before the gap starts to widen with age. Before he realises it, time has left him chained to an old hag for whom he has no feelings left. By then it can be too late to start again, and he will be left with nothing.

So please take the advice of a woman who has been through it and knows what she is talking about. As I think back over my life with him, I realise that it wasn't love that brought us together, it was loneliness. I was trying to recapture my lost youth through him. I tried to hold him to me, but luckily he had enough sense to make the final break before it was too late. I now go with a nice man two years my senior and it is the kind of a relationship that can grow into something good, so please publish my letter as a warning to other May-December affairs.

My advice is to let each other go before your lives are ruined.

Veronica Stacy
Moorabbin, Victoria

THE OLDER WOMAN

The young girls you put in PLAYBOY are great, but surely you're restricting the potential of your magazine by totally ignoring the great majority of mature women, those from about the late 20s onwards?

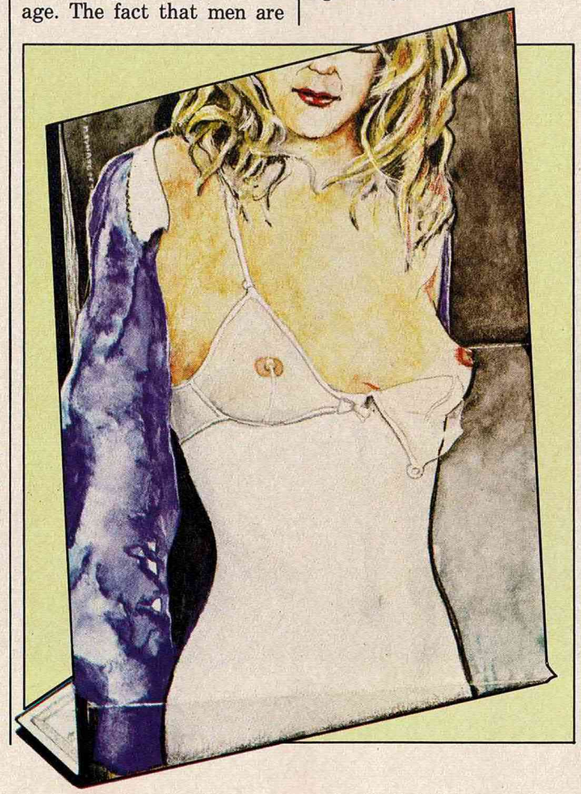
I believe this is a cruel oversight which, by omission, not merely condemns womanhood beyond the first blush of youth but cuts off from men, at great cost to their maturity, the enormous possibilities of older women.

The ancients of the East understood a thing or two about the value of the older woman. Many of the temple dancers of India (outlawed, incidentally, by the stuffy British because they were too erotic) were over 30 and very well versed in teaching younger men the skills of lovemaking. And the older women used to sit in as a couple consummated their marriage, to teach them the most satisfying way to do it.

The French have always believed a woman is barely worth attention until she is past 30, and they are meant to be sexperts. In America, too, the social scientists are just discovering women in their 40s and 50s can look forward to a more satisfying sex life free of child rearing and other cares. Their health is also better, there is no concern about pregnancy and their sex lives become more spontaneous and stimulating. More attention is being given in the media to the older woman. One well-known American girlie magazine once gave over its centrespread to a 53-year-old grandmother, and she looked in great shape for her age. The fact that men are attracted to older women can be seen by anyone who reads the newspaper gossip. Princess Margaret seems to have young Roddy Llewellyn tied round her royal finger; Brigitte Bardot has a young lover; Mae West has a string of them; and John Travolta still mourns for the love of his life who died in his arms. She was over 40.

These are only a few examples. There are always a few older women luring fresh-faced youths to the delights of their chambers. The experience more often than not is highly erotic — and highly instructive. Education is not to be found in a stuffy classroom listening to some fool drone on about the "facts of life". When it comes down to it, there's nothing to beat practical experience . . . especially from an attractive older woman.

Alan Hester
Daylesford, Melbourne



LASSETER'S REEF

I have been trying for the past year to obtain a copy of the Ion Idriess book, *Lasseter's Last Ride.* It is almost as hard to uncover as Lasseter's Reef. I was delighted by the story The Search For Lasseter's Reef (PLAYBOY, February). After reading it for the sixth time, I came upon an article in *Parade* headed Lasseter's Lost Reef Found, telling about a Perth expedition headed by Mr Don Stone.

I have noticed numerous differences in the stories written on your and Mr Stone's expeditions. I am in no way trying to level criticism at you or Mr Stone, but I am extremely interested in Lasseter's Reef and, not having any information apart from the two articles, I would like to know more. I shall state the differences I noticed (the information I gleaned from the *Parade* story is in brackets):

Lasseter states reef as being 19.3 km long, 6.4 km wide (16-20 km long, 2-4 m wide); Blakely Expedition $10,000 to $30,000 ($5000); quartz blows 300-400 paces apart (prominent quartz blows every few kilometres); Lasseter and PLAYBOY state the reef runs north-south (Stone and, apparently, Lasseter himself say that the reef runs east-west).

I myself have an idea about the location of Lasseter's Reef which may help you at some other time. But it would need research. It is contained in the Record of the Mines of South Australia, fourth edition, 1908, on page 284 under the heading: Gold Mines, Tarcoola. It states:

"Aboriginal legends concerning large lumps of gold in a far away place somewhere to the north west of Tarcoola have been heard from the natives of the north west and west coast since the earliest days of settlement, and expeditions in search, generally accompanied by aged blacks, have gone out from time to time. So far the precious deposits remain undiscovered."

North-west of Tarcoola is where Lasseter's Reef is supposed to be. Maybe it was discovered by Aborigines before Lasseter's time.

Mr J. Penny
Port Pirie
South Australia

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Playboy Interview ROBERT SANGSTER

the pools and racing tycoon who married susan peacock talks some horse sense

EVEN at nine o'clock in the morning he is the prototype, genteel English sportsman. He is clean-shaven and casually elegant in suit, shirt, tie and cuff links, chosen artfully to tone with the clear blue eyes. It is Ladies' Day at the Randwick autumn carnival and Robert Sangster, multi-millionaire, gentleman and businessman, is preparing for an afternoon of sport.

He had begun the day with three purple-bred fillies in the big race of the day, the AJC Oaks, but the injured pre-post favorite Stage Hit has been withdrawn and will go to stud without racing again. Breeding and racing are one and the same thing in the Sangster ledger. He had reinforced that theory the previous night when he outlaid $549,500 for six fillies and one colt during the first session of the Sydney yearling sales.

Long range prospects are on his mind again this morning. If Bravita or Franconia can win the Oaks, he knows their value as broodmares will soar. He is on edge. It is no different on the morning of any big race day, no matter whether the Sangster horses are running at Randwick, Epsom Downs, Flemington, Santa Anita, Longchamps or any other major racecourse in the world. For the racecourse is as much an office for Sangster as the chairman's desk in a Liverpool office overlooking Aintree, from where the family interests in Vernons Pools, finance, banking and Ford car franchises are controlled.

These days, however, the family fortunes are entrusted to an expert command of financiers, bankers and accountants while Robert Sangster, sole heir to the founder of the Vernons empire, roams the world to prove that breeding, owning, buying, selling and racing horses on an international scale can be highly profitable.

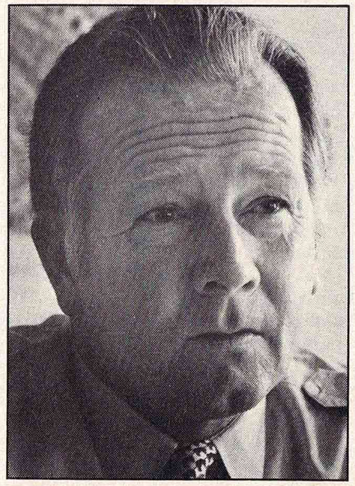
And since he launched his assault on international racing six years ago, Sangster has gone a long way toward confounding the sceptics who regarded him as little more than a rich man tilting at the impossible dream. It is trite to say that Sangster has bought racing success. Certainly the Sangster racing enterprises have turned over hundreds of millions worth of horseflesh since 1974 but, backed up by some of the most knowledgeable expertise in the world, he has emerged as a winner in perhaps the most speculative industry of all because he has approached horse-trading as he would any other business.

Breeders in the ankle-deep sawdust sale rings in the thoroughbred capitals of the world respect and fear Sangster. They love the six and seven figure sweep of his pen on his cheques but the meticulously planned raids on yearling sales by Sangster and his advisers make them nervous. The anxiety is mutual. For his own part, Sangster worries constantly that industrial spies will break the code by which he and his advisers plan their buying sprees. The sellers worry about Sangster and (as one United States breeder so colorfully described them) "his goddamned Irish farmers" getting under their guard.

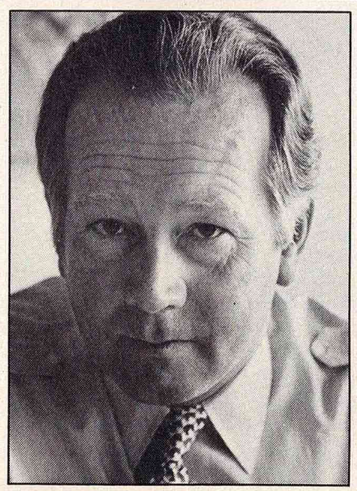
Thus far Sangster is ahead on points where it matters — on the annual balance sheet. The Sangster racing machine has posted a profit for the past four years and is heading for another successful season.

In spite of his preoccupation with horses these past few years, Robert Sangster remains a romantic, even enigmatic, figure beyond the mounting paddock and the sale ring. As the man who introduced soccer pools to Australia and who joined with Rupert Murdoch and Kerry Packer to bring Lotto to New South Wales, he stands as the fairy godfather to the millions of dreamers who play the legalised numbers games every week.

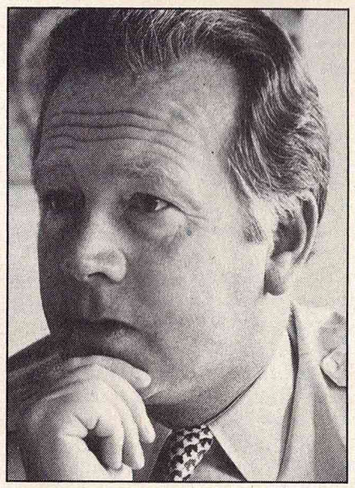
As a lover he has dominated the headlines reluctantly. After all, he is the man who wooed his second wife, Susan, from the Foreign Minister, Andrew Peacock, and the odds-on



"The only way to succeed in racing these days is to do it on a grand scale professionally — just as I do. I'm not a stupid man, otherwise I would have gone bankrupt the first year."



"When we were in Geelong recently, Susan and I had lunch with Andrew, their three daughters and two of their friends. It was very enjoyable. I think we get along well together."



"I think the Australian character is more adaptable than the English to winning big prizes. Many English seem to have been thrown out of their environment by winning."

chance of becoming Australia's first lady of politics. The Lodge will never be home to Mrs Susan Sangster but love has been good to the lady. She is now mistress of the Nunnery, the restored 24-room Gothic mansion which has stood in witness to more than 500 years of history from its sanctuary on the Isle of Man. The Sangsters have a second home in the sunshine of Barbados.

The 35th floor suite of the Sydney Hilton, where Robert and Susan Sangster preen themselves for Oaks Day at Randwick, might not be as spacious as the Nunnery, but it has compensations — not the least of them running staff and a telephone. During the hours Sangster can afford to devote to PLAYBOY, *the door bell chimes a lot more regularly than the Sangster colors will be called first over the Randwick line later in the day. A registered letter arrives from some outpost of the Vernons realm,* The Times *of London is delivered by hand and stewards call with mid-morning tea and a tray of liquor to replenish the refrigerator. The telephone bell is even busier. Sangster apologises for the intrusions to the interview but he keeps taking the calls. A man trading in millions of dollars worth of horses can't afford to ignore a telephone tap into the world.*

Through it all, PLAYBOY *staff man* ***Russell Deiley,*** *who has conducted many of our interviews, says he found Sangster to be a fascinating subject. "Sangster might be one of the richer men in the world," says Deiley, "but he is also disarming in his warmth and candor — a man utterly without pretension. He has been described often as a shy man. Maybe he is. He is certainly inclined to stammer when you lead him into a subject in which he is not comfortable. But he is confident and perfectly at ease when talking about the three loves of his life — his wife, his family and horses. Especially champion horses. Sangster makes no secret of the fact that he prefers the champions in his own stable, but this does not color his admiration for the sensation of autumn racing, Kingston Town — a thoroughbred he rates as one of the finest he has seen race anywhere in the world."*

PLAYBOY: Excuse the semantics but, as the head of one of the largest gambling organisations in the world, do you enjoy gambling?

SANGSTER: Yes, I do enjoy gambling.

PLAYBOY: What forms do you enjoy most of all?

SANGSTER: Well, we have a casino on the Isle of Man and I enjoy a little flutter on the tables. But I'm a social gambler. I like to go to the casino as a member of a party. I never go on my own. When we have a dinner party in the Nunnery, half will go to bed after the port and cigars and half will go on to the casino. I probably go six to eight times a year and I suppose I win on half of my visits and lose on half.

PLAYBOY: Are you a hunch bettor or a systems bettor?

SANGSTER: A hunch more than a systems gambler. I enjoy betting on horses, particularly in Australia because I think it is easier to win on Australian horses. In Britain the Government takes quite a high percentage of the bookmakers' holdings in betting tax and the large bookies such as Ladbrokes, Hills and Corals have large overheads with their enormous offices and staffs. Your Australian bookmaker usually has only his satchel and two or three staff to pay and he returns a much better percentage to the punter.

PLAYBOY: Do you punt heavily?

SANGSTER: Depends on what you mean by heavily. I suppose the size of your wager is relative to what you can afford to lose. I suppose I'd back a horse to win $1000. I'm not what you colorfully refer to here as a leviathan punter, but I do enjoy having a bet. I'm not a wowser.

"I couldn't believe the coverage your media gave to racing. I believe any Australian who isn't interested in racing should emigrate."

PLAYBOY: Can you recall the largest bet you have made?

SANGSTER: Not really, no. I'm not that interested in keeping count.

PLAYBOY: Do you bet exclusively on your own horses?

SANGSTER: No. Betting to me is a fun thing and it doesn't affect my life.

PLAYBOY: Do you gamble on your own judgment or are you influenced by inside information?

SANGSTER: Oh, I'd say 90 percent on my judgment and 10 percent on information. I don't gamble on the big handicaps. I prefer to bet on a horse in a small field where you get value. Whenever you have a bet, it is the same story — you never have enough on when it wins and you have too much on when it loses.

PLAYBOY: Australians like to regard themselves as the biggest, most daring gamblers in the world. Do you think they are?

SANGSTER: Yes, I think they are, but I'm sure they enjoy it. When I first came to Australia five years ago to see Mr Hamer (the Victorian Premier) I couldn't believe the coverage your media gave to racing. I believe any Australian who isn't interested in racing should emigrate.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to the races to keep abreast of a business in which you have invested so heavily or for your own enjoyment?

SANGSTER: I enjoy the races. I enjoy the characters one meets out on the course. Another fascination is the ups and downs in racing. The minute you are on top you have your feet cut from under you. Racing is a very fast moving business and horse fashions change a great deal.

PLAYBOY: Were you gambling when you bought your first horse at 23?

SANGSTER: No. I was playing rugby at the time and the father of one of my fellow players had some horses and we decided to buy one of them. It was a gelding which hadn't won a race that year. As I remember, we gave him $600 for the horse, which won six races including a top race at Kempton Park near London. A lot of people get hooked into racing in that way. You win a few races, think you know it all and start buying more horses. Then you realise you are not quite as clever as you thought you were. I went through that and then I decided to set about finding how the racing game really ticked.

PLAYBOY: Did your family have any background in racing?

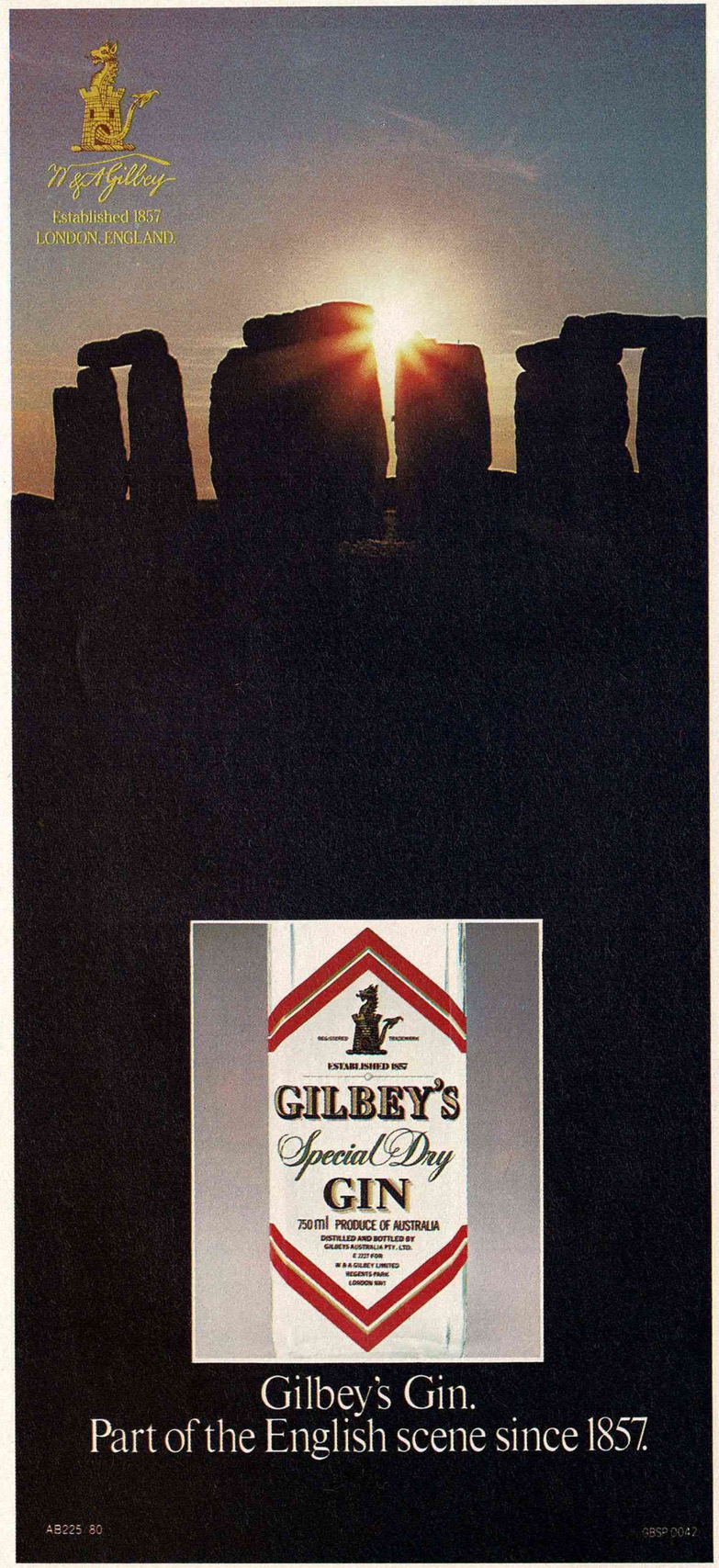
SANGSTER: No. My father is interested in financial figures. If we weren't turning in figures in the black, I think he would very soon get interested in the racing operations.

PLAYBOY: Did you regard your first horse as a rich man's toy?

SANGSTER: Not really. I suppose there are some who regard a horse as a rich man's toy, but whatever we made out of that first horse was hard-earned.

PLAYBOY: As a man said to have forged a fortune from nothing, your father must be a very shrewd and astute businessman. How did he feel about his only son entering such a high-risk business as racing?

SANGSTER: I wouldn't actually say my father forged a pools fortune from nothing. He owned a large stores business in Manchester before he, a doctor, a dentist and an accountant each contributed $200 to launch the pools company with a capital of $800 in 1926. In fact, my father stayed in the stores business until 1939. I think he let me have my head in the racing business, although he was probably rather sceptical as I'd run a stud for 10 years and had consistently lost money. It was a small stud based on



12 mares, so I was able to make my mistakes in a small way. That small stud came before I decided to accelerate my racing interests. The family company probably had $20 million out in second-hand cars and, with the oil crisis looming, I realised that used cars would be virtually useless. So we closed the hire purchase business and invested the $20 million in first-class horses. If there is one thing I have learned it is that in a crash situation the top merchandise always maintains its value.

PLAYBOY: How quickly did you realise that you were going to need all the expert advice you could muster if you were going to make a successful racehorse owner and breeder?

SANGSTER: You learn very quickly simply by looking at the balance sheets. You can learn by talking to people, meeting people, but I didn't have the time. I was fully occupied on all our other subsidiaries and the soccer pools. I'd really run that first small stud as a part-time hobby. I'd only see the mares when I came home from the office at 7pm. In 1974 I realised I wasn't going to be happy sitting on an island and looking out the window, playing golf every day. I realised I needed a business that required a lot of travel, and I realised that, with the great advances in communications, there were opportunities to extend the racing business that I had started and to make it a very successful international venture.

PLAYBOY: You obviously leave nothing to chance. Are the stories we read about the meticulously-planned yearling sale raids by Robert Sangster and "his goddamned Irish farmers" true?

SANGSTER: Yes, we do go into the business of buying yearlings very thoroughly. I have three advisers with me in Australia, but when we go to the United States we take a team of at least eight to analyse every potential buy. I mean, if you are prepared to spend $1 million on an unraced horse, you really have to run a 100 percent check on the animal to make sure you aren't making any errors. It is no different to TAA buying a new fleet of planes. Each year we need a new crop of potential stallions, and yearlings are our raw product. Vincent O'Brien and my other trainers represent the production line which produces a stallion from that yearling. It is then up to me to decide where I can best market that stallion.

PLAYBOY: How did you go about assembling your expert team?

SANGSTER: On the individuals' proven results. If you are making cigarettes I suppose it takes time to find out whether people are smoking them. I'm afraid the horse business is very bare and it is soon obvious if you are not coming up with the results — and everyone expects you to fail. They say: "Look at that idiot, spending $8 million on yearlings; he should go to see a psychiatrist." But when they saw that we'd sold that $8 million worth of horseflesh for four times that value, they started trying to compete with us — especially the Americans. We've been lucky in that we are a very closely knit syndicate in which each of us works very well together. Most other syndicates formed to take us on will be made up of successful businessmen, but they are not necessarily successful horsemen. They will all have their own ideas.

PLAYBOY: Who are these Irish farmers on whom you put your trust and what are their strengths?

SANGSTER: They're a combination of breeders, trainers and vets and people with an eye for a horse. Take Pat Hogan, who is with me in Australia. My eldest son, Guy, who is 19, writes all his notes for him because Pat has trouble writing. He spells Sydney "S-i-d-n-e-y" on his luggage but there is no finer judge of a horse in the world. I won't buy a horse unless he has given it the once over. We go round a lot of horses before yearling sales and, just as Dudley Moore has with his women, Pat gives every horse a rating out of 10. He very rarely gives a horse a 10 rating but, when he does, I will have a crack at buying it. I've also got in Vincent O'Brien, who trains all our colts in Ireland, another one of the best judges of a yearling. Before the sales start in Kentucky we have a two-hour meeting during which we go through every potential horse we want to buy and everyone has his say. We have another Irishman in Bob Griffin who is fantastic on legs — the equine variety, that is. Everyone has his strength and each of us is professional because we are all investing our money. I put in 40 percent, O'Brien puts in 20 percent and the man who eventually runs the stallions puts in 15 percent, so none of us wants to make too many mistakes. Two outside investors, Jean-Pierre Bine, a French breeder, and Danny Schwartz, who has a stud in California, make up the other 25 percent.

PLAYBOY: Is there any significance in the fact that these three key figures you have mentioned are Irish?

SANGSTER: The Irish have a natural way with horses. It's a tinker knowledge of the horse that they've been brought up with. They are brilliant judges of horseflesh.

PLAYBOY: And what, in turn, attracted these men to your side? Your money or your determination to make a success and a profit from racing?

SANGSTER: You have to treat racing as you would any other big business. You're the managing director; you put the team together and you get the team working for you. I'm a great listener. I don't try to thrust my views down their throats. I co-ordinate the team. Colin Hayes is a great listener. A lot of people are unsuccessful because they don't know when to listen. They're too busy thrusting their ideas on others. You can't do a lot by trial and error in this game. Of course you can't be right all the time but you try to be right 75 percent of the time.

PLAYBOY: You've gone on record as describing Vincent O'Brien as the greatest horse trainer in the world. Is his greatness confined to Irish and English conditions? How does he rate with the Australian trainers you use: Colin Hayes, Bart Cummings and Tommy Smith?

SANGSTER: O'Brien is a genius and it is hard to describe genius. His concentration is all on horses. Let me give you an example. I was playing golf with him last year and we'd hit our shots to the green. I went to putt out but Vincent went to drive off from the next tee. I had asked him about a horse while we were walking to the green and he'd become so obsessed with the horse that he completely lost track of where he was on the golf course. It's very hard to compare the different training methods in Ireland and in Australia. In Ireland we train mainly on weight. We weigh the horses all the time and depend very rarely on the clock. In Australia, the emphasis is on the stopwatch. People ring me up here and say this or that horse has clocked such and such and I have to tell them it means absolutely nothing to me. In fact, the other day someone made a present to me of a stopwatch. Even if I can learn to use it, they'll think I have taken leave of my senses if I go to the training track in Ireland with the watch strung round my neck. We go on the look of a horse and condition him like a boxing trainer would condition a fighter. Angelo Dundee would always have known Muhammad Ali's best fighting weight and would always have tried to get him in the ring at that weight. One would never find out which is the best method unless Mr Ken Cox, treasurer of the Victorian Racing Club (VRC), gets to run his planned $1 million race. And then it would depend on where the race was run. If it was run in Ireland, an O'Brien horse would win by 10 lengths. If it was run in Australia, Cummings, Smith or Hayes would win it by the same margin. It is very hard to compare trainers operating in different environments.

"In Kentucky in 1977 we spent $8 million on a crop of yearlings, including Monteverdi, which is already valued at $12 million."

PLAYBOY: In spite of the obvious differences in conditions, do you feel that Australian trainers put too much work into their horses and try to bring them on too quickly?

SANGSTER: I used to worry about Australian trainers running horses three times a week. But, because of a lack of travel here, I understand a lot more about Australian methods. In England, we tend to run a horse every three weeks. Travel places strain on a horse's legs. But when you have got horses stabled at the course, you might as well gallop them for money as gallop them for training.

PLAYBOY: Your name and astronomic spending are synonymous. I find it impossible to relate to the kind of sums you spend and receive for horses. Do you ever feel you are operating in an unreal world when you pay out $9.25 million as you did at last year's Kentucky sale or when you pay $500,000 for only a one-fortieth share of the champion Spectacular Bid?

SANGSTER: I'd like the other 39 shares in Spectacular Bid. In the world of racing, people need confidence, and I think it's in my interests to keep the market up because I have so much money invested in it. I think one saw an example of what can happen when the silver market crashed. If you are leading a market, this is the way to do it. We only really get a lot of publicity when we are buying horses but we also sell a lot of horses. I know it sounds like a woman shopping in Harrods (the high-class London department store), but the only way to analyse is to measure expenditure against income. In Kentucky in 1977 we spent a little more than $8 million on a crop of yearlings which included Monteverdi which is favorite for this year's English Derby and is already valued at $12 million. In fact, we have sold a quarter of him at a price which values him at that figure. So we've got all our purchase price back and are showing quite a nice profit. And we still have 24 other very nice horses from that crop which are on the books at a nett cost of nothing. But we've got to keep on coming up with top horses. That is where the pressure is.

PLAYBOY: Do people ever question your priorities in spending so much

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money on horses when there is so much poverty and misery in this world nowadays, even in the so-called affluent societies?

SANGSTER: On the contrary, the English people love to see a good horse. The main criticism in the past has been that we have lost most of our best blood to the United States. We've done a lot to rectify this. When the French were winning all our derbies, racing was a dirty word and the turf news disappeared into the inside pages. Now that English or Irish horses are winning again, it is front page news. For years, English racing was run by the families — the Derbys, the Roseberries, the Norfolks and the Astors. Unfortunately, the taxation system crippled them. The only way to succeed in racing these days is to do it on a grand scale, professionally — just as I do. I'm not a stupid man. Otherwise I would have gone bankrupt in the first year. If I was an idiot, people might write to the newspapers asking what right I had to do what I do, but they only have to go to the Company House to see that we are turning over a higher profit than the football pools.

PLAYBOY: Australian racing has the reputation of being the most egalitarian in the world. You say that our horseflesh is under-valued. If and when our horse prices reach world parity, will this mean the passing of the Aussie battler who has been such a rich and colorful part of our racing?

SANGSTER: Oh, no. Let's take Kentucky. It could be said that you get the Sangster syndicate fighting for a top yearling. That's our business. But the past four Kentucky Derbies have been won by horses bought for less than $40,000 as yearlings. There will always be the romance. It's like winning the pools. People buy horses because they reckon their judgment is better than mine, and they're often right. Just because a horse is expensive doesn't automatically mean it's going to be a top horse. Two years ago one of the 26 yearlings we bought was the most expensive in the world. He was an absolute meatball and hasn't won a race. The cheapest yearling we bought that year has won the Irish Guineas and Oaks. In the long run, the better bred horse will probably win, but you are always going to get the romantic story. That is what racing is all about and I certainly hope that never changes.

PLAYBOY: Can you be accused of forcing up the prices of Australian horses to protect your own investment?

SANGSTER: I can, but you have to have someone else bidding as well. What really happens is that people see I have been successful and someone like Kerry Packer or Rupert Murdoch says: Well, if he can do it, I can do it as well. This is what has happened in England and the United States — a lot of new people are coming into racing because they've seen it can be done. Previously, a lot of people regarded racehorses as rich men's toys or felt that you couldn't buy success. Lady Beaverbrook was widely criticised when she went to the sales and was never beaten in the bidding. I think the critics were unfair and she has now reduced drastically her commitment to racing. I think I have given many people confidence, and I believe the market will go up because people are now willing to come in and buy a good horse.

PLAYBOY: You say the criticism is unfair but isn't it tantamount to poker? Can't the man with the biggest bank force the others out of the ring?

SANGSTER: I haven't forced them out. There is such a thing as inflation. I wasn't at the last New Zealand sales yet the prices were up 50 percent. I wasn't at Adelaide and again the prices were up 50 percent. A lot of it is just talk. A Melbourne paper headlined the story that I had $2 million to spend at the Melbourne sales. I bought two yearlings there, each for less that $100,000. The Australian horses which are undervalued are the good race fillies. Let's face it, there has always got to be a satisfied buyer and a satisfied seller. I bought Stage Hit for $235,000. She's a beautifully bred Century filly and won a lot of that money back. Valley of Georgia was another typical buy at $275,000. The sellers were delighted to get that price — I'm sure they wouldn't have got that from anyone else — and I was delighted to buy her. I don't think I am forcing anyone out. I got some criticism in Adelaide for buying a filly called Gay Galaxy. The owner came to me and asked me if I would like to buy his filly for $75,000. I went through her pedigree and her race performances and said: "Okay, I'll buy your horse." I was criticised by a reporter who wrote that the small man, the trainer, didn't know about the sale until the horse was transferred to Colin Hayes. What wasn't written was that Hayes pledged that if Gay Galaxy won within 48 hours then the previous trainer would be paid the winning fee, which he was. We took the apprentice jockey off, but I said that if the horse won he would receive a winning riding fee. I gave the mount to Roy Higgins, who was going through a lean period and whom I consider a particularly good friend and one of the best three jockeys in the world. We won but they said the big man had taken the little jockey off the horse. I don't think any jockey other than Higgins would have won on Gay Galaxy that day. But as I'd agreed before the race, I paid both jockeys.

PLAYBOY: Were the newspaper stories true about you making a substantial bid for Dark Eclipse before the filly won the Golden Slipper?

SANGSTER: Yes. My interest in Dark Eclipse was sparked in one of the lead up races to the Slipper. I had Widen the Gap in the race and I just moved my glasses across in time to see Dark Eclipse quicken and sprint past my filly. Her speed was so breath-taking I remember saying to myself at the time: "My God." I was in the bar after the race with Tommy Smith and the vet, Percy Sykes, talking about the horse, and Percy said Dark Eclipse's knees weren't quite right. I told Percy not to worry about her knees and instructed Tommy to offer the owners $175,000. The owners quite rightly refused. And following her easy Slipper win, I'd say she is probably worth $400,000, although, if I could, I'd be very happy to get her for $350,000. I like her family. I think that, if you can get the best mares, they will always hold their value. There is always someone who wants to breed a winner.

PLAYBOY: You say Higgins is one of the best three jockeys in the world today. Who are the other two jockeys?

SANGSTER: Willie Shoemaker and Lester Piggott, although I realise I'm in the oldies' league because they are all over 40.

PLAYBOY: What are your opinions about the current crop of young Australian jockeys?

SANGSTER: Apart from Brent Thompson and Wayne Harris, I don't think they compare with the vintage years which produced Hutchinson, Williamson, Breasley, Purtell and Sellwood. They were fantastic jockeys. I am frequently questioned about Steve Cauthen. You can't compare Cauthen at 19 with Piggott at 43.

PLAYBOY: People will be surprised you haven't bracketed Malcolm Johnston with Thomson and Harris.

SANGSTER: I mentioned Thomson and Harris off the top of my head. I'd forgotten that Johnston was that young. I haven't watched him as closely as the other two. Harris has ridden recent winners for me — including Rocky Top in the Canterbury Guineas — and, of course, Thomson has been riding in top form. Since the beginning of the year and up to the Randwick autumn carnival, we've had 26 winners from 39 starters, and because Thomson has ridden most of them I have watched him very closely.

PLAYBOY: Can you put a figure on the number of horses you currently own and their cumulative value?

SANGSTER: To be honest, I couldn't put a precise figure on the number. We take horses individually and the numbers don't really matter.

PLAYBOY: I notice you keep individual progress files on all your horses.

SANGSTER: I've got an awful lot of mouths to feed and I don't want to feed too many. From the Isle of Man we are in touch with everyone round the world through that finest invention of the age, the telex machine. When you are in this business on the scale I am, if you are not careful you become a little like Hitler's German eagle — spread on too many fronts. I'm trying to contract all the time and it's not easy. I keep a performance ladder and I'm always trying to eliminate the bottom 20 horses. In that way you are improving your quality all the time and we keep the worst horses under constant review. The top horses and mares look after themselves, especially the dam of Spectacular Bid, the horse which was syndicated for $22 million. I've got his dam and I've got her back in foal to the sire of Spectacular Bid. The lesser horses are the ones which eat up the money. It costs just as much to feed them as it does Spectacular Bid's dam.

PLAYBOY: You've said that Australia is

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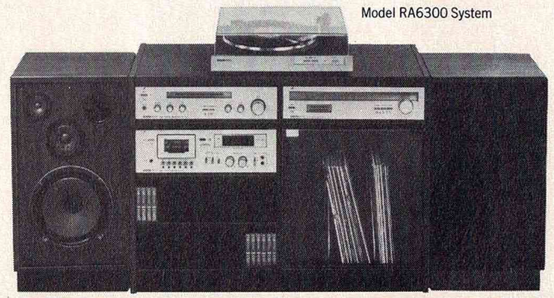

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on the brink of attracting a significant number of influential thoroughbred buyers from the UK, America and Europe. When this happens, will it be in the industry's interests to establish some kind of national stud or some type of regulation to control the export of blood lines?

SANGSTER: I think you will get more selective sales, but I don't know whether it will be desirable to set up a national stud. There's a lot of talk in Australia about changing your breeding season to northern hemisphere time but I don't know whether that would be a good thing or not. I think one should learn to walk before one runs. The Australian horse is improving. Standards have certainly gone up in the five years I have been here. The home-bred stallions like Century and Vain are doing very well, whereas five years ago the breeders wouldn't look at your own sires. They were still importing inferior horses from Europe.

PLAYBOY: But would you advocate export restrictions?

SANGSTER: Certainly not. I think export will be very good for the strength of the industry. The Americans don't worry about me going and spending $9 million on their yearlings because they know they will have another crop of yearlings along next year. It will be fantastic for Australian breeders if their horses do get sold overseas and they make names for themselves. I've probably seen more of your horses than anyone else from abroad and I'd like to prove how good they are by taking them to America. That is the reason I bought Luskin Star. But unfortunately we've had this matritis disease which has affected most of the studs and stallions and the disease has stopped the movement of horses for the time being.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any one blood line will be dominant in Australia over the next few years?

SANGSTER: You can't knock your own Star Kingdom line — it just keeps coming up all the time. Although you haven't got many of his stallions here, the Northern Dancer line is very successful round the world. I might be a little bit blinkered thinking of The Minstrel and Nijinsky but Northfields and all those Northern Dancer horses are like gold dust in America. A nomination to Northern Dancer now is $150,000. We were lucky to send eight mares to him and get seven foals back before the fee jumped two years ago.

PLAYBOY: What about horses like Century and Vain?

SANGSTER: No matter where you put Century in the world he would come up with the goods. It seems the policy here for other stud masters to knock a good stallion — just as they have done with Without Fear. I won't allow that these two horses are flashes in the pan. And I think the sensible breeders will get into Century and Without Fear. I bought a share in Century when I was here last November and I haven't regretted it. In fact I'd like to buy another one.

PLAYBOY: Even with different breeding times in the northern and southern hemispheres, can you see one set weight race emerging as a kind of unofficial world championship?

SANGSTER: They are already talking of a $1 million race in Melbourne. And to make the prospect even more attractive to overseas owners, they are now advocating a $1 million race in Sydney so that the international horses can have two bites at the cherry. I have to be a little sceptical. I've travelled horses to Australia, the US and Canada and they take time to acclimatise. I'd like to look a lot more closely at the proposal before I make any judgment. Basically it is an excellent idea, but one has to weigh very carefully whether an overseas horse will be able to do himself justice in a different racing environment.

"I get a tremendous thrill seeing a horse like Spectacular Bid or Luskin Star cut through the entire field in a split second."

PLAYBOY: I assume you are saying that an owner of a champion English or American horse has too much to lose by bringing his horse over here and getting beaten?

SANGSTER: Yes, it is a question of simple mathematics. Take a horse like my classic winner, Troy. He is standing at stud at a fee of $80,000, so this year he will earn $2.2 million. He couldn't earn that if he was still racing and got beaten. One would love to be a sportsman and one tries to be as much as one can but it is not easy when an accountant is leaning over one's shoulder all the time.

PLAYBOY: You attracted some flak when you said in an interview in *The Bulletin* that the New Zealand breeding industry was on the wane. Do you feel you were being unduly pessimistic about the New Zealand industry's breeding prospects?

SANGSTER: That was two years ago and I didn't say it was on the wane. What I said was that the Australian studmaster was importing American blood and was investing more in the locally-bred stallions whereas the New Zealander was tending to be less progressive. I think I have been proved right. I haven't seen that they have improved their blood as quickly as the Australians, although I must admit the New Zealanders have a fantastic collection of brood mares and they seem to win an awful lot of races over here. I just felt at that time that the Australian breeders had the bit between their teeth and I hoped the New Zealanders would follow the lead. I don't really want to get into an Australian-New Zealand argument but I do feel the Australians are looking for the faster horse.

PLAYBOY: Genetic research and experimentation has led to cattle breeders producing super stock. Can you see the day when a superior and proven brood mare will be injected with a fertility drug to produce more than one foal in a season, with breeders making use of a carrier mare for the additional foetus?

SANGSTER: I tend to leave that field to the veterinarians. I'm much more of a traditionalist and things are going quite well for us in our build-up of an international stud. I suppose artificial insemination will have to come but I certainly wouldn't like to see forced fertility used on the mares.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen the perfect horse?

SANGSTER: I never saw Bold Ruler or Tulloch race. I saw Secretariat. I think you see an awful lot of horses just below the perfect horse. The Minstrel and Alleged were great horses. I think Kingston Town and Manikato are great horses. But I suppose Spectacular Bid must be the best horse that I have seen because of his tremendous bursts of acceleration. Luskin Star had the same quality to accelerate and so do Kingston Town and Manikato. That's what I like to see in a horse and a stallion. I don't really like to watch a one-paced horse. I get a tremendous thrill seeing a horse like Spectacular Bid or Luskin Star cut through the entire field in a split second.

PLAYBOY: What do you think makes the perfect horse?

SANGSTER: I suppose it is a big heart. I'm not a great believer in heart scores, but then you look at an athlete like Bjorn Borg. He has the slowest heartbeat of any sportsman I know and he has won four consecutive Wimbledons, so the heart size and efficiency must have some relevance to performance. But it is very difficult to put one's finger on what it is that makes up the perfect horse. When Sportscast was born I said it was the nicest foal I'd bred in any hemisphere,

but I couldn't tell you what it was about the colt that made me say or feel that. The last time I'd said that about a foal had been five years before and the horse turned out to be so slow it couldn't get out of its own way.

PLAYBOY: You've often been described as a shy man. Are you?

SANGSTER: I don't really know. It is how others find you. I don't particularly like going into a roomful of people I don't know. I'm most relaxed among horse people or people who wish to discuss any other subject. But I'm not very good among people who expect me to perform. I tend to refuse a lot of dinner parties particularly when we are living in the house in Barbados. The American ladies are great hostesses and love to throw dinner parties, but I'm afraid I duck those.

PLAYBOY: Vernons Pools had its beginnings in Liverpool. Is your family from Liverpool?

SANGSTER: Nearer Manchester.

PLAYBOY: Did you have the traditional upbringing of a rich man's son?

SANGSTER: I went to Repton, the school that has produced the past three Archbishops of Canterbury. That is the school's greatest claim to fame. It is a good, middle of the road public school.

PLAYBOY: As the son of the man who ran Vernons Pools, were you accepted by your peers?

SANGSTER: Oh, yes. If you're good at sport, you are pretty well accepted anyway. And I was quite useful at rugby and boxing. I enjoyed all sports. I was keen on boxing from about the age of nine or 10 when I remember going to see Bruce Woodcock knocked out by Joe Baksi. But I never went any further than school and inter-service boxing. I have always said a moderate heavyweight will invariably be beaten by a good middleweight and I was a moderate heavyweight. The heavyweight division is the easiest of the lot providing you are pretty mobile — jab, move, jab, move, three rounds, hand lifted, finish. But the time comes when one realises one is not as fast as one thought. I realised boxing was not the sport for me when I boxed an exhibition with one of the top men from the RAF. He later turned professional and I went on the Boxing Board of Control.

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to boxing in the first place?

SANGSTER: As a child I was often left in the care of Tom Grenfell who was a New Zealander and the publicity manager for Vernons. Whenever I was in London I was under his care and he was very keen to take me round the boxing gymnasiums. When you are 15 or 16 it is a lot of fun sparring with the professionals. But, in hindsight, you realise it seemed a lot easier then than it really was because the pros weren't out there to lay one on you. I did a lot of sparring in my youth with Freddie Mills, who won the world light heavyweight title from Gus Lesnevich in 1948. He obviously made things easy for me during our sparring sessions or I shouldn't be here talking to you today. The start of my own boxing career in the services was quite funny in a way because I knocked out the regimental heavyweight champion almost by accident. He bounced off the ropes into my straight right, he went down and that was that.

PLAYBOY: Are the Sangsters regarded as *nouveau riche*?

SANGSTER: I don't think we have that term in England any more.

PLAYBOY: Does the Establishment still exist and are you part of it?

SANGSTER: Well, I suppose the Jockey Club is probably one of the pillars of the Establishment. When I was elected at the age of 30 on the proposal of Lord Derby, I was then the youngest member. I was accepted by everyone so I've not noticed any social slight. I think the newer countries are more snobbish. I certainly notice it more so here than in England. When the Queen came over to the Isle of Man last year for our millenium ceremony, she spent about five minutes talking horses with me. I think England today is a more classless society than it ever was. Taxation has done away with the class thing.

"When the Queen came over to the Isle of Man last year for our millenium ceremony she spent five minutes talking horses with me."

PLAYBOY: Which race do you most want to win?

SANGSTER: It has to be the English Derby. Derby Day on Epsom Downs is the most exciting day in the world.

PLAYBOY: Does winning the Derby become more significant in that it means your name is going on to a trophy inscribed with the names of royalty and some of the great figures in history?

SANGSTER: It is more the challenge of coming up with a horse good enough to win. Winning the Derby is not just a touch of luck. It is the culmination of years of planning. It's job satisfaction, really, and terrific excitement. I am a traditionalist but I'm not unduly worried about all the tradition associated with winning the Derby.

PLAYBOY: Is it the toughest race of all to win?

SANGSTER: All the classic races are tough in their own way. We have got a specialist jockey in Piggott who knows every blade of grass on the Downs, and we've got a specialist trainer in O'Brien who has a miniature Epsom track at Tipperary. It is not really a miniature but the track has a gradient identical to that at Epsom. So our approach in trying to win the Derby is thoroughly professional. O'Brien has won five of the past nine Derbies. It's a little like Cummings and the Melbourne Cup.

PLAYBOY: The Kentucky Derby also seems to have its share of charisma. Is that one of the classics you'd most like to win?

SANGSTER: It is not a race I aim for because I don't keep any two or three-year-old horses in America. I prefer to send my horses to the United States when they are four-year-olds and that much more mature. The American tracks are so hard and there is a very high casualty rate among horses who break down in the States. That is one of my reasons why I use Colin Hayes so much in Australia. He has some very good gradient tracks on which to work his horses. In many ways his training set-up is quite similar to what we have in Ireland, where we like to see a horse develop slowly to avoid shin soreness and breakdown. When you are in this business to the extent I am, you can't afford horses going amiss. If I've got 50 two-year-olds in training, I want at least 45 of them to remain sound. It is a matter of percentages. If I send 100 brood mares to be covered, I need to have at least 85 percent of them in foal whereas the general average round the world is nearer 70 percent. That additional 15 percent means the difference between profit and loss to me.

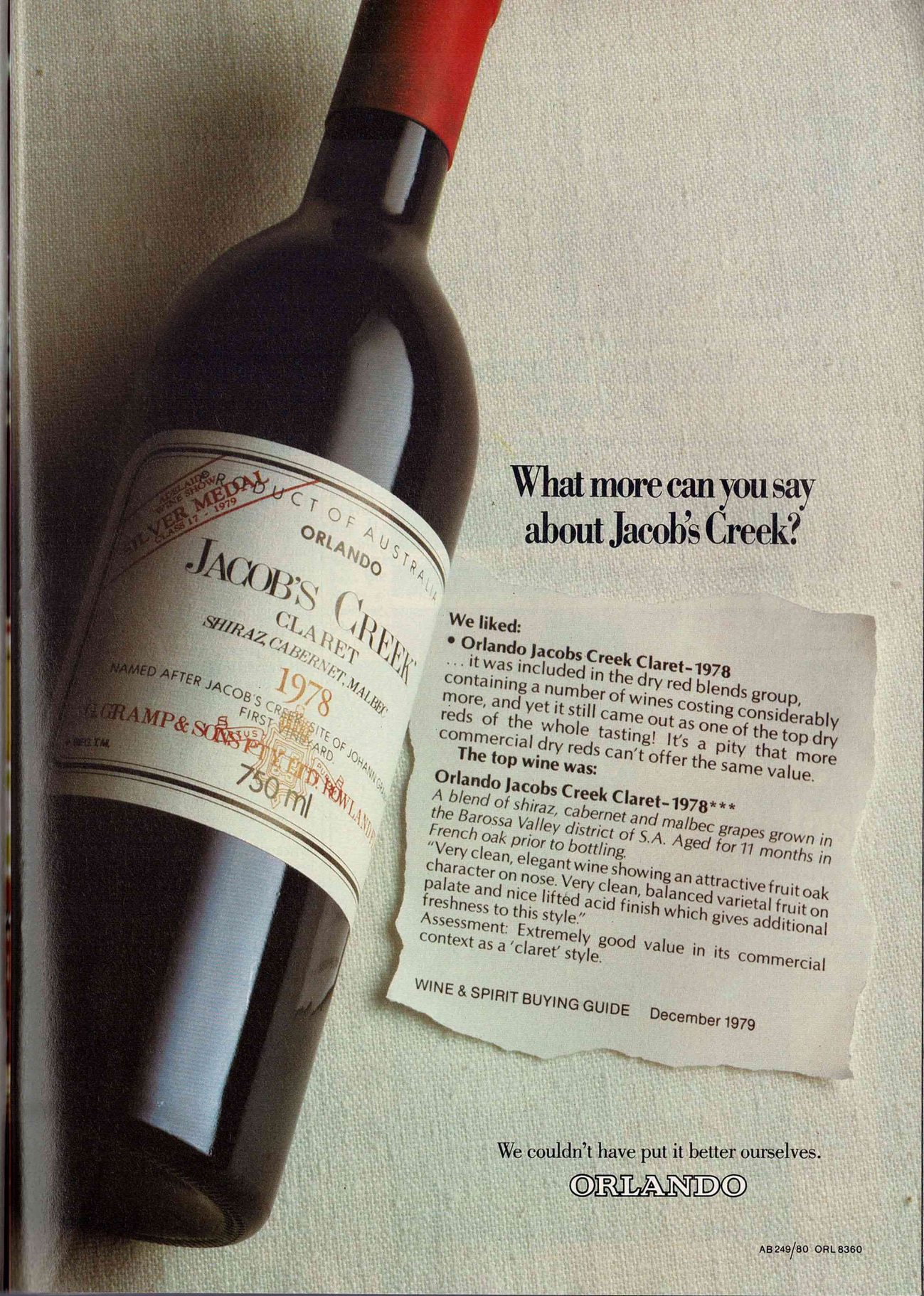
PLAYBOY: Has your relationship with Australia taken on a new dimension since you met and married Susan?

SANGSTER: Not really. I had already set my Australian racing business in motion when I met her. But, being Australian, she naturally enjoys coming out here and that makes it that much more pleasant for me.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised at the zeal with which the reporters pursued you once it became known that Susan had left Andrew Peacock so she could be at your side?

SANGSTER: We left Australia in April, 1976, and, because our friends were very loyal, the news did not burst until mid-June. By then we thought that nobody cared, but we were wrong.

PLAYBOY: At any stage was your relationship with Susan endangered



because of the attention of what one reporter has since described as "the baying media"?

SANGSTER: No. It was just a question of getting it over with. At times like that one is always misquoted a lot. And we thought more of each of our sets of children than ourselves. It didn't really worry us what was said at the time, but four years ago our children were a lot younger and a lot more sensitive to what they read in the press.

PLAYBOY: Was it a conscious decision by you and Susan to stop running from the press and to sit down with a reporter in France to tell your story?

SANGSTER: No, we were in the south of France staying with a couple of friends and my secretary rang to tell me that two newspaper reporters and two cameramen from the Murdoch press had turned up at my French pad in Deauville. They had got the wrong end of the country. Then we were besieged by reporters at the hotel. We kept out of the way for three days. We thought everyone had gone and everything had died down. But one night Susan and I returned to the hotel about 11.30 when the one remaining reporter chased after us down the corridor. I said to Susan: "Where's the key?" She replied "You've got it." Neither of us had the key. It was as simple as that. The reporter said he had been staying at the hotel for three days at the paper's expense and he said he was going to write a story anyhow. He asked us whether we wanted an accurate one or an inaccurate one. I think he tried to do an accurate one, but there were various embellishments. He had the Sangsters rushing off in their yacht, when I actually went off in one of those little tyre dinghies with an outboard motor on the back. I suppose he was trying to create some atmosphere. It was sensational at the time but it's all died down now.

PLAYBOY: Has your marriage to Susan created any ill-feeling among friends or relatives?

SANGSTER: Naturally there was some resentment among all parties at first. But that has since been replaced by a sensible attitude. When we were in Geelong recently Susan and I had lunch with Andrew and their three daughters and two of their friends. It was very enjoyable. I think we get along well together, which is an ideal situation. But some people still like to stir things. It was written in a Melbourne paper recently that Andrew and Susan had lunched together when it was Susan and I who lunched at the tennis club mentioned. The secretary of the club had read the name A. Peacock in the lunch bookings and jumped to the wrong conclusion. The A. Peacock was daughter Anne. Andrew has visited us in the Isle of Man and we all met up in Los Angeles on the way out here. For the children's sake, it is an ideal set-up.

PLAYBOY: Andrew Peacock, too, is a keen racing man. Would you consider going into partnership with him in owning a horse?

SANGSTER: Certainly. In fact he has asked my advice on which stallion he should send a couple of his mares to. It is very tempting to recommend one of my own but Andrew is involved with other people in the industry and, like me, I think he likes to pick other people's brains. That is the best way to get on in this business.

PLAYBOY: You and Susan seem to be spending more and more time in Australia. Are you considering setting up a permanent home in this country?

SANGSTER: No. Whenever I come to Australia it is usually for about six weeks at a time and I spend most of that travelling round looking at horses. If we had a permanent home here, I might grow to like the comfort and spend time I can't really afford with my feet up. Whenever Susan and I come here, we are quite comfortable in hotels for the short periods we are in Australia. I can keep in touch by telephone with the rest of my interests round the world quite easily from a hotel suite.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any plans to broaden your Australian financial interests beyond racing, football pools and Lotto?

SANGSTER: Yes, we are looking into that. I'm going to have a director living here permanently and he will be looking into other opportunities. There are a lot of opportunities in the business world here but we are not going to rush things. I am sorry but I cannot be more specific at this stage.

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to expand your racing interests here?

SANGSTER: I think the operation is big enough. In fact we are getting top heavy and I think I've got to reduce the number of horses I have in Australia. But it is the hardest thing in racing for me to sell. Not just here but also in England and America. People are very sceptical. Just because I want to sell a horse they think there must be something wrong with it. I am thinking of all sorts of ideas to convince people I am a genuine seller. Next year I will have a crop of about 50 yearlings, half of which I will want to sell. One possibility I am considering is to put two yearlings in the ring at the same time with no reserve. The successful bidder will have the choice of which one he wants and I will keep the other. I think that will be a very fair way of me selling horses so that I am not over-productive.

PLAYBOY: Fair it might be but isn't it flying in the face of your contention that racing is not an unduly speculative business? Aren't you taking pot luck by agreeing to keep the horse the successful bidder doesn't want?

SANGSTER: The skill will be in matching the horses. Let me give you an illustration. I own two mares, Valley of Georgia and Zasu. I've tested the Australian breeders and they are divided down the line as to which they consider the best mare. So if I was to reduce my brood mare stock, I would put Valley of Georgia and Zasu in the ring together. Whoever was the successful bidder would be able to have his choice and I would keep the other horse.

PLAYBOY: You are constantly travelling. How long do you think you will be able to make the world your office?

SANGSTER: I do find the travel wearying. But life is still a very big challenge. Everyone is trying to shoot me down and only when I lose the drive to stay on top will I start taking things easier. That is the wonderful thing about the racing game. You think you know it all and the next thing you find you really know nothing. It is a very hard world, very competitive and I enjoy the competition. I am a very competitive man. I enjoy the continuous challenge. We won some really good races at the Melbourne and Sydney autumn carnivals but I know I might go the next two weeks without winning a race.

PLAYBOY: Does the money you win and earn in Australia go into the international pool?

SANGSTER: I try to retain it here for yearling purchases.

PLAYBOY: When you have done all your homework, do you place a ceiling on how high you are prepared to bid to purchase a yearling?

SANGSTER: No, but we nearly got caught out at the Houghton sales at Newmarket in England where an Arab had instructed his trainer to buy one particular yearling at any cost. We put Billy McDonald, who is out here with me, into the ring to bid for the horse which we valued at between $700,000 and $800,000. When the bidding got to $800,000 I said to O'Brien that we had better pull up. By the time we found and stopped McDonald the bidding had reached $1.2 million.

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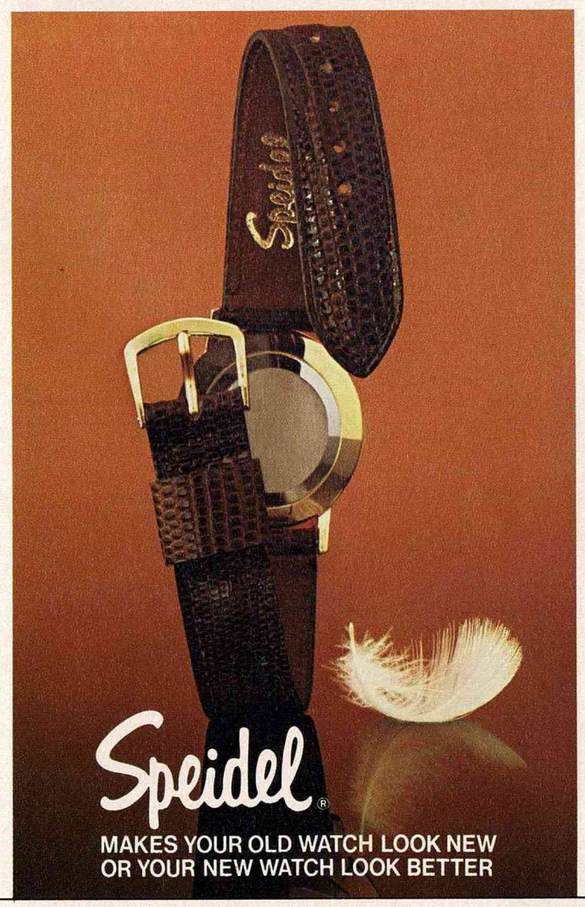

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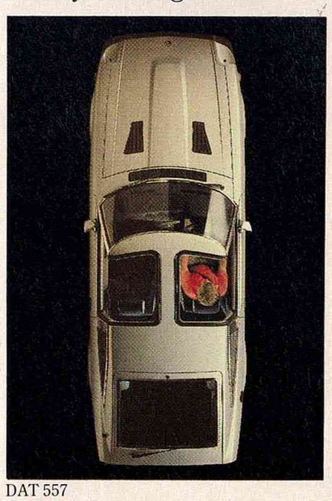

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because people know you are a big spender, do you sometimes use a stooge to do your buying?

SANGSTER: It depends a lot on who is your opposition. Sometimes I bid very aggressively with a team of four or five round me — providing the vendor is genuine and isn't going to run you up. One gets to know the genuine sellers and those who are too smart by half. I'm never predictable. I will bid aggressively or slowly. I told the auctioneer in Melbourne that I would go to $93,000 for a Showdown colt and I left him with it. Nobody knew I was bidding. The auctioneer just looked at the underbidder all the time. The bidding stopped at $90,000 and there was ghastly surprise when the horse was knocked down to me for $93,000 because I hadn't been bidding.

PLAYBOY: Is it a problem devising tactics to beat the sharpies?

SANGSTER: It is. You are quite right. We spend a lot of time, thought and money in deciding what we think are the best 12 yearlings at a sale and it would be very easy for somebody to favor our list by buying unscrupulously. That worries us. It's like industrial espionage. We protect ourselves by often bidding for horses that are not on our list.

PLAYBOY: You lay a smokescreen?

SANGSTER: Yes. It's playing silly buggers, really, but it is very important.

PLAYBOY: Is it your ambition to topple American Nelson Bunker Hunt as the world's most successful owner and breeder of horses?

SANGSTER: That is like trying to judge whether Manikato would beat the Minstrel. Bunker sells all of his yearlings. He enjoys dealing — the selling and buying. With me it is an investment and I have a lot of other directors in my group to see that I return as good a profit as the other companies do.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel sorry for him when it looked as though his international multi-billion dollar silver empire was going to crash?

SANGSTER: I only know what I've read in the Australian papers. One never knows what Bunker Hunt is up to. He is no tourist.

PLAYBOY: I assume the returns from your stud interests would outweigh the prizemoney.

SANGSTER: The prizemoney would never look after the whole operation, which costs roughly $3 million a year to run around the world.

PLAYBOY: What you invest at yearling sales is on top of the $3 million in operational costs?

SANGSTER: Yes. That purely covers the stud costs, the movement of horses, training fees and, of course, my expenses. If we never won a race, sold a foal or a stallion's service fee, that is what the year would cost us.

PLAYBOY: And do you consistently show a profit?

SANGSTER: We've finished in the black for the past four years.

PLAYBOY: And you're heading for another profitable year?

SANGSTER: I think we have the best three-year-old crop we've ever had. I am very happy with them.

PLAYBOY: When you launched Australian Soccer Pools in 1975 you predicted that Australians would be gambling $100 million a year within five years. Have you reached the magic figure on target?

SANGSTER: The ASP has a weekly turnover of about $1.3 million so, mathematically, I suppose we are fairly near that figure. If it hadn't been for Lotto we'd have reached the $100 million a year turnover much earlier than this.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised how quickly Australians took to the pools or had your research suggested we were ready?

"When one takes into account the enormous weight of Lotto advertising, I think the pools have held up surprisingly well."

SANGSTER: We are always looking for overseas markets. We came up against Littlewoods in England many years ago and ever since it has been like banging our head against a wall — rather like the unfortunate Sinbad the Sailor, really. Whatever we did, whatever move we made, they just jumped on our back. We could never break away and we'd been trying for 20 years. So we began to look to overseas markets in an effort to rid ourselves of the Littlewoods anchor. But as soon as they heard we were interested in starting up a pools operation in Australia, they again jumped on our wagon. In the event, both we, Vernons, and Littlewoods submitted tenders to the Victorian Government. They had a very strong team in their corner — men of the calibre and influence of Sir Henry Bolte and Sir Maurice Nathan. A very powerful lobby. I'm not quite sure how we managed to sway the Victorian Premier, Mr Hamer. Anyway, we got into Victoria and that gave us our start in Australia. New South Wales then saw how well the pools were going in Victoria and so we arranged an appointment with the then NSW Premier, Tom Lewis, who told us that we would again have to make our bid in open tender. Littlewoods and another English pools company called Zetters also tendered. But we won again.

PLAYBOY: Analysts have pointed out that, compared with other forms of legalised gambling such as the TAB, bookmaking, the lotteries, poker machines and Lotto, the pools offer the least attractive return to the players — 40 percent. How can ASP justify a return to the players through prizes which amount to less than half the money invested?

SANGSTER: Most of the money goes in taxes and operating costs. In fact I might point out that, because of the Government's percentage, the payout is even less in England. But people have been and will continue to be attracted to the pools because of the promise of enormous payouts. That is what people go for. I don't think they are worried about percentages. It is not like horse racing where one hopes that the on-course bookmakers will return something like 92 percent to the punter. I think one just fills in the pools and hopes for the big win.

PLAYBOY: Lotto not only returns a higher percentage of the money invested to the players but often pays bigger prizes. Do you believe the pools can continue to attract a profitable share of the gambling dollar?

SANGSTER: Certainly. There is always room for the corner shop in the world of supermarkets. I don't think the pools can compete in a turnover sense with Lotto but, as I say, the corner shop will always do a profitable business. In fact, when one takes into account the enormous weight of the Lotto advertising, I think the pools have held up surprisingly well.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there are a significant number of people who still believe that form has an important bearing on the soccer pools results?

SANGSTER: Yes. This is borne out in a recently published book by a Professor George, of Bristol University. It is also supported by our own research. And here in Australia you give a vast coverage of the English football results, while the English soccer television programs, *Big Match* and *Match of the Day*, also seem to command large audiences. Press and television coverage of English football is certainly a lot wider than when I first came here five years ago, so one could justifiably assume the increased public interest in the results and form is linked with the pools.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you are having a bet each way being a shareholder

in Australian Soccer Pools and being a partner with Rupert Murdoch and Kerry Packer in Lotto?

SANGSTER: I suppose it is like having Sangster horses in the Cummings, Hayes and Smith stables. It was natural that Lotto would move into NSW and I suppose it was just as natural that I should want some of the action. Mr Wran quickly learned from the Victorian experience that Lotto would be a very big income raiser for his Government. It is really a form of painless taxation. I should think that by the year's end the pools and Lotto would have contributed a considerable share to State Government incomes.

PLAYBOY: Gambling is a very emotive term. As a man whose wealth stems from people's desire to score a windfall, do you ever think it is morally wrong to gamble?

SANGSTER: I don't regard the pools or Lotto as gambling. I remember the head of the church commission on gambling in England coming to me to discuss this very point and I told him that he and I were both in the same business — each of us selling hope. It's not gambling because I believe that the people who fill in the pools or Lotto coupons every week feel they have got to be in because it gives them hope. During the early years of World War Two, the pools stopped and turned over all the factories to the production of munitions. In 1941 the Government asked each company to start a joint unity pool. The Government felt that the pools would give the English something to hope for during the depressing and demoralising years of war. Similarly, you will always find that pools turnovers go up during depressions. The average weekly stake in the pools in England is still only about 60 cents, yet nine million people do the pools every week. I don't think you can say they are gambling. The gambler is the man who bets his wages every week and keeps trying to recoup the losses.

PLAYBOY: Presumably that modest weekly stake of 60 cents means that most pools players are drawn from the lower socio-economic groups?

SANGSTER: Yes. I think the more intelligent you are, the less likely you are to play the pools. But it is still a very popular hobby among all classes. I think I am still right in saying that, in England, the biggest television audience of the week is at 5pm on a Saturday when the football results are read out to the millions checking off their pools coupons.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel comfortable being promoted as one of the miracle workers, as one of the men who can turn paupers into millionaires?

SANGSTER: I've never really thought about it in that way. All my life it has simply been a business. In Australia, especially, we have been very lucky with our winners. The Australian winners I've met seem to me to have been the right people to have won.

PLAYBOY: How do you define "the right people to have won"?

SANGSTER: About four years ago we had a party in Sydney for a group of the winners of large prizes in the Victorian pools. I was impressed by the fact that the money had not affected their lives at all and they got on very well together. I think the Australian character is more adaptable than the English to winning big prizes. Many English seem to have been thrown out of their environment by winning. The English don't seem to be able to handle large amounts of prizemoney in the same way as Australian prizewinners. I have thought about it a lot and I don't know the answer or the reasons.

PLAYBOY: As one Englishman who obviously has no trouble handling money, how much are you worth?

"After 40 you can ruin your life by leaving those friends you know so well and moving to a place where you are not known."

SANGSTER: That's a fair question but it is too difficult to answer. If we were a public company I could tell you in two seconds. But we are a private company. To find out my net worth, I would have to be a seller and there would have to be a buyer.

PLAYBOY: Has the Vernon company ever considered going public?

SANGSTER: We were going public six or seven years ago, but the then British Prime Minister, Mr Heath, called the three-day week and an election. As it happened, we had intended going public the day after Mr Heath set for the election. We were advised by Rothchilds to wait until after the election and until after the Conservatives, who were 10 to one on to get back in, were returned. But Britain got a Labor Government, and the stock market crashed. We never went public.

PLAYBOY: Has the plan to go public been shelved indefinitely?

SANGSTER: My moving to the Isle of Man has changed the situation. Prior to my move we were continually having to raise funds to pay the capital gains tax. By being resident in the Isle of Man, I avoid having to pay capital gains tax.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel guilty at all about denying the Chancellor of the Exchequer what he must regard as his dues?

SANGSTER: We pay our company taxes. The trouble with a private company is that you have a lot of share certificates, but no cash. I'm not a great believer in going into the red and that is what I was having to do to pay capital gains tax on inherited shares. I was forever in London arranging overdraft facilities. I decided that my best move was to go to the Isle of Man which enabled me to pay off my overdraft.

PLAYBOY: Were there any alternatives to moving to the Isle of Man?

SANGSTER: I spent a year in London discussing reverse takeovers with various company groups, but they all fell through when the stock market crashed. So I had to leave England in the 1974 tax year. I looked at France, but because I had always known the Isle of Man, where I'd kept a summer house for 20 years, I chose it. It is very easy to commute between the island and Ireland and Liverpool. We have a lovely home there. It's an ideal place, although I am continually surprised by the fact that I've grown to love it as much as I have. I feel now that, even if the taxation on the island was the same as in England, I would stay on the isle.

PLAYBOY: So the choice has been a happy one?

SANGSTER: Yes. I think that if you are going to uplift your roots you have to do so before you are 40 by which age you have built firm friendships round the golf club and your wife is firmly entrenched in the bridge club. After 40 you can ruin your life by leaving those friends you know so well and moving to a place where you are not known. We have forged new friendships among the locals and among the lot of new settlers who are arriving mainly from Kenya and Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) and who don't want to return to England and the enormous taxes.

PLAYBOY: Even though you cannot say with any precision how much you are worth personally, you are obviously able to afford most of the good things in life. Is there any one thing you want above all others?

SANGSTER: I don't think I have ever thought about things being within or out of my financial reach. But now that you ask the question, yes, there is one thing I would love to own and, naturally, it is a horse. I would love to own Spectacular Bid outright. But as it is. I own only one of the 40 shares.

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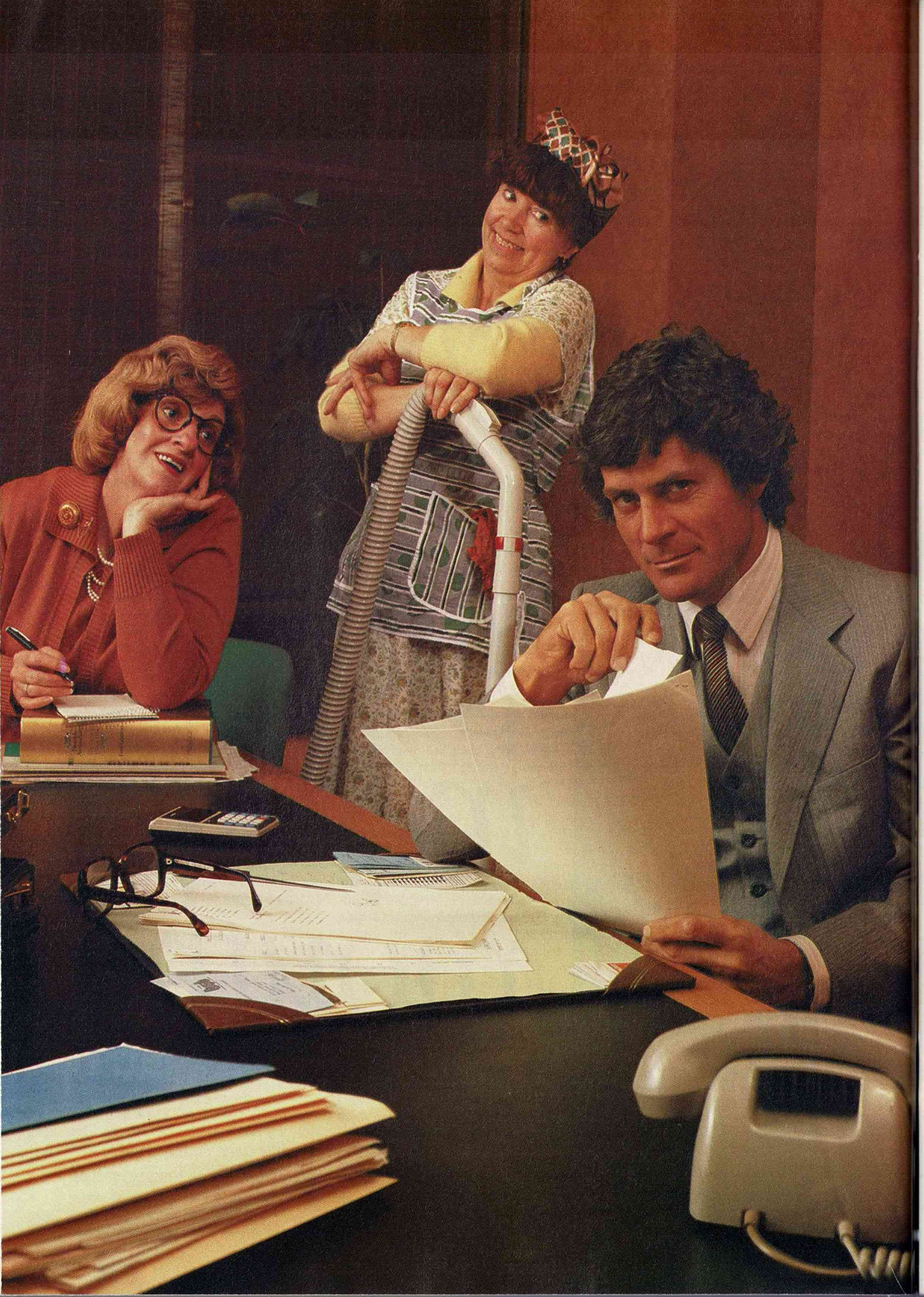

What sort of man reads The Bulletin?

He's the sort of man, it seems, that attracts women as much if not more than any other kind.

A fact which is hardly surprising when you consider him in the following light.

He's the sort of man who is vitally interested in politics and the powers that shape its destiny. (Show us the woman not interested in power.)

He's the sort of man who is deeply concerned about the world of finance. (Show us the woman not interested in money.)

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THE BULLETIN
Australia's weekly news magazine.

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YOU GOT MARRIED.
You thought it would last forever. Now (sob!) you're divorced. Life is a lost button and a missing sock. Whatever happened to you, the ace lover, the sweetest guy in the world? Cheer up. You may be a bit older, but starting now, you're going to be a lot wiser. You just don't know how good you're going to look.

THE GREAT SECOND CHANCE

A SURVIVAL MANUAL FOR THE SUDDENLY SINGLE MAN

A Tragic Victim of Divorce

MAYBE YOU'VE recently lived the scene. Maybe you're pretty certain you're about to live it. Surely you've imagined it, things being what they are today. You've just shut the door on what the divorce lawyers will shortly take to calling "the marital residence". You're standing there, a suitcase in each hand, looking a little like an out-of-work salesman. In this moment of awful finality, you're still too stunned to be grateful for the fact that you will no longer have to hear about her need for "more space" or listen to the invidious comparisons between her growth rate and yours in matters psychological, intellectual, spiritual and sexual (how could you not have realised that all those years you were living with a courtesan manque?). All you feel is shut out and sorry for yourself — terribly, terribly sorry for yourself.

There is a sense of loss, of course: of life's game plan being destroyed. There is also, let's face it, just the slightest sense of being unmanned, since the traditional lore of divorce has held until recently that it was the male's prerogative to break things up, to find a fresh face with which to share his mid-life crisis. Women only recently have seized this option for themselves and men have yet to create a set of folkways and wisdom similar to that which women built up out of decades of bitter experience to ease

article By RICHARD SCHICKEL

Illustration by Geoffrey Kelly

this awkward passage. Above all, there is anxiety. Why didn't you learn to sew a button back on your shirt? Why didn't you learn to cook something besides a steak? Where do you go to get a good price on lamps? And towering above such mundane concerns are the ones that begin with the phrase "I just can't imagine . . ."

"I just can't imagine asking a girl for a date." "I just can't imagine actually making a pass at someone." "I just can't imagine waking up in a strange bed." This is understandable. It has, after all, been years since you actually went out on a date or actually had to woo a lady. Oh, maybe you got drunk with somebody at the Pig Iron Convention a couple of years ago and went back to her room, but you know that doesn't really count. And the long-running affair, that most civilising and educational of institutions, has never really taken hold in Australia. The truth is that, standing there, you can't help but remember that you really weren't much good at all that stuff the last time it was legal for you, when you were single and in your 20s. You were always kind of all thumbs, weren't you? Either too blunt or too sly and sneaky. Anyway, everybody else seemed to score more than you did. And nowadays, you gather from the papers, women are more demanding, more critical, than they ever were. And you've just had your fill of *that.*

Hopeless, just hopeless, you say to yourself. Well, I'm here to tell you, survivor that I am, that you're wrong, that the only thing you have to fear is, yes, fear itself. In other words, here comes a big load of folk wisdom, the result of a heap of living over the past four years since I was the guy standing there burdened by a lot more than my suitcases.

A Realistic Assessment

The first thing to remind yourself of is that you are no longer a 24-year-old clod. You probably have acquired a certain amount of wit and wisdom that, though lost on your late spouse, may very well prove interesting, even entertaining, to a myriad intelligent strangers of the opposite sex. We are also assuming here that you have not screwed up your entire life, that you've done at least reasonably well in your work, which means that you've acquired along the way a certain amount of influence, maybe even power. This, too, holds its charms for women, though it is generally not an aphrodisiac to flaunt it too blatantly. Finally, you now have something else you didn't have when you were starting out, namely some disposable income, not all of which your ex-wife is going to take away from you in spite of all the horror stories you've been hearing from friends.

The basic point to remember is that, during the years since you last went out on a date, you have ceased to be a nobody, and have become a somebody — and that's reassuring to the opposite sex. Your dates don't have to engage in the desperate speculations about whether you'll amount to anything or not. But this status has not been achieved without a certain cost. Your hairline has gone north, your waistline, in spite of the squash, has gone east and west. Face it, you're just not the really cute guy you once were. Don't worry too much about that. Physical perfection simply doesn't mean as much to women as it does to men. This excellent quality results from the fact that women do not have our long and dismal tradition of objectifying the opposite sex. Charm and style actually count more with them than, say, a neat pair of pectorals, as a glance around any first-class restaurant will tell you. Look at all those splendid creatures wining and dining with men old enough to be their fathers.

One caution, otherwise known as Poor Richard's Theorem: Achievement will get you laid, but it won't get you loved. That is to say, it will grant you the privilege of access but not the right of possession. And there will come a time when the brief and the casual will not satisfy, when you will press someone for something more permanent. You will be awakened rudely by the discovery that status, social appropriateness, mutual interests — all that jazz — often don't mean a thing when a lady comes right down to making a permanent choice.

A lady of my acquaintance said recently: "I want to fly with an eagle, but I keep ending up with parakeets." Now she means many things by that metaphor but it should be noted that the salient characteristic of parakeets is that they talk too damned much. It is not considered good form to go on and on about the late unpleasantness at home. Oh, most women will inquire politely about it, cannily hoping to gain some insight into your character thereby — which is precisely why you should shut up. Let's face it, it was probably not your finest hour and, until you've fully digested the experience, this isn't either. So the essential thing is, bring a little shaping art to bear on your tale. In due course you will encounter female parakeets and after you've stayed up until 4am a few nights in a row listening to their woeful tales you, too, will come to appreciate the virtues of brevity. Former members of unhappy families are all alike and even the lonely people who advertise for companionship in the personal columns often specifically state that they're not interested in hearing from the recently split. They may be desperate but they're not willing to get their ears bent listening to your infinite recital of infinite pain.

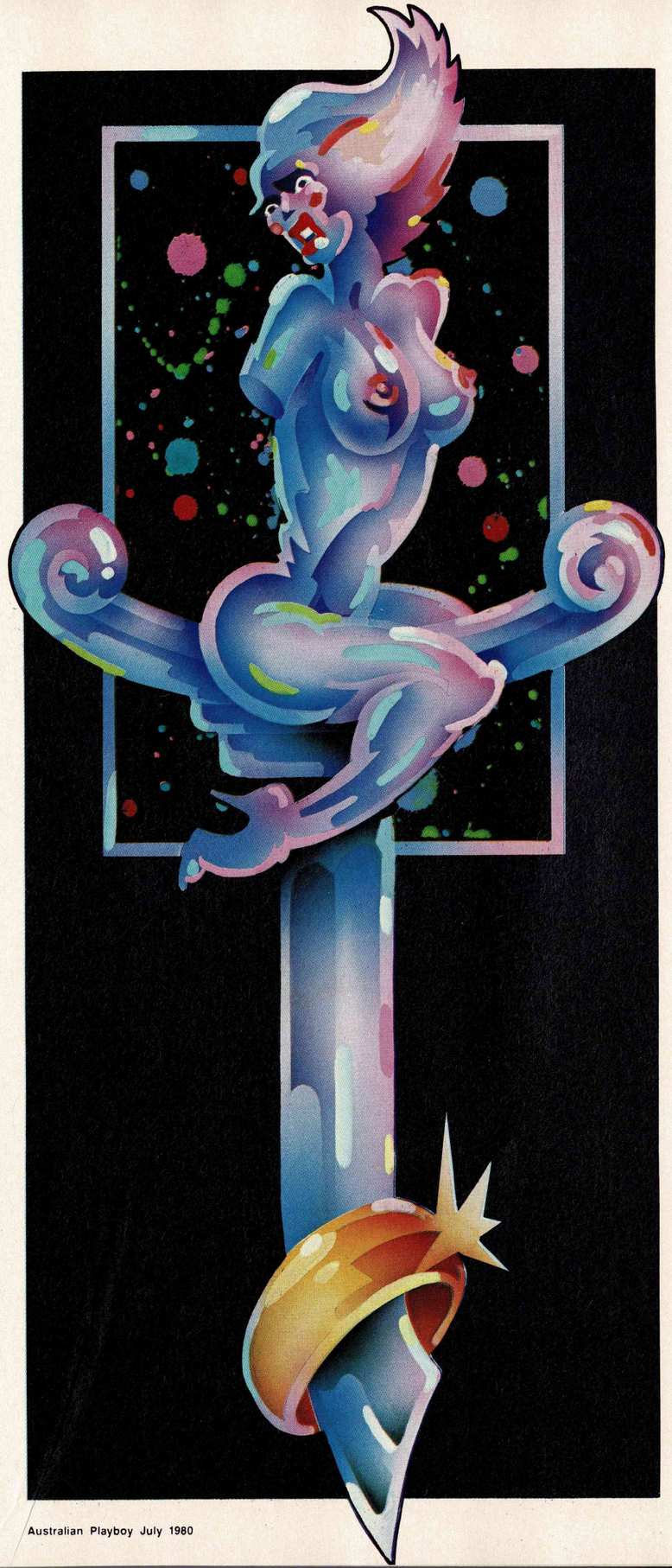
The Transitional Woman

But you "just have to talk to somebody". Bless your heart, of course you do. That's why God invented the Transitional Woman. More than likely, you already know her — somebody at the office, maybe the lady down the block or over at the tennis courts. The main thing, however, is that she's somebody you already feel comfortable, possibly even confidential, with and if you're honest with yourself you'll admit that she's been drifting quietly through your fantasy life over the years — especially since she got *her* divorce a couple of years ago. Anyway, she's been where you are now, seems to have learned the ropes and to have survived and is, above all, *simpatico.* You will derive much emotional profit from pouring out your troubled heart to her. Besides which, it's not scary to ask her for a date or even into your bed. You *know* her. She's nice. She's not going to laugh at you and she's not going to put you down.

Fine. Have fun. But watch it! It is my observation that the majority of second marriages are between people who knew each other before their first marriages broke up, which says a great deal, I think.

We're all scared of rejection and scared of being alone. If you are obsessed by this, you needn't read on. The transition you're going to make with the Transitional Woman is going to be right back into marriage. I am against this on principle. I think your second marriage, and mine, is going to be better if you've really sampled the pleasures and perils of freedom. And when you do decide to make a permanent alliance, you will feel it is with someone you really *chose* out of this whole great big, wide, wonderful world.

This does not mean that Transitional Women are terrible people. Actually, they are terrific people and, as the years go by, you may very well find yourself looking back ruefully on your failure to settle in with one of them. But I think the real function of the Transitional Woman is to restore your self-esteem, to help you to put the past behind you by making you realise that you actually have a future in the realm of human relations. I am



not speaking cynically. These things are all a matter of timing and if you meet your Transitional Woman later, as a stranger, the chances are that you might marry her, since she's so nice. But it is likely that, for no reason beyond a perfectly natural restlessness, you're going to want to move on after a few healing months. When you do, treat her kindly (as she did you). And don't worry — you'll get your chance to redeem your debt because, just as sure as you're born, some lady is going to make you into her Transitional Man and break your own heart sooner or later.

Moving On

It is entirely unfair and completely superficial to place women — anyone — in categories. It is offensive. It fails to take into account the infinite variety of humankind. Liberal piety having been satisfied, we can proceed to what seems to me to be perfectly obvious generalisations.

Career women: I have discovered only one inviolable rule, which is never get involved with anyone who is not working. And I really mean *seriously* working — part-time jobs in art galleries don't count. What you want is a woman who is serious about her career, absorbed in it. It is true, of course, that we are developing a breed of women who, like too many men, have no room in their lives for anything but their careers; and like those men, they can be terrible bores on the subject, pretty damned perfunctory about everything else and sometimes rather too competitive with the men in their lives. But they are still a minority. And at that, they are generally preferable to women who sit around collecting their maintenance cheques and nursing their injustices: the whining will drive you crazy. Women who are really trying hard in their work are, perforce, involved in something larger than themselves (except, of course, actresses, who are to be avoided at all costs). To put it simply, most working women are alive in the world and thus make good company.

Married women: There's just one rule here: have affairs only with the happily hitched. I know it sounds as if there's some contradiction in that statement, but the fact is that many marriages are quite all right, friendly and companionable, with only one thing lacking — lively sex. If you can provide that and not be a nuisance about wanting to be more deeply involved, both of you will have a good time, and you'll have the satisfaction of feeling you're doing your bit to keep the divorce statistics down, supplying the one element that is missing in her

otherwise contented life. The longest-standing relationship of my single period — well over three years — was of this character and I must say that, until recently, when I've considered making some sort of permanent connection, the thought of giving up those sweet afternoons with my married friend gave me pause.

As for women whose marriages are not happy, stay away. All they do is bring their complaints about their husbands into your bed, and the bitching and moaning drowns out all the fun.

Live-in ladies: Nowadays, of course, you will encounter lots of women who are living with guys "out of wedlock", as we used to say, and the same basic rule that applies to the formally united applies to them. But proceed with caution: there are a couple of wrinkles in their situation that could trip you up. The lady who is only *morally* committed to a relationship is theoretically free to walk out any day so she must, each day, consciously re-dedicate herself to the situation. Which means that you're likely to encounter a lot more guilt with one of those women than you are with a married woman, strange as that may seem, and so your liaison is going to be attended by many glooms and fidgets.

Another point about the technically free: they are, as a class, the last stronghold of the great Australian tradition of cockteasing. You see, these ladies have the same need we all have, to gather reassurance that we remain attractive. But that need is all too easily gratified: French kissing in a Chinese restaurant, the quick grope in a discreetly parked car, or rubbing longingly against you will do the trick for them. Why proceed messily further — such a lady concludes — when you have, either by initiating or by responding to a sexual overture, already answered what she considers the essential question?

The Ages of Woman

In casting about for suitable partners, we must consider not only professional and marital status but also, alas, age.

I know that there are lots of older men who like women — actually, I think of them as girls — in their 20s, but that is the easy way out: acting the mentor's role, feeling like a hell of a fellow just because you can keep up with a kid. My trouble is that I can never figure out how to sustain a conversation with them, since their frame of cultural reference and mine don't coincide at all. The younger ones are actually a little bit vague about the Beatles, and predictably, their eyes glaze over with honest emotional puzzlement if you play them a cut or two of Willie Nelson's *Stardust*.

As for women in their 40s, it seems to me that many of them have been ill-treated by recent history. Some, naturally, are what might classically be termed desperate — left in the lurch by straying husbands or, on the other side of the coin, looking up too late from their careers and finding that years of living alone have set them too rigidly in their ways to be really cheerful lovers. But the ones who are the hardest (and sometimes the saddest) cases for the approaching male are the women who have been betrayed by their feminist ideology. Having left their marriages for some late-blooming career, they are now discovering that this life is no more fulfilling than their former one. Or that even if it is fulfilling on one level, life has many levels. As a result, one encounters among women of this age a pervasive, if often unspoken, sense of disappointment, a sense that perhaps various rights and privileges that younger women seem able to accept as their natural due are too hard or too awkward to deal with. All this tends to make many women in their 40s emotionally edgy and sexually stiff, full of dos and don'ts querulously put forth. You get the feeling either that it is your job to turn sex into a total reparation for the bad deal they've had or that there is nothing you can do to redress their grievances.

The 30s, on the other hand, is a very nice time. It is for everybody, as you know from your own experience. It is a time when you're beginning to sense your own potential and to realise it. Also, it is the only decade we have when we, some of us, anyway, function more or less as grown-ups yet are untouched by that plague of all the years to come, a sense of one's own mortality. But for women these days it is, or should be, a golden age. They are the lucky beneficiaries of two revolutions, the feminist and the sexual. The former allows them to pursue their professions without undue guilt about either letting their ambitions hang out or delaying (or entirely forgetting about) getting married and having children. As for that other revolution — well, they have these needs, see? And they go about the business of satisfying them in a nicely straightforward fashion. Oh, they are not insensitive; they do like to bathe the bedroom in a nice romantic candle-lit glow. But, by and large, you can ask them a direct question and get a direct response; no arm wrestling on the couch, no moral debates — and plenty of oral sex. In short, if you haven't been around much lately, you're going to discover among this crowd what it is not too much to call a new breed of women.

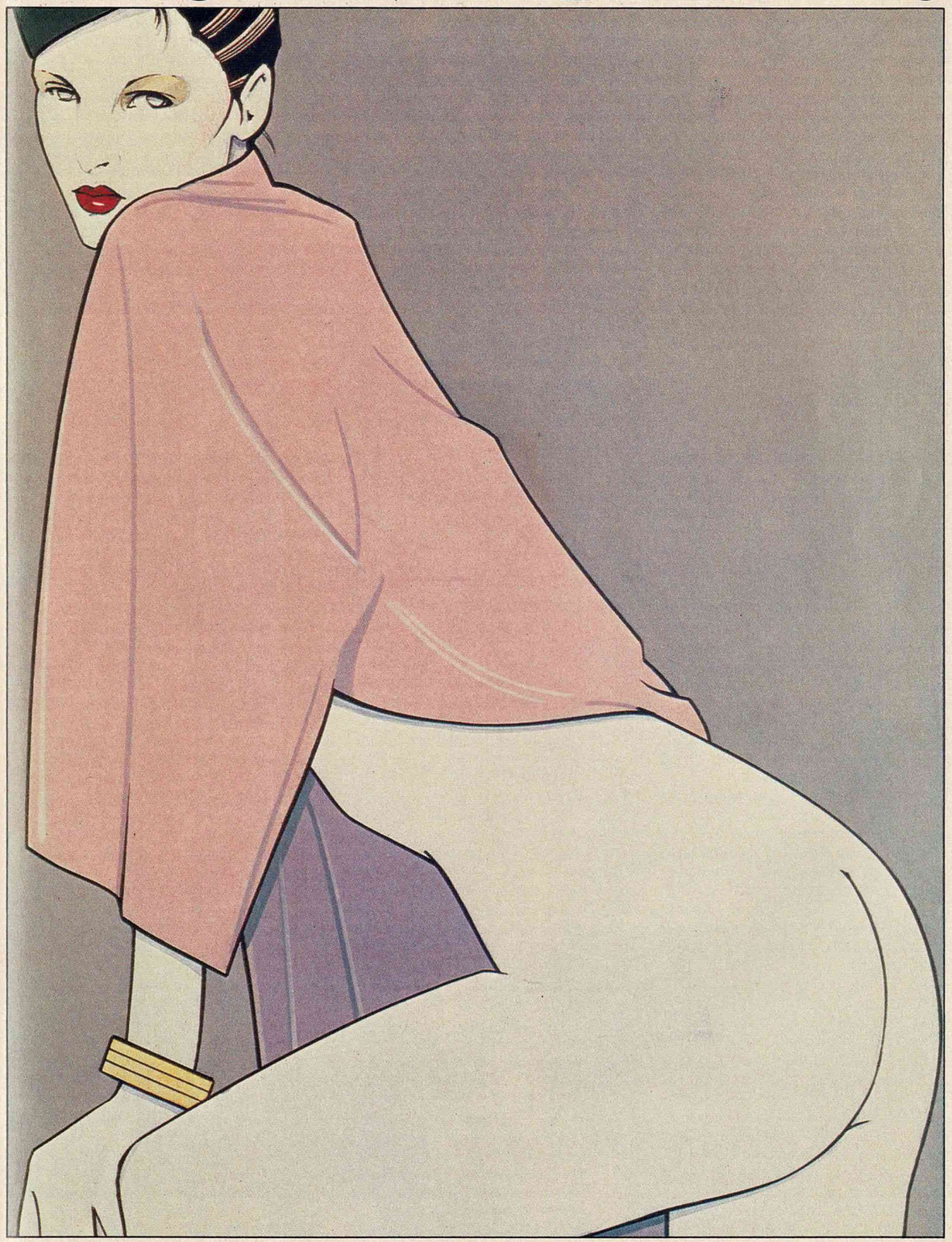
You're also going to discover, if you're very, very good and very, very lucky, another new breed — new to you anyway. That is the woman of a "certain age". Now, as we get older, that certain age advances too. Which means we are talking about women in their late 40s and early 50s. The vast majority of them merely try to continue their young 40s by other means — that is to say, in a mood of increasing frenzy. But there is a tiny, inspiring minority who have actually lived and learned, who have remained beautiful and are responsible for the current older woman-younger man fad. What profound pleasure they offer! You see, every conceivable line on every conceivable subject has been tried on them and most of them have a permanently arched eyebrow, which got that way by looking askance at all the ploys you think you might try on them. But they are wise, tolerant, patient and usually very funny. You can't do anything with them but state your business and take seriously whatever response they offer.

Sexually, they have learned what you haven't — you poor, dumb, horny bastard — namely, that you can get along without it if you have to. Therefore, they tend to be sweetly choosy. But if they decide you might just possibly pass muster (and they're not talking athleticism here, they're talking kindness, giving, accepting), they are warm, affectionate, not wildly demanding or possessive. Best of all, they understand that, just because you've had a nice time in bed, that is not a sign that marriage or other permanencies must immediately be considered. This is because they've arrived at the point where they really treasure their independence. Besides which, being old-fashioned girls, they have a pleasant way of getting up with you in the morning to fix you a nice cup of coffee — no instant — and offer a little cheerful conversation before sending you on your way.

The Heart of the Matter

Let us imagine that, through the magical combination of common sense and enthusiasm, you have actually made it to the bedroom. You are now faced with a lovely array of possibilities that you don't want to think too much about lest they overwhelm you. And if you think you're going to get a lot of specific, practical advice here, forget it. Woman, as they say, is infinite and so is sex and you have to be responsive to her mood, your mood

L O V E R S



"Not the end, darling, not even the beginning of the end."

and the mood you've created, quite unconsciously, between you.

We're beginning to sound like a women's magazine around here, aren't we? Okay, we can do a *little* better than that. The first thing to do is face up to what has come to be widely known as performance anxiety. You've been reading a lot about that subject lately, mostly in the form of complaints from our fellows as reported to the sex surveyors. What's happened, of course, is that women are getting around more than they used to, in the course of which they are discovering men who really know how to turn them on and, working off this wider basis of comparison, they are beginning to expect more.

The first thing to do about this state of affairs is to accept — as a challenge. There's no point in getting crabby about it. And besides, knowledge is, as they say, a two-way street. Some of those ladies, thanks to your predecessors, will have picked up a pleasant trick or two to surprise and delight you. And then, stop to think a minute: as a physical act, sex requires somewhat less co-ordination than serving a tennis ball or whapping a number three wood down the fairway. There's nothing really to worry about on that level. Finally, don't worry so damned much about failure. I don't care what the other guys claim in the bar; there isn't a man on earth who hasn't, at various times, failed either to get it up or to keep it up. It's another of the little hurts we've got to play with. But one of the very substantial fringe benefits of dealing with more experienced women is that this is one of the experiences they've all had to cope with in the past.

There is, however, one thing about which your modern woman is not the least bit understanding or sympathetic, and that is sexual self-absorption on the part of the male. At the risk of sounding sentimental, I just want to say that, to me, a woman's body is one of the miracles of creation and that the most miraculous thing about being invited into a woman's bed is that she is permitting you voyage — to touch, to taste, to look, to smell. To know, in short. It seems to me that the kind of physical contact we're talking about here is, in some sense, like conversation, the function of which — between a man and a woman who are strangers — is to learn to know what pleases and displeases each other, to find out what they have in common and also what they have to teach each other.

It is, I must say, quite depressing to feel that the foregoing paragraph is necessary, and I know that to some it is going to sound like a lot of fuss and bother, perhaps not worth the effort, especially since it has become so easy of late just to lurch from one-night stand to one-night stand, the illusion of intimacy easily encouraged, not to mention the feeling that you're a hell of a fellow. For you, I think it's probably necessary to point out that there is a nice, neat, cheering bottom line to all of this. It's best summarised by a fragment of an old song lyric: "I give to you and you give to me . . ." In other words, there are certain things that you would really like to have happen sexually but that are not all that easy just to ask for. Well, if you're giving, nicely and gently, guess what's going to happen? Somebody is going to give back in the same spirit. This is called non-verbal communication and there is a sweet effortlessness to it that will touch your heart and maybe one day change your life.

Afterwords on Afterward

"How come every beautiful woman I know thinks she ought to lose five kilos?" I asked a friend of mine the other day. "I don't know," she replied. "How come every man I go to bed with wants me to tell him he's the best lover I've ever had?"

Let's just say it: we're all insecure, we all have these nagging questions about ourselves, our attractiveness, our desirability. And there is not a bedroom you're likely to enter that doesn't have its population of ghosts, not a woman you're likely to enter who hasn't employed her sex's unique capacity to fake orgasmic pleasure. Knowing that, why do you feel compelled to ask such a stupid question! Sex is not a football poll — not in most women's heads anyway — and you're not going to be assigned a ranking. They grade on a pass-fail system, which is operational over the entire period you are together and takes into account many matters other than performance in bed. They are not raised the way we are, with the winning-losing metaphor central to the way we look at the world and determine our place in it. Or, to put it simply, sex may be play to a woman, but it's not a game in the sense that scores are kept and standings compiled. Therefore, a single performance in bed, or even a short series of performances, is not likely to determine how you rank.

Look, men, it's an art, very subjective, and I think we are, all of us, men and women alike, always capable of being both the finest and the worst of lovers — unpredictably, circumstantially, regardless of technical finesse and, finally and sadly, common sense. How many women have I wished the sex could be better with (because I've known that in other ways they were not only good people but good for me). How many times have I actually wished that the sex were bad with someone (because I've known she was, in other respects, bad for me). Which is another motto to pin up on your wall: "Good sex is not necessarily an omen of a good life."

A Final Confession

This piece has taken a long time to write. In the course of that time I have fallen in love — anything for a big finish, right? I wasn't expecting to fall in love. Didn't particularly want to. Not right now, anyway. And she is a woman of mature accomplishment who gives a first, and quite correct, impression of great self-possession — warm and interested, yet also polite and distant. She keeps very much to herself, in spite of a life that has been lived mostly in the public eye. Although not greatly encouraged by her, I pursued her, by letter and long-distance phone and finally by jet to that private place where, periodically, she retreats from the world.

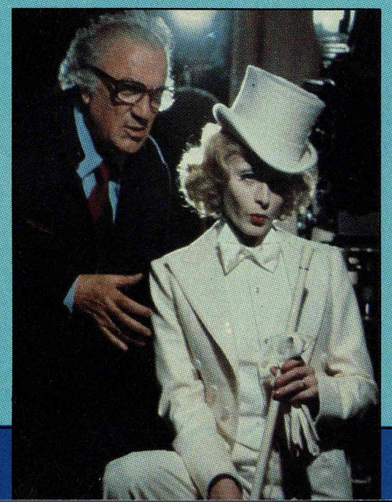
She is still there and I am here, lost in longing as the days crawl by until our next meeting. She is a woman who seems to have been delivered into my arms by time warp, a creature out of some 19th century romantic fiction, spunky and independent, no nonsense about her. Except, you will recall, those fine-spirited ladies were always tremulous romantics at heart and always possessed of the gift of giving. And what it is she could possibly see in me I'll never know.

What I do know is that, without the clumsiness, stupidity and pain of the passage I've been describing herein, I would not have known enough to recognise and reach out toward her singularity, nor would I have had the cunning to pursue her (if I say so myself) as artfully as I did, nor the determination I feel to see through with her all the problems neither of us can even predict at this point, nor, finally, the simple common sense — bred of experience — to appreciate what it is I have found in her and, through her, in me. I find that I am able to trust as I never have before — not just her but myself which, as it happens, is the hardest thing for me. We give to each other and receive from each other and in these acts of mutual kindness — which we never count up or balance out — there is gaiety and gravity and a special grace that brings fullness to, at last, the wondering heart.

FELLINI'S FEMINIST FANTASY

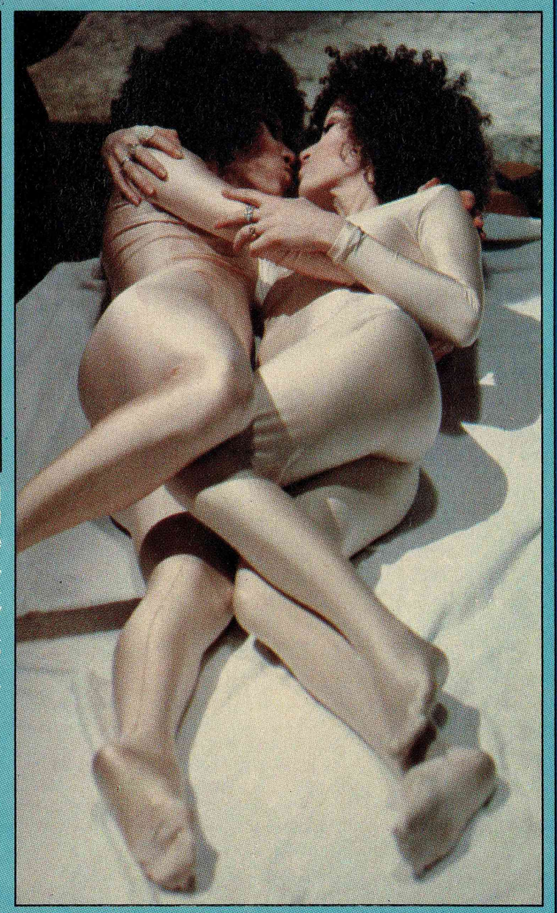
the italian master of symbolism takes a surreal view of women's liberation

ITALY IS best known for two kinds of pictures: those straightforward spaghetti western and complex Fellini linguine (which is a surrealistic movie that makes you scratch your noodle). The latest of the latter is *City of Women*, scheduled for release this year. The film's leading character (played by Marcello Mastroianni) is a guileless middle-aged man named Snaporaz, who falls asleep on a train and dreams that he's stumbled into a dangerous multi-dimensional world populated only by women. Although *City of Women* is superficially a commentary on feminists, it is even more specifically Federico Fellini's personal perspective on the confusion that men of lustful, tender souls (like Snaporaz) have felt since the advent of Women's Liberation. It abounds with Fellini's favorite ingredients: bizarre sex scenes, eerie erotic symbolism and an astonishing assortment of beautiful women in strange situations.



ABOVE: Women marry women in Fellini's surreal vision, *City of Women*. Here Mirella D'Angelo (in top hat) is married to Karin Verlier. LEFT: Fellini coaches Jiostanne Tanzilli who plays a Marlene Dietrich type in his outrageous fantasy.

Three views of Donatella Damiani, a Fellini find who appears throughout *City of Women*. In one of the more bizarre scenes (ABOVE) Damiani and Sara Tafuri, after they rescue Snaporaz (Marcello Mastroianni) from his wife, crawl into bed and make love to him. Then the three do a dance.



OPPOSITE: Elizabeth Rothman, a native of Russia, studied at the Bolshoi Dance School, then moved to the United States at the age of 16 to learn acting. In 1978 she met Fellini who gave her three parts in *City of Women*, one playing Leoness, a wrestler in a Roman arena (ABOVE). TOP: Tatiana and Brigette Petronio are sisters who play guards of Snaporaz, the bewildered victim of feminists. ABOVE: Mirella D'Angelo and Karin Verlier "consummate" their marriage in Federico Fellini's bizarre feminist vision.

TOP LEFT: A leather-clad woman forces Snaporaz into a greenhouse to make love to him, one of the indignities he suffers at the hands of feminists who have taken him prisoner. He is eventually rescued by an all-girl punk rock group seen (TOP RIGHT) hammering it up for the feminist congress that convenes in *City of Women*. ABOVE: Mirella D'Angelo is hardly recognisable as the "husband" of a feminist "marriage", but who cares? Asked what she thought of her role she said: "Amusing. I'm not opposed to homosexuality, but I have a man and I love every minute of being with him."

OPPOSITE PAGE: Tatiana (LEFT) and Brigette Petronio have removed their leather costumes. Nice girls really, both admit that, outside their roles in *City of Women*, they really fancy "older men".

FOR A CLEAR DAY YOU'LL PAY FOREVER

The politics of pollution

Article by Rob Luck

SCENE ONE: A sparkling Sydney Sunday morning. A busy arterial highway slicing through deepest, greenest suburbia. Revs McVicta is out on the edge of the fourlane, mowing his patch of green. He is wearing a gas mask.

It is warfare in the streets, and the enemy is laying nerve gas. The hostile columns rumble along unopposed, spreading their evil vapor. The mask is the last line of defence. The only chance for survival. A passive front for the resistance movement.

This is the popular scenario, but the pollution conflict is guerilla combat and the enemy is not always readily identifiable. For, even here, Revs McVicta, the gas mask martyr, is really The Mad Brmmm-er, one of a legion of "underground polluters" spewing out an endless stream of aerial garbage. At last count, mower mania alone contributed almost one-fifth of the visible dump in that great junkyard in the sky.

If we are to get the polluters, we will have to fix a whole swarm of targets in our sights. Factories, backyard incinerators, barbecues, oil-heating and motorcycles are all numbered among the enemy. Unfortunately, knocking out some of these involves turning the guns on ourselves. Not a popular sport. Far easier to set our sights on the bigger targets. Like the motor car.

We've been lobbing shells into automotive strongholds for about 15 years. So far there have been no direct hits, although the car has copped a lot of flak. But the injuries, however minor, have taken their toll. Time to move in for the kill. In this case it is two separate salvoes of anti-pollution legislation closely coupled in one strategic movement.

The front-line blitz appears to be the legislation which covers general emissions, with the enemy indicating a possible early surrender. The lead-in-petrol assault was originally considered part of the rearguard action, but

Photography by Colin Stead

the rules of war have changed. In order to shove the next barrage of general emissions through the enemy lines, lead-in-petrol has been elevated to the status of big gun — firing over the top to clear a path for the calvary.

Unfortunately, the heavy artillery was aimed wide, and the bombardment hit some neutral territory, bringing new allies into the opposition ranks. They included the oil industry, which escaped the wasting wrought on the motor industry over the past years. Itself embattled, it is ready to fight back with heavy armaments.

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SCENE TWO: A doctor's surgery in Sydney's Western Suburbs. A concerned mother tables a newspaper report of a survey demonstrating dangerously high lead-air levels allegedly found in her son's schoolyard which borders on a six-lane high-density highway. She demands he write a health certificate to entitle her to a compassionate transfer of her child to another school.

The issue that has reached flashpoint is lead-in-petrol. Lead is spooned into petrol to lift octane ratings and make the sensitively balanced engines of our cars run less like chaffcutters.

Unfortunately, the same lead that makes fuel burn better doesn't all go up in smoke. A lot spews out the tailpipe and then hangs about in the air in lumps small enough to get drawn into the human body via the respiratory system. Initially it lodges in the bloodstream.

Lead in the blood is about as attractive and useful as strychnine in the stomach. However, we've all got our fair share. Most is ingested with food - liquid or solid — and is passed through the normal body functions. Hardly any resides. What does makes its way to the bones, which is a pretty good hiding place, and damned-near inaccessible to most of our medical extraction technology. It also defies any real analysis of the effects on our system, since there is an obvious shortage of people prepared to donate fresh chunks of bone for analysis.

None of this seems to be of much concern until lead-absorption gets to abnormally high levels. This can be done in a variety of ways. It is well recognised that ancient Romans virtually committed suicide by running their water supply through lead pipes, and by gorging themselves from lead platters. More recently, lead paint was identified as a killer.

Lead is only a problem when it infiltrates the bloodstream. In a general tour round the body parts, the blood happens to visit the brain, and this is where lead is believed to cause the real damage. Medical research has gone as far as to suggest lead kills brain cells. Early last year Messrs Garnys, Freeman and Smythe dropped a bomb on Sydneysiders by finding blood-lead levels in some Sydney schoolchildren up in the unfriendly zones. It wasn't hard to track the source backwards to the car and project the results forward into serious behavioral/intelligence problems. The prospect was that lead-air was breeding a nation of anti-social kids.

Advertising this was sufficient for Paul Landa, then NSW Minister for Planning and Environment, to bulldoze some legislation through State Parliament cutting the allowable lead content in petrol to 0.40g a litre. Since this was *The Year of The Kid,* it was a popular move, and Prime Minister Fraser's alternative call to *increase* lead (to 0.65g) to conserve our energy resources (on the advice of the National Energy Advisory Committee) went down the slipperydip.

Since then, the issue has cooled a little. If you can find a copy of the report not spattered with tear-stains, you'll discover no solid evidence of a health risk to schoolchildren. The researchers themselves warned the data must be interpreted with utmost caution (a fair warning when copies go to politicians). And with reason.

For instance: their method of connecting possible health ill-effects with higher-than-usual blood-lead levels is confined to a somewhat banal questionnaire — not careful psychological analysis. You can do a mini-test yourself on your own child. Question: Has he/she suffered any physical illness, emotional distress or had trouble with schoolwork in the past 12 months. It's a brave parent who can't dig up a cold, a schoolyard fight or even a fit of the sulks to point to a less than 100 percent child at some time. Yet ticks in the "yes" box alongside any of these were used to compile evidence of impaired intellect, anti-social behavior, etc.

Coincidentally, scratching about among the hard data in the report reveals references to the work of an international lead expert, R. L. Zielhuis, (also highly regarded by the NSW State Pollution Control Commission). It is the Zielhuis formula that shows lead-in-air can cause a maximum of 20 percent of any lead-in-blood level (and generally less than 10 percent). Zielhuis bluntly tells researchers to look beyond cars for the source of high blood-lead levels.

The "overseas connections" in the report also cited similar lead-in-air levels for Sydney as for big cities in Europe and America. Good stuff. But European countries have put the brakes on any moves to reduce lead

The car is getting all the blame for casting a veil over Sydney's pretty face. But it's a dark, convoluted plot, featuring motormowers, barbecues, lead-in-paint, oil refineries and a host of other factors leading back to "go".

content in petrol further. And the US agencies have done a U-turn on accepted lead-in-air levels.

Perspective: Many countries in Europe cut the lead rations in petrol to 0.15 percent. They commissioned long-term studies at the same time. They found cutting lead-in-petrol cut lead-in-air. It didn't cut lead-in-blood among the children or adults living, working and playing in big cities and alongside motorways. Neither was there a health-hazard connection.

The same applies closer to home. Any patriot of his city will tell you that Melbourne isn't the same as Sydney. Still, Victorian Health Commission surveys recently showed that blood-lead levels in schoolchildren weren't above the level of concern laid down by the National Health and Medical Research Council (the same reference used for the Sydney study). Nor were the city levels substantially different from the levels of country schools. Lead-in-kids, according to research, gets to high concentrations because of kid-type activities. It is usually found where children are surrounded by lead-paint, lead-toys, lead-utensils, lead-in-food.

None of this has discouraged the NSW Minister for Planning and Environment, Mr Eric Bedford, newly eased into the ministry in a Wran Cabinet reorganisation. Bedford was barely wedged behind his desk when he issued statements based on the old reports, declaring that lead-in-petrol is a health hazard. The Government, he indicated, intends to play cook and, by dint of its numbers, will almost certainly spoil the brew out in the big Mixmaster at Kurnell.

The oil industry says okay, but the cooking lessons will cost a cool $1 billion: for extra crude, for new technology, for extra refining for new driveway hardware (different pumps and nozzles for a start — to make sure you can't cheat).

Guess who picks up the tab?

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SCENE THREE: An inspector from the State Pollution Control Commission makes a visit to a new car dealership and pulls a vehicle off the floor at random to test emissions. As he sets up his impressive bank of instruments, a motorcycle, a government bus and a dual-axle prime mover stage an informal, traffic light grand prix at the intersection outside. The bus fills the cabin of a small sportscar alongside with dense black soot, the truck belches from its smokestack at every gearshift, and the motorcycle trails a plume of blue smoke.

If you dive under the bonnet of a new model vehicle and reef out all the pollution control equipment, you will have in your hand something that appears to look like a mechanical octopus — a small blob for a nerve centre, and long tentacles that stretch to various parts of the engine. It is basically a garbage recycling plant, collecting junk from various parts of the engine, filtering and reprocessing it, then feeding it back through the system again to produce a laundered effluent at the tailpipe.

"Octopus-tech" is 10 years in development, yet it has achieved all the appeal and efficiency of a square wheel. The Australian Environmental Council states flatly that at least one-third of all new cars hitting the tarmac fail to comply with current legislated emission maximums. And any motorist who has an octopus under the bonnet knows it has the thirst of a plughole and the temperament of a bear woken in mid-hibernation. Not surprisingly, the octopus doctors are specialists — you need a referral, you need to pay to find out you need a referral, there is a waiting list, and they are very expensive. Guesstimates suggest hundreds of disillusioned motorists each week are having their systems disconnected. You can pick them up in the traffic — they're wearing a smile.

The legislation which persuades car manufacturers to employ "octopus-tech" is roughly equivalent to the American 1974 anti-pollution standards. NSW wants to raise the standards, initially, to the US 1975 levels, by lowering the emissions a few points. This is how the figures at the tailpipe should look for this year and next, courtesy of the standard known as Australian Design Rule (ADR) 27A Stage Three.

	NOW	THEN
Carbon Monoxide (CO)	24.2	18.6
Hydrocarbons (HC)	2.1	1.75
Oxides of Nitrogen (NO_x)	1.9	1.9

Of these, CO is the health baddie and HC and NO_x work together to produce photochemical smog (at this stage only an aesthetic issue). For those down the back pointing and smirking, the NO_x figures are not a mistake. And neither is it a case of the Government giving an easy mark to one area of emissions. Current thinking is that reducing one is sufficient to do the overall trick. Making the number in the right column a bit smaller will produce a net result of one percent emission reduction spread sparingly over four years at a cost higher than the national debt.

What type of technology will be required to achieve pollution control? On the surface, it will have to be more sophisticated. At the very least it wears a high-tech nameplate — catalytic converter. At the very most, it is an octopus with elephantitis — bigger, costlier and more complex.

The pencil men at the NSW Government offices in Macquarie Street insist the catalytic converter's appetite for benzine is down 12 percent. Either they failed first-year maths or they left out the other end of the equation. For the catalytic converter has champagne tastes — it drinks only lead-free petrol because lead kills the catalysts. Any saving in consumption will be more than offset by the extra crude required. A quick prod on the calculator produces an overall loss of seven percent.

Meanwhile, over to left of stage, the ranks of the specialists will swell to cope with the new demand as those ill catalytic converted automotibles crowd into the sickbay. Over to the right, the motorist will be sharpening his dipstick before falling on it.

Meanwhile the truck, the bus and the motorbike will roar off, a pall of soot settling in their wake.

Hands up those who are beginning to get an inkling of the convoluted plot. From here on in, it's all black. Catch 22. The crazy maze with all routes leading back to "go".

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SCENE FOUR: A downtown intersection is humming with traffic as an informal kerbside conference gets underway between an earnest-looking group of men. A technician is studying a block of instruments stacked on the sidewalk, reading and interpreting air quality levels for his observers. Three out of four of them are smoking.

In Hobart, the pump attendants staged a lightning strike over driveway pollution levels. In Melbourne, a police union studied complaints of working hazards by point-duty policemen. In Sydney, toll collectors gave Sydneysiders some free rides across the Harbor Bridge in protest against the high emission levels in which they

were forced to carry out their work.

The motor vehicle seems the obvious offender in these situations. Yet exhaustive studies commissioned as a result of all these publicly aired complaints couldn't establish health-risk carbon monoxide levels among the people involved. Except . . . And it is a big except. Except when the individual involved was a smoker. Even a light smoker can cause the absorption of carbon monoxide in his bloodstream to rise by seven times the rate of a non-smoker.

This is a clear case of the individual voluntarily polluting himself.

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SCENE FIVE: It is 2pm on a perfectly still, sweltering mid-week afternoon. In the beer garden of the local boozer, voices are raised in competition with each other. On the barbecue dozens of steaks sizzle as they are jabbed and prodded by the lunchtime diners. It is a great day, a great way to eat . . .

Some days, Sydney wakes with a hangover. The scar of photochemical smog pulls a dark veil partly over her pretty face. Surely a bit of legislative plastic surgery could remove it? The paperwork already run through State Parliament and racked up on the shelf is headed chiefly in that direction. From next year, motor vehicles will be required to have emission maximums lower in the areas that manufacture photochemical smog.

How soon can the veil be lifted? The State Pollution Control Commission says this batch of paperwork will knock the emissions down one percent over the next four years. Only 99 percent to go. Not mentioned on the legislative file is the cost. As much as $100 per car initially, plus more for the extra lead-free fuel, tuning and maintenance. Enough to discourage every other Australian State from going in a similar direction.

Apart from the cost, we may even be approaching the wrong end of the problem. The NSW Opposition spokesman on the environment, Mr David Arblaster, thinks so. He quotes the State Pollution Control Commission's own figures to show that hydrocarbon emissions from sources other than the car will increase 122 percent in the four-year period. They will then account for 53 percent of all pollution of this kind. The offenders will be factories, motorcycles, lawnmowers, government buses, trucks, and even the good old Australian barbecue.

In reality, things may not be so much different from Sydney's first days. The logbooks of early explorers reportedly contain references to a "dark fog" hanging over the area of the Sydney basin. (Comments not dissimilar from explorer logs concerning the Los Angeles basin). The contributors are natural decomposition, natural fires, possibly man-made fires, and general combustion involving the local variety of eucalypt which contains a high turpentine content. In conjunction with intense heat build-ups, overnight humidity, and a still atmosphere, the result is smog.

In these times, such smog is a visible problem on around 60 days per year in the Sydney basin, in the Los Angeles basin, with a much worse propensity for temperature inversions, it is sometimes 120 or even 180 days a year. But it is not possible to blame the car. (Source: the 1790 car registration figures.)

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SCENE SIX: Secateurs in hand, another would-be Alan Seale whistles down to the south-east rosebed and gazes ruefully out at the line of brown scum haloing the distant skyline of the city. He turns abruptly away in disgust and bends to put the torch to a compost heap piled high in his yard.

> *"The environmental dream is car exhausts so clean pedestrians will gather around them just to get a breath of fresh air."*

The environmental dream is car exhausts so clean that pedestrians will gather around tailpipes on stifling days just to get a breath of fresh air. A sort of respiratory equivalent to the "heavy water" produced from super-processing sewerage plants. And an end to suicide by gaspipe.

Even in America, where emission nappies were first put on automobiles 10 years ago, this prospect is still a long way down the road. In fact it is still out of sight around the bend. Certainly not achievable by 1990. And not likely before 2000. Yet the US has been breeding bigger, better octopuses under the bonnets of its automobiles since 1975.

Still, unleaded beverages feed only a bit over 40 percent of the US car population. The best estimate raises that figure to 75 percent by the turn of the decade. That means 25 percent of the mobile pollution manufacturing machines will still be lead dumping 15 years after legislation and more than 20 years after the first scientific development of preventatives. If we can assume that Australia has a lead-free starting date of 1985, that gives us a best prospect of reaching the same level sometime after the year 2000. The cost would be thousands of billions of dollars.

Apart from the lack of proof of either health or environmental benefits, there are those who feel the exercise is akin to shovelling money directly from the vault to the drain. David Arblaster is in this corner. He wants to make current emission devices work, and claims an overall emissions reduction of between five and eight percent for this move.

The oil industry suggests another magic trick. It's called the lead-trap filter. The industry says that lead-trap filters, which have a lot in common with the physical appearance of an ordinary muffler, can eliminate the majority of lead emissions from the tailpipes of cars.

The NSW State Government argues that the real efficiency of lead-trap filters is only 50 or 60 percent, but it quotes 1974 statistics. And it doesn't have any equipment to test lead emissions anyway.

But Emtec, the Independent NSW automotive technical laboratory, cites figures showing current lead-trap devices trap 95 percent of lead emissions in automobiles operating in urban areas for the lifetime of the car. At this point, the NSW Government gets bitchy and refers to lead traps as "weight traps", claiming that they will collect 20kg of lead over the life of the vehicle. They also note this will be fuel consumptive.

This is a chrome-plated fib.

The NSW Government currently restricts lead content to 0.4g a litre. Using the accepted vehicle "lifetime" of 80,000km, a family car gobbling 4.5 litres for every 50 kilometres can physically *consume* only one-fifth of the Government's claimed total of *emitted* lead. And some is even burnt or otherwise disposed of (usually in the engine oil). But even taking the Government's statistic of 20kg of lead per vehicle it would account for less than 0.5 percent per year of the weight of a vehicle like the Holden Commodore, a relative lightweight.

The Government moves smoothly on to five-star fibs by claiming that "lead-traps are not available" but wangles out of this one on a technicality. No countries currently specify lead-trap filters, although at least three prototypes are under test in Australia — some in the Government's own cars.

But moving lead traps up the priorities list means shifting lead-free fuel further down. And the Government can hardly be expected to chop its own legs out from underneath. Because without lead-free fuel there can be no catalytic converters. And without the catalytic converters, Stage Three hits the skids.

Surprisingly included among the count-me-outs are the local muffler builders — the people who have the ability to manufacture lead traps. Although US, UK and European firms want only one to three years to get into production, the local boys sit on a figure of five years or more. They're happy to shift the blame for this on to the auto manufacturers, claiming long development lead times are required. But their real concern might be future income. Lead-trap technology suggests a lifetime four times greater than for existing mufflers. Hardly anyone these days is interested in voluntarily decimating his own business.

Some in the auto industry even side with the muffler men. Considering catalytic converters are guesstimated to cost $250-$300 compared with lead-traps at $40-$60, this looks like inverted financial logic, doomed to rejection on the showroom floor. But it is legislation that puts the price up on the showroom floor, and the manufacturer has long since sidestepped the blame. And if you probe about in the research and development workshops of some of the manufacturers you'll discover a whole heap of catalytic converter technology lying about there, already paid for.

This is but the tip of the paranoia iceberg. Lead-trap filters may well be okay and even cheap, but they only block the lead, they don't throttle emissions. For this you have to grapple with some alternative technology — and the oil industry suggests "lean-burn" engines. Lean-burn is design-in rather than bolt-on technology. It involves improving the combustion process.

To put lean-burn into an engine, you send it back to the designer, whereas to clean the engine up with catalytic converters, you pick up a ready-made octopus and fling it under the hood. Of course, no one has mentioned that converters were developed for V8s and big sixes. We are headed in the opposite direction and they strangle small-bores and fours.

Self-righteously, the oil industry notes that this is tack-on technology anyway. If so, there is a disturbing parallel with lead-trap filters. And both are susceptible to tampering.

In case you've lost your way, the issue can be loosely summarised as the choice between a gradual improvement in the aesthetics of the environment of big cities (with possible minor health benefits) as against a whopping increase in the cost of motoring (and most likely restrictions).

Apart from a witch-doctor approach to health effects, including some doll-stabbing to unnerve the enemy, there is no established link between auto emissions and serious health problems. The State Pollution Control Commission on the lead-risk: "It's a guessing game. We can't positively state it comes from petrol or the car." And general emissions: "There is no proof of a link between emissions and general health-effects."

Even if the car is a contributor, it doesn't necessarily turn up as Mr Big in this game. The SPCC already attributes 16 percent of all photochemical smog to lawnmowers, and the backyard gardening enthusiast may be little more than the pyromaniac polluter (until open fires and peat fires were banned, London didn't come to grips with its problem). And the SPCC says that sources other than the car will soon account for 53 percent of all photochemical emissions. And on the other side of the coin, we need to use around eight percent more crude to produce lead-free fuel at current consumption rates. But just scratching up that other eight percent could be tricky. The world crude pool is shrinking. The high-consumption countries are in the scrum trying to rake out a big enough crude supply for their home markets. And even if we search for supplies in Australia, the best prospect of filling the deficit is with shale oil which won't be ready before 1992 at the earliest. In the meantime, break out the petrol ration vouchers.

> *"Safe high ground is being invaded by new research. One slab of data attacks the shining knights of the motor industry. The diesels."*

That's a pretty hot price to pay to give Sydney a one percent facelift over the next four years. It also comes at a time when even the safe high-ground is being invaded by new research. One slab of data attacks some of the shining knights of the automotive scene. The diesels. Until recently, diesels have been the goody-two-shoes of the automotive emissions controversy, partly because they have generally low general emissions (CO, HC and NO_x) and they don't use leaded petrol, and partly because, in NSW, the government transport fleets are heavily based on them.

But higher levels of US general emissions have forced diesel engines to produce more particulates or soot — a form of emissions peculiar to diesels (at least on the automotive scene). And very recent medical research in America is showing links between soot and human mutations.

In the face of ground-shaking developments such as these, world-wide health and emission organisations are withdrawing to consolidate and commission new research programs.

NSW's renegade legislation comes at a time when the World Health Organisation has revised its recommendation for maximum pollution saturation levels of the atmosphere, the US Environmental Protection Agency (which started the whole thing) has put the brakes on future legislation, and all European authorities have suspended further low-lead gas or low-emissions legislation.

At the same time, new automotive technology is flooding the world. From Sweden comes an electronic device to automatically adjust engine compatibility to fuel octane — even ultra-low octane. From Australia comes two Perth developments — a new breakthrough with the Sarich engine (half the size of current mills and reportedly cleaner), and the overseas sale of the Collins multi-fuel engine (for which a zero carbon monoxide output is claimed).

Alternate fuel forms are showing some promise, and more refined engine technology may reduce basic emissions to a minimum on reasonably low-lead fuel. Even lead-proof catalytic converters are at an advanced stage of development.

In the short-term, local manufacturers are pushing engine compression ratios down to accept lower octane fuels to the point where the 92 octane produced by one oil company is claimed as being suitable for 40 percent of the cars on the road.

By 1985, most cars in Australia could be turned out with high-efficiency, low compression and low-consumption engines that will be more efficient and less polluting.

It's time to go into a holding pattern while we sort out the medium-to-long-term possibilities. Suspend further emissions regulations that could force us down a path that is counter-productive and expensive to withdraw from. Institute more detailed health-effects studies. Get traffic moving. Test the alternatives.

It's back to the drawing boards again fellahs.

FALLING ABOUT IN THE SKY

isaac newton, eat your heart out — free-falling through space provides highs that defy the law of gravity

Photography by Andy Keech

THERE IS parachuting and there is skydiving — and there is a difference. In simple terms, the point of parachuting is to get down to earth just as gently as possible. In skydiving, the idea is to have fun on the way. In parachuting, the most anxious time for novices is before the parachute opens. In skydiving, that is the best part. The skydiver postpones the moment, dropping a few kilometres before he pulls the release to open the canopy. Andy Keech and fellow skydivers plummet to earth at 160km/h while they take their pictures.

Skydivers tend to be sociable people. They jump in groups. There have even been competitions to see who could form the biggest "star" of men as they fall, before separating to open their parachutes. The jumpers

Getting ready to jump, skydivers cluster on the outside of the plane (above) as nonchalantly as rush-hour commuters on a bus. Using their arms and legs as rudders, the first divers (below) spread their limbs to slow their fall to await their teammates.

"Ready, set, go!" Taking the leap into space (above), skydivers have up to 75 seconds before "dumping" (opening) parachutes. Complex free-fall formations like these (below) are performed by divers falling at speeds of up to 160km/h through the sky.

use their arms and legs to retain stability and alter the angle of drop or, literally, to fly across the sky. Some use inflating suits to slow descent so that the last few out of the aircraft can catch up with the first to make formations before parachutes open.

The photographs on our pages were taken when some of the biggest groups got together to go aloft and jump to form stars of up to 100 bodies in the sky.

One by one, the falling figures make contact and close to form the first part of the star. Others close on their ankles to complete the pattern which then breaks. The jumpers drift apart to "dump" (open) their 'chutes and float safely down to earth. Not that safety seems to be what sky-diving is about.

Below, 100 photographers and sky-divers jump together in an attempt to break the existing mass free-fall record.

TENTH COURSE

the old knight may have looked decrepit, but he could still wield his trusty lance through many amorous crusades

fiction

By DAL STIVENS

Illustration by Alan Ewart

SIX WEEKS had passed since her marriage, and the little Countess Blanche was beginning to despair of planting horns on the head of her elderly husband, the Lord of Croixmare. This aged Crusader was an ugly fellow; he was bow-legged from straddling too many war horses; a surfeit of spiced wines and nights in the desert had shrivelled and pickled his face; his nose drooped and his voice was gravelled. His manners, moreover, were rude. Next to war, he enjoyed hunting and had, indeed, married the Countess Blanche not to acquire her fair charms, but her rich and extensive farmlands.

"I'd never have married this old nose if I'd known he'd guard me so closely," tearfully declared the little Countess to her cousin, Jacqueline de Champfevrier. "Whoever gave me such false advice as you did? You told me that an elderly husband was far easier to fool than a middle-aged mother."

"Patience, Blanche," pleaded Jacqueline. "Last night I talked to your old Lord and have, I think, aroused once again his crusading fervor. I talked of the Holy City in the hands of the Infidels. He sniffed and stared at me with cold and heavy eyes. I talked of Saracen gold, diamonds and rubies, and his eyes took fire and he cupped his hands as if sampling a chest of loot. I talked of Saracen charmers, and he took fire elsewhere than in his eyes, and as for hands, he would have cupped me had I not dodged him." And Jacqueline laughed merrily. "Within a week, we'll be waving from the battlements to your old knight; then you'll be able to receive your Raoul."

"May you be a better prophet than you've been in the past," said Blanche, drying her eyes. And she thought: "I must make myself beautiful for my Raoul," and began to braid her yellow hair. She had scarcely finished before they heard the old Crusader shouting orders in the courtyard. He was, indeed, going to the Holy Land!

For four days, the castle resounded with the preparations: the clamor of the armorers' hammers; the neighing of horses; the excited cries of men; and the bellowed commands of the Lord of Croixmare.

On the evening of the fourth day, the old fellow summoned Blanche and told her: "It grieves me that I must leave you while I go about Our Lord's business. I have decided that you shall wear this small piece of jewellery as a keepsake while I am away."

Blanche looked at what he held out to her, and recognised it with a sinking heart. Jehan de Croixmare had not lied utterly. It could be called jewellery, for the toughened steel bands were set with diamonds, rubies, pearls and sapphires. More honest people would have named it a chastity belt.

"Thank you, my kind Lord," said Blanche aloud, cursing inwardly.

"It's not that I don't trust you, my dear," said the old fellow. "Every Crusader's wife wears one as a matter of course, and if I did not do likewise,

people would be bound to say I was a thoughtless skinflint."

The wrinkled, ugly old warrior made this outrageous statement without shame, which was the more remarkable because Blanche recognised most of the gems in the belt as having come from her own jewel box.

"I understand, my Lord. It is very lovely," said Blanche. "It has a most cunning lock."

"Hasn't it?" said the old man, very pleased. "There's not another like it in the whole of France. Not even one of the Saracens could open that."

"It looks very strong."

"It was made by the best locksmith in all France," boasted Jehan.

"A lock like that would be just the thing for my jewel chest," said Blanche, cunningly. "Perhaps, my Lord, you would get this clever locksmith to make a lock for my jewel chest?"

"I'd like to, but it's impossible."

"Oh, why is that?"

"Well, you see, my dear," he said, hawking in his throat. He coughed and went on. "It's very unfortunate, but the locksmith's dead."

"Ah well, he will have an assistant."

"Dead, too," said the Lord of Croixmare. "The assistant's assistant, too. All dead. In fact, I had a bit of trouble with them, the villains. They stole one of the rubies. They're hanging from the west turret as a warning to other locksmiths who may be tempted to steal a valuable pearl from their lord."

"My Lord, you said earlier they stole a ruby." cried Blanche.

The Lord of Croixmare winked slowly at his Lady. "Ruby or pearl, does it matter?" he asked, shrugging. "Come here, my dear. We'll try this piece of jewellery and woe betide that thieving locksmith if it's not a good, firm fit. I'll have his whole family hanged!"

Fortunately — or unfortunately — there was no occasion for the Lord of Croixmare to make such an assertive protest against bad craftsmanship. Blanche thanked her Lord prettily, but when he left, chuckling in his stringy grey beard, she began pacing angrily up and down in her chamber.

"Old nose," she exclaimed. "Rude nose, worn-away nose, wrinkled nose, nose too selfish, cunning, dropsical nose!" From her abuse of her Lord, she passed to threats to do away with herself. "I'll not wear the old fool's jewellery. Rather, I will throw myself from the battlements and cheat the old loon that way."

"There is no occasion for such measures," counselled Jacqueline, who now entered. "Any jewellery that will be worn will adorn the old man's locks. We'll antler him yet, for it seems to me that, though it may take a master locksmith to make a lock, any dolt can copy a key."

"That may be so," said Blanche, "but he keeps the key hung on a chain around his neck. Might as well dream of stealing it as of robbing the Devil of his gold, for old drooping nose can drain a tun and never fall into a drunken sleep as other men will." Blanche stamped her foot. "I wish you would not make light of difficulties."

"I would not make light, Cousin," defended Jacqueline. "It seems to me that there is something else besides liquid which makes men sleep, and for your sake, Cousin, I will try it. When he sleeps, and I can make him sleep as soundly as Barbarossa, I'll take a wax impression of the key."

So saying, she skipped gaily around the room while Blanche stared at her in utter astonishment.

"Will you bed with old nose, then?"

"What else, if I'm to help you?" said Jacqueline. "Tonight it shall be."

Blanche ran to her cousin and embraced her tenderly. "Please forgive my crossness. Such sacrifice! Such friendship!" And she shuddered.

The next morning, Jacqueline showed her cousin the wax impression she had taken so Blanche could supply her lover with a key to her padlock. The old Crusader slept late, but arose refreshed and declared he would depart with his men that noon.

Hearing this, the impatient Blanche sent her page off with a message to her lover Raoul de Beaugency that, as her lord was off that day to tilt a lance against the Saracens, he should haste to do the same that evening against a less well-armed foe.

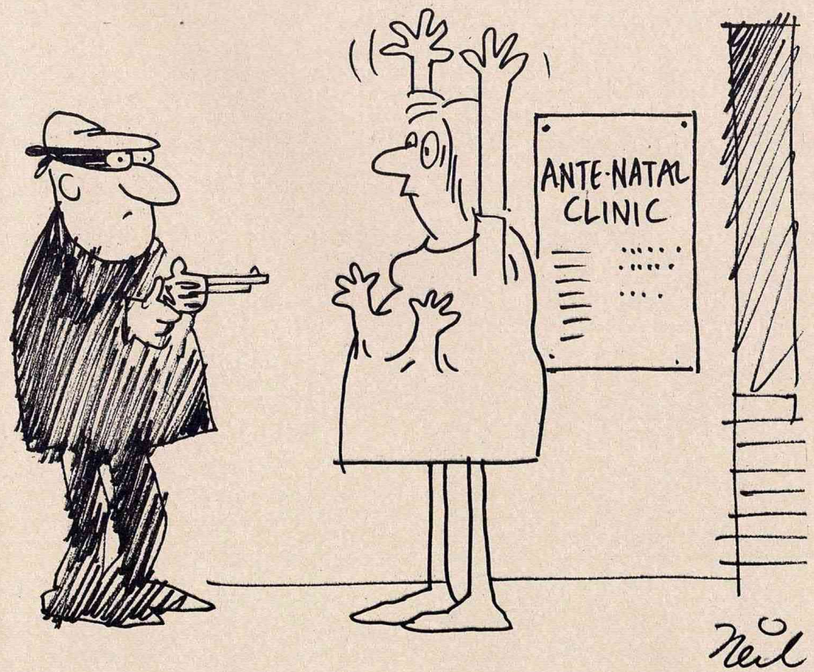
The rough old warrior was no man's fool — or woman's for that matter. In 40 years' devoted service as a Crusader, he had acquired considerable skill in holding his own — and more than his own — against other true and Christian knights. He was skilled in cunning, craft, shifts and stratagems. There was never a city plundered or maiden ravished but the Lord of Croixmare had the lion's share. So now, the old man who had sired so much treason smelt the seeds of it within his own stone walls.

He observed that, though his lady made fair speeches of how she would miss him, her eyes were bright. Moreover, the old rapscallion was honest with himself: "I'm a rusty old lance at best, and it's reasonable that a young girl should prefer a new furbished one! Reasonable be damned! I'll hang the man who tries to beat my coverts or supplant my lance!"

Observing the page leaving the castle, he summoned his most trusted man-at-arms and ordered him follow the page. The man-at-arms did as he was instructed and reported to his master that the page had been to the Hotel Beaugency.

"By our Lady!" shouted the Lord of Croixmare. "I have often wondered whether that fellow wasn't a cuckoo who'd try to lay his clutch in my nest."

After some oaths and threats, the Lord of Croixmare drew the man-at-arms to him so sharply that their helmets rang together. "Quiet! Not a word! We'll leave as arranged, but we'll return tomorrow and spit this cuckoo in the nest. Well, near the nest." And



the old fellow laughed because he thought his gift of jewellery to his Lady was impenetrable.

At noon, the Lord of Croixmare, in full armor, was hoisted aboard his favorite mount. His squire handed him a huge mace quilled with steel spikes weighing every bit of 20kg. Blanche handed him a stirrup cup. The Lord of Croixmare looked at her and grunted, then threw back his head, stretched a throat as sinewy as a hen's leg, and drank. He stood in the stirrups and swung the terrible mace around his head until the air whistled in protest. "Death to the Saracens!" he roared. "And to all defilers of Holy Places!"

When her Lord had gone, Blanche turned, white-faced and shaking, to Jacqueline. "Did you see how fiercely he glared at me when he spoke of Holy Places?" she asked.

"You are too fearful, Blanche," Jacqueline sought to re-assure her. "Your lord is fierce even when he is tender." She rubbed a bruised arm.

"Can he know anything?" Blanche asked, falteringly.

"Not he," laughed Jacqueline. "How could he? Never fear, timid little Cousin, you'll be able to test your key tonight." She comforted Blanche with her arms and prattled on happily. "I have had a key made for you. I had one of your Lord's artisans wrought it for me, privately. He swore he would not, unless he could make a test with his key, and as I had not your padlock, mine must serve, but I leave you to guess what kind of key he used."

The night, eagerly awaited, came sluggardly but certainly. Handsome Raoul de Beaugency rode to the castle. The two lovers fell sighing and panting into each others' arms, called each other the strangest (and wisest) names, and tilted many courses in love's lists. Though they'd sworn unending passion, by dawn they were wearied by battle and deep in slumber.

To them in dismay came Blanche's page. He had risen to obey an inconvenient command of nature and, stumbling sleepily towards the single privy, had been roused to full wakefulness when he heard the Lord of Croixmare's men taking their positions around the castle. The page immediately ran to Blanche's chamber, where in the excess of his terror he was in danger of carrying out the original purpose which had brought him incontinently from his bed.

"Oh, we are undone!" cried Blanche, wringing her hands.

"He must hide!" urged the page.

"That would be useless," said Blanche. "My cunning old lord would sniff us out and slay us both."

Jacqueline, aroused by the noise, entered. Blanche told her: "See what has come of your confident plans! My Lord has surrounded the castle."

"Nothing is lost yet," said Jacqueline. "The Lord of Croixmare must discover Raoul in *my* bed." She shook the sleepy youth. "Raoul, rouse yourself, for we must be hotly engaged when the old lord finds us."

The young nobleman had run nine courses during the night, and he protested weakly. "It is impossible."

Blanche echoed this cry: "We'll be slain, for such vigor is not in any man to run 10 courses in a night!"

"Pouf! Ten!" said Jacqueline. "Back to bed," she urged Blanche.

A few minutes later, the Lord of Croixmare burst into Blanche's chamber, sword in hand, roaring: "Harlot! Whore! Where's this would-be horngiver? I'll let the wind into his innards! I'll feed his heritage to the kites."

"Why, my Lord?" cried Blanche. "Have you lost your reason?"

"So you'd make a gull of me!" shouted the furious old man. "I'll smell this Raoul de Beaugency wherever you've hidden him! Old Croixmare will smoke out this would-be planter of cucumbers in my field!" He rushed about the chamber, swinging his heavy sword, plunging it behind the tapestries and under the heavy four-posted bed, shouting oaths and threats.

"My good Lord, listen to me," implored Blanche. "If you seek Raoul de Beaugency, you must look in Jacqueline's bed, though I blush to tell you this. Her knight has been with her since early last night."

The raging old man did not hear her until Blanche had told him several times. He started, lumbered forward, caught her by the hair, then stretched her neck back and lifted his sword.

"It's the truth!" Blanche blurted.

"Jezebel! Liar!" he roared, but he unloosed her hair and moved back slowly, still threatening: "If you're lying, I'll ———" He rushed from the chamber. With her heart leaping like a hare's, Blanche waited with stretched ears, crossed herself and murmured prayers. But strain as she could — and she even tiptoed to the door — she could hear only a wordless murmur for some time. Then, suddenly, she heard old Croixmare trumpeting with laughter. Great bombilations of mirth shook the walls of the castle. Trumpet-tongued, the old Lord of Croixmare boomed: "By our Lady, what a gallant horseman is this! He is as fresh at dawn as if he has just begun to joust. What a mighty thing is this!"

In this way was a tragedy of true love avoided. The Lord of Croixmare, convinced by what he had discovered, departed later that morning for the Holy Land, unaware of the coppice sprouting so richly from his brow.

When the pennants were lost in the noon haze, the little Countess turned to Jacqueline and asked: "But how could you be so confident that Raoul could run a 10th course?"

"It was simple," said Jacqueline, "for if I could urge the ancient knight to 10 charges, then my success with a young warrior was assured."

And she laughed merrily. Blanche laughed, too, but not so merrily.

BELLA GABRIELLA

MAN'S MIGRATORY flight patterns presented Australia with a rare gift when lovely Gabriella Monti left Italy to live on one of Sydney's beachside hilltops.

Gabriella was still in school when her family lifted stakes and headed for the Great South Land. It was too early to tell that the second eldest Monti girl would turn into one of the country's finest imports. Now, at the ripe old age of 19, the proof is there for all to see.

The Aries blonde has found that Sydney's northern beaches are an ideal neck of the woods for shucking off a bit of excess energy by waterskiing, relaxing near the surf, or paraflying high behind a power boat.

"There are some fantastic waterways near my home where I can really find the privacy and space to do all those things I haven't got the time to enjoy doing during the week."

Living on the edge of Sydney's urban sprawl suits Gabriella perfectly. "Sydney is a lovely cosmopolitan city which I can enjoy without having to put up with too many hassles of inner city living," she says. "I'm an ambitious person and work hard at what I do, so it is important that I can find the right sort of amusing diversions on my days off."

Gabriella is very definite about what she wants in a man. "If a man is both assertive and creative, he has two of the most important ingredients for enjoying life. I find that that sort of person is self-assured, giving, friendly and just simply fun to be with."

Gabriella is worldly enough to realise that life has plenty to offer the beautiful and the talented, and she's looking forward to exploring all of the possibilities. "I'm determined to visit Hawaii, and I want to return to Europe to discover my heritage," she says.

Meanwhile, we're content to witness her charm but hope she doesn't stray from our shores forever.

Photography by Rico Mettbach

"Show me a man who is both assertive and creative, and I'll show you someone who is likely to totally capture my fancy."

"I know I'm ambitious, but it's much easier to pursue a career when you can relate strongly to those people around you."

"Some people say I'm a thrill seeker, but I never take chances that could be catastrophic."

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Gabriella Monti

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5Ft 8" WEIGHT: 8st SIGN: ARIES

BIRTH DATE: 10·4·61 BIRTHPLACE: Italy.

GOALS: Looking forward to a successful career, and to be able to live life to the fullest.

TURN-ONS: Friendly people, having my back massaged, taking a hot bath.

FAVORITE FOOD: Lobster salad, Indian curries.

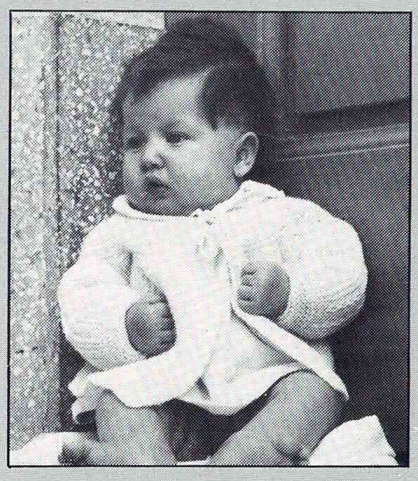
RELAXING: Reading, sleeping, playing backgammon.

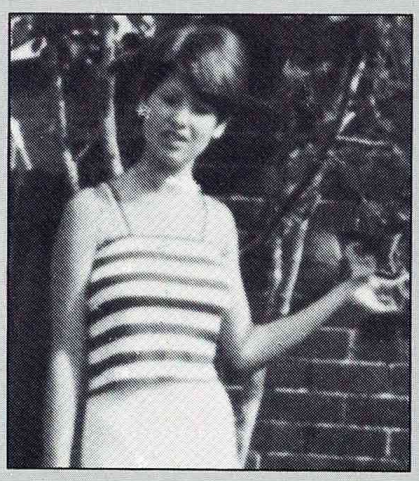
FAVORITE SPORTS: Paraflying, water-skiing, modern ballet.

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Rose, The Godfather, The Other Side of Midnight.

FAVORITE ACTORS: Charlton Heston, Dustin Hoffman, Paul Newman, Katharine Hepburn.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Source, Womens' Room Chariot of the Gods.





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Damn! the girl thought as she lay naked on the motel bed watching the man she'd met in the bar undress. He wasn't much on the dance floor . . . and he's probably underhung . . . besides which, he has handed me this felt-tip pen, so he's probably got something kinky in mind . . .

But her eyes widened when the fellow worked off his briefs and she saw the extent of his manhood.

"I'll take that pen now, baby," he smiled, and then added, "for your sake, I think I should draw the line somewhere."

Our resident gambling expert reports the case of the drag queen who was too scared to try her luck playing Lotto because she was frightened her balls would drop.

A young married man rushed up to his boss after receiving a telephone call and asked if he could go home at once.

"My wife is expecting to be pregnant," he stammered nervously.

After seeing his employer's bewildered expression, he corrected himself.

"What I meant to say was that my wife is pregnant, and she's expecting to go into hospital this afternoon."

His boss smiled and replied: "Take the day off. In either case, I think you should be present."

The male chauvinist definition of a woman is a life support system for a pussy.

There was a young girl from Baroda
Who built an erotic pagoda,
The walls of the halls
Were festooned with balls
And the tools of the fools who bestrode her.

Hey! This looks like a great meal! I knew my partner had a beautiful wife," said Bill, "but I didn't know you were a fantastic cook as well."

"I feel I should warn you, Bill," she simpered, "that I expect my husband home within an hour."

"But I'm not doing anything," he protested.

"I know," sighed the wife. "I just wanted to let you know how much time you had."

In what was hoped would prove a clever bit of propaganda, the Russian government ordered 1000 gross of contraceptives from an American rubber company, all of them 35 centimetres long and 20 centimetres in circumference. But when the US-based company filled the order, it labelled each box "medium".

Kim had married an Englishman who, soon after the wedding, took her to Britain to meet his family. His parents gave a ball to introduce her to the local gentry, one of whom soon asked the bride to dance. On the dance floor, Kim's expensive diamond brooch came loose and worked its way down the back of her dress.

"Reach in and find it," she whispered to her embarrassed partner.

"I can't seem to find it," he said.

"Lower, reach lower."

"I'm trying, but I . . ." he blushed.

"Reach in further," she insisted.

"I say," the man gasped, "I feel a perfect ass."

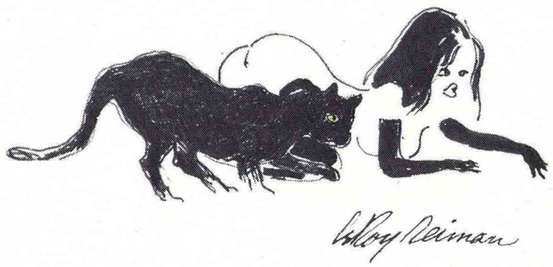
"Never mind that right now," Kim ordered. "Just get the brooch!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alimony* as two people making a mistake and one continuing to pay for it.

Three old friends were musing one afternoon about the ideal way to depart this life. One, aged 75, said that he wanted to go quickly, preferably in a speeding sports car. The second, aged 85, agreed that a speedy end was best but admitted a preference for going out in a jet crash.

"I've got a better idea," said the third old man, aged 90. "I'd rather be shot by a jealous husband."

And then there was the naive uni student who decided not to sign up for the course in sex education when she heard the final examination was oral.

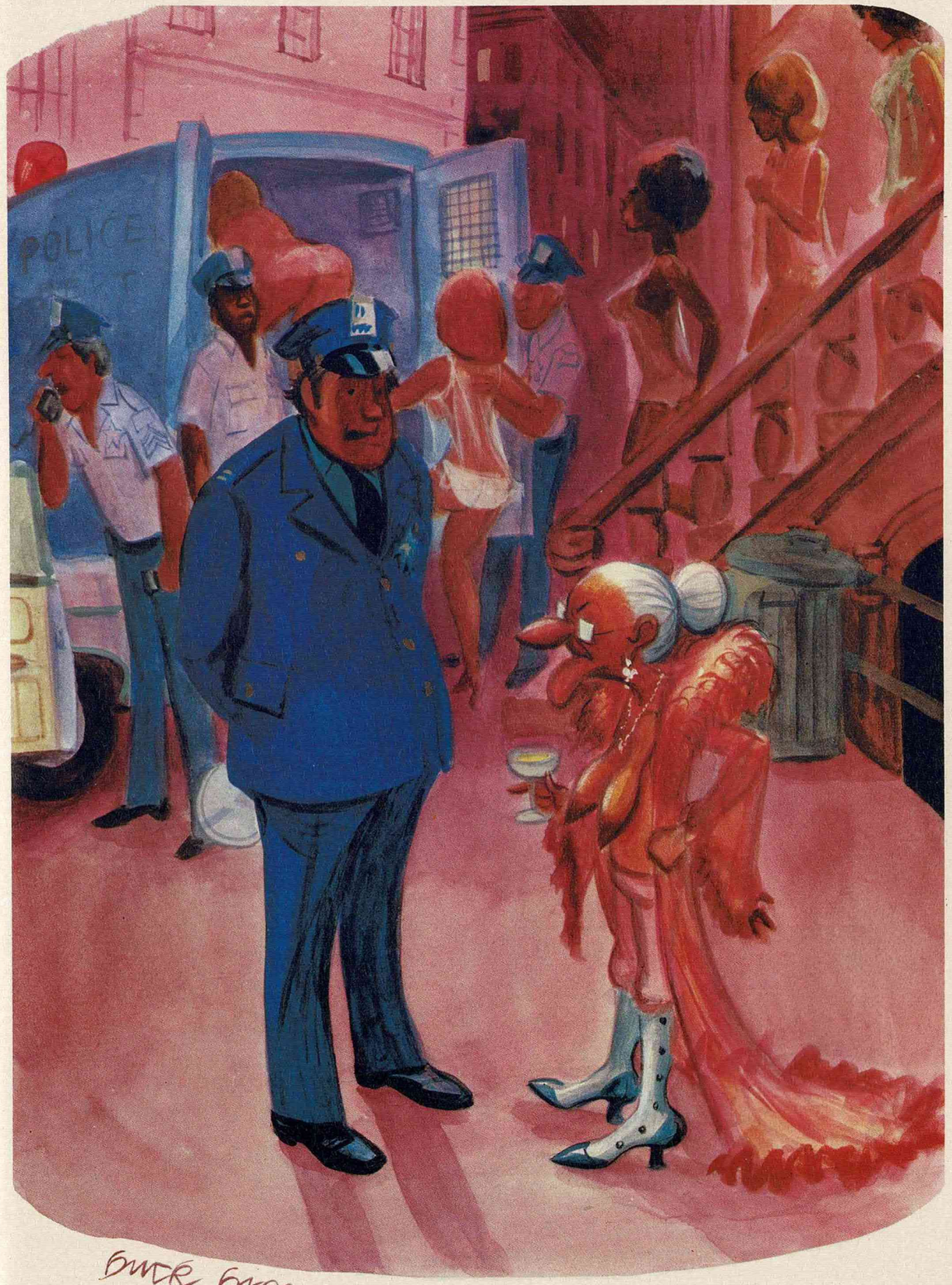


I do believe that Roger is beginning to care about me again," the woman who had been feeling alienated from her husband confided to her friend. "Last night, after sex, he actually wanted to talk!"

"That's great news!" said the friend. "What, if I'm not being too nosey, did Roger want to talk to you about?"

"It wasn't too clear," replied the woman. "He said, 'You know ——' and then I heard his secretary yell at him to hang up."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*



"You're free to go, lady. The detective-sergeant told us you were only trying to give it away."

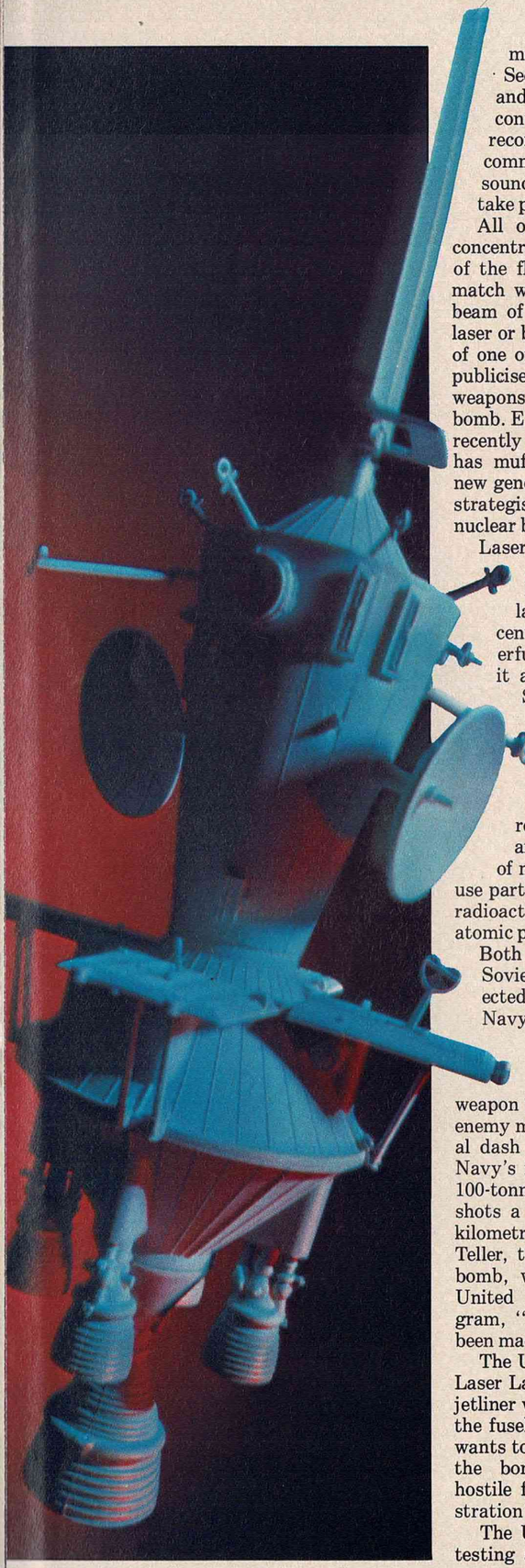
THE LASER

WILL IT CHALLENGE NUCLEAR MIGHT?

the superpowers are spending billions in a race for beam weapons which will tip the power balance. john edwards investigates

DEEP INSIDE the Pentagon, past the displays of battle flags and photos of old generals, is an obscure office furnished in grey steel. That tiny office now controls the most expensive weapons program in the United States defence science budget. The office is labelled "Directed Energy Technology" and the research it controls may, according to several top US defence officials, "revolutionise" warfare. The top secret programs are code-named

Photography By Colin Stead / Model By David Price



merely Eighth Card, Sipapu, Seesaw, Chair Heritage, Sealite and Talon Gold. And when their content was explained off the record to one senator last year he commented on the record: "This sounds like *Star Wars* is going to take place."

All of the programs use highly concentrated beams of light, as if all of the floodlights at a night cricket match were joined in one pencil-thin beam of radioactive particles. These laser or beam weapons are the subject of one of the most intense and least publicised disputes within the US weapons community since the atom bomb. Even the US Army complained recently of the excessive secrecy that has muffled the controversy over a new generation of weapons that some strategists say are the answer to nuclear bombs.

Laser is an acronym for Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation. The laser accumulates energy, concentrates it in an extremely powerful beam of light and directs it at the target. In the United States, the most advanced military lasers are made by burning chemical fuel (hydrogen and fluorine) in order to produce powerful continuous waves of infrared light, which is drawn off and concentrated by a series of mirrors. Another method is to use particle beams which propagate a radioactive stream of atomic and subatomic particles.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union are working on directed energy weapons. The US Navy is working on its Chair Heritage and Sealite programs towards the development of a particle beam weapon that can strike nuclear armed enemy missiles as they begin their final dash toward US battleships. The Navy's initial requirements are for a 100-tonne weapon generating six shots a second over a range of four kilometres. According to Dr Edward Teller, the inventor of the hydrogen bomb, who is now involved in the United States' beam weapons program, "Striking new advances have been made in Chair Heritage."

The US Air Force has an Airborne Laser Laboratory (ALL), a converted jetliner with a laser weapon built into the fuselage. This year the Air Force wants to find out if a laser can defend the bomber against missiles and hostile fighters. A "lethality demonstration" is planned for later this year.

The US Army recently completed testing a laser weapon in its mobile test unit, a converted armored vehicle which experimented with using lasers against missiles and tanks. Because the Army runs research programs on defences against nuclear missiles launched from the Soviet Union, Army programs are also examining how useful lasers and particle beams might be employed in knocking down incoming missiles.

Research done by the three armed services has so far cost the US $2 billion and will cost well over $200 million this year alone. In addition, defence funded research centres from California to Massachusetts are working on compact nuclear reactors that could refuel a space-based beam weapon, new smaller accelerators to generate particle beams and small lasers suitable for orbiting in space, where they can attack enemy missiles.

The US has already had some striking successes with laser weapons. In 1973 the Air Force shot down a winged drone with a laser in New Mexico. Three years later the Army used its mobile test unit to shoot down helicopters and planes at Redstone Arsenal in Alabama. And in 1978 the Navy used a chemical laser to annihilate an anti-tank missile at Pendleton, California.

The tests are dramatic proof that laser weapons are well beyond the drawing boards. The Pentagon plans to decide within the next few years which of the laser weapons it is developing are worth prototyping and testing for mass production and deployment. Scientists have yet to demonstrate the usefulness of particle beams, which are much harder to generate and direct accurately. There is a great deal of work going into ground uses of lasers, but the big debate in the United States is whether lasers can be orbited in space as a defence against Soviet missiles. For the past 20 years the US and the Soviet Union have been hostage to the other side's nuclear missiles. This is called Mutual Assured Destruction. The fact that either side can absorb a first strike and still retaliate with sufficient thermo-nuclear warheads has been the single most important reason preventing a nuclear war. If either or both sides gain the ability to defend themselves effectively against a nuclear attack, then Mutual Assured Destruction is finished. Conservative "Hawk" Senator Malcolm Wallop, from Wyoming, recently wrote: "The superpower that grasps that premise first will be able to wrest an enormous strategic advantage."

The use of laser weapons for ballistic missile defence is the most heavily classified of the major US weapons programs. But we can get an idea of its size and importance from scattered comments that have found their way into Congressional testimony or specialist defence journals. We know that the Defence Science Board, a civilian advisory group of weapons specialists, concluded late last year that the US should concentrate on using lasers to "kill" enemy satellites and missiles. We know that the super-secret Defence Advanced Research Projects Agency revealed this year, under the summary heading of "Space Defence", that "substantial progress has been made in the past year toward establishing the technology base to build a chemical laser weapons system."

We know that, in the 1979 Arms Control Impact Statement of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, it was revealed that "if deployed in sufficient numbers (less than 10) these laser satellites could defend American strategic communications and warning satellites against anti-satellite attacks" and that two laser-armed systems in space could destroy "all Soviet low orbiting satellites in less than 24 hours".

We know enough from what has slipped through to be certain that the Pentagon is taking space-based laser work very seriously. And we also know, from the writings of those who have had classified briefings, roughly how such a system might work.

In a laser-based ballistic missile defence system, laser guns would be mounted on to huge space battle stations orbiting between 1600km and 4800km above Earth. Somewhere between 24 and 100 satellites would be needed to cover all the areas of the Soviet Union from which the missiles could be launched and all of the oceans from which the Soviet submarines might fire their nuclear-tipped weapons. The number of satellites is so high because an effective system would have to cover all these areas all the time, and each satellite would be orbiting above a certain point on the Earth. The system probably would need separate satellites to identify the missiles as they were launched and to direct the fire of the laser weapons. Each laser battle station would have to have the capability to destroy more than 1000 missiles within the six or seven minutes that each missile barrage would spend in space before re-entering the Earth's atmosphere near the targets.

There are obviously a lot of problems with these requirements. Compared to other ways of attacking missiles — for example, nuclear-tipped interceptor missiles — lasers have some advantages and some disadvantages. The light beam travels 50,000 times faster than an interceptor missile. The beam is continuous, so there is not just one shot at the target. Its guidance mirrors can shift the laser rapidly from one missile to another. But to kill the missile, it must stay on it long enough to burn a hole in the metal skin, it must know when it has disabled the missile and it must then be able to find another missile rapidly and to repeat the kill. Since a single successful missile can easily destroy Manhattan or Washington, a laser space missile defence must be very effective to justify abandoning the current theory of Mutual Assured Destruction.

Senator Wallop calls these "engineering problems", and it is impossible to judge how far toward solving them the US research effort has progressed. But there is another set of problems as well which are not simply technical. They arise because it is hard to defend satellites. They cannot be hidden, they cannot be hardened and they cannot easily and continuously manoeuvre. The laser itself is so delicate that it would be a sufficient counter measure for the enemy to send up another satellite, packed with high explosive or a nuclear weapon, to follow the laser in orbit. Since space is free there is nothing either side could do about this until a war started. The satellite bombs would be commanded to explode as soon as that happened. Bang — no more laser.

While the outcome of the exchange would be a draw, the nature of the arms race has been such that we may well see our night skies crowded with satellites, anti-satellite satellites, and anti-anti-satellite satellites, all programmed to destroy each other the instant either side decides to launch its nuclear missiles.

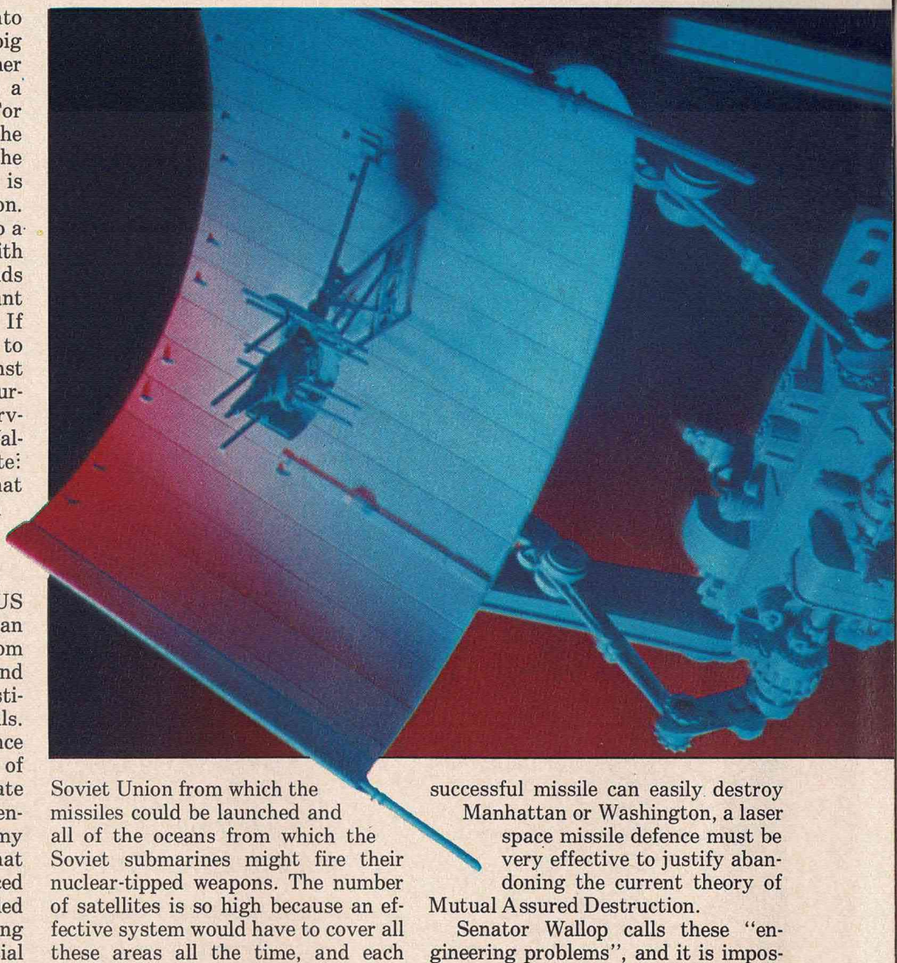
Even the possibility of an effective laser-based missile defence system

Police get lasers

WHILE the laser debate rages on, private enterprise is moving in gleefully to cash in. The Laser Product Corp of California now offers a laser shotgun and a laser revolver, as well as a laser machine-gun and a laser rifle.

The Corporation Vice President, Derrol Bryan, was reluctant to tell PLAYBOY very much about these products, which are designed for and sold to police forces. As he explained: "To be blatantly honest we are trying to maintain as low a profile as possible," to avoid controversy about police using lasers.

He did tell us that the laser is not lethal, that it is designed only for intimidation, and that the shotgun version can be snapped up for $3340 and is sold with a rechargeable battery pack.



stirs up great controversy in Washington. So does the enormous cost of simply finding out if such a system would be feasible.

On one side of the debate are the sceptics who say laser weapons in space and particle beams on Earth are a long way off, and there are too many problems for them ever to compete with existing weapons. And against them are the technologists of the Air Force and the weapons community and the hawks of the Capitol Hill armed services committees. Edward Teller is a strong supporter of beam weapons. So is Senator Wallop, who is a powerful voice among the conservative senators.

The Aerospace and Defence industry journal *Aviation Week and Space Technology* is a champion of the new weapons, claiming recently that "if successfully deployed, the beam weapons can end the long reign of nuclear terror." Earlier this year US Under-Secretary for Defence Research and Engineering, Bill Perry, told a Congressional hearing that "the high energy laser and particle beam program may provide a new class of weapons systems which could revolutionise our tactical and strategic capabilities. In the nearer term, perhaps before the end of this decade, we may see high energy lasers in use on the battlefield. In the 1990s we can expect to see them play a role in air and space." The authoritative *New York Times* reported recently that a new high energy laser test facility was being constructed at White Sands, New Mexico.

Pentagon officials in charge of the program are guarded and cautious. I recently spoke to one high Pentagon official who did not want to be named. He confirmed that work was going on in ballistic missile defence using lasers, but added that it would not be certain for some years whether such a system was practical. "Conceptually, it is possible," he said, "if we can get a weapon of high enough power and solve some of the technical problems in controlling and directing its power. If those problems can be solved, then lasers in space are conceivable. The requirements for a laser weapon for technical, conventional warfare are a lot less drastic than ballistic missile defence. It would certainly be after the year 2000 that a laser ballistic missile defence system would be conceivable," he told me. "I think the terrestrial applications will come first. We hope to gather enough data to make decisions on prototyping by the mid-1980s."

On the big question of the space lasers' vulnerability, the official said the US was working on ways of attacking and defending lasers as well as on the weapons themselves. He said it was too early to tell whether the advantage lay with offence or defence in laser weaponry. "There are certain elements which might prove vulnerable," he told me. "For example, the mirrors and the sensor mechanisms. We are also working on hardening our existing weapons against laser beam attacks."

The large-scale funding of the US program is justified regularly before Congress by the argument that the Russians are or may be doing more. On the question of just what the Soviet Union is doing, the official would say only that "they have an active program and we don't know as much about it as we would like. Bill Perry has said it is three to five times larger than our program in terms of the investment of money and people. But the big question is: what is the status of their technology? "My guess is that we are roughly comparable, but

"The laser does not loom as a weapon of mass destruction; it is a threat to nothing but weapons of mass destruction."

I'm not sure. We would know much more if the Russians gave interviews to the press." On this peevish note the interview concluded.

Back across the Potomac, at the Liberal Centre for Defence Information, weapons analysts Bill Arkin and Tom Karas told me there are still lots of problems with a laser system of ballistic missile defence. Arkin said: "There are major technical problems in finding the target, in aiming the laser, in lingering the laser beam long enough to damage the target and in getting feedback on whether it has been there long enough. There is also the problem of storing in space sufficient energy to run the weapon. Those are big problems. Then the thing has to defend itself, which is another problem.

"And then there is a problem with command control and communications — with identifying the launch of nuclear missiles, with keeping in touch with the national command headquarters in the US. For example, would there be people in the space fort? The laser system would have to attack and destroy its targets in the first five minutes of a war, so the characterisation system would have to relay information pretty early."

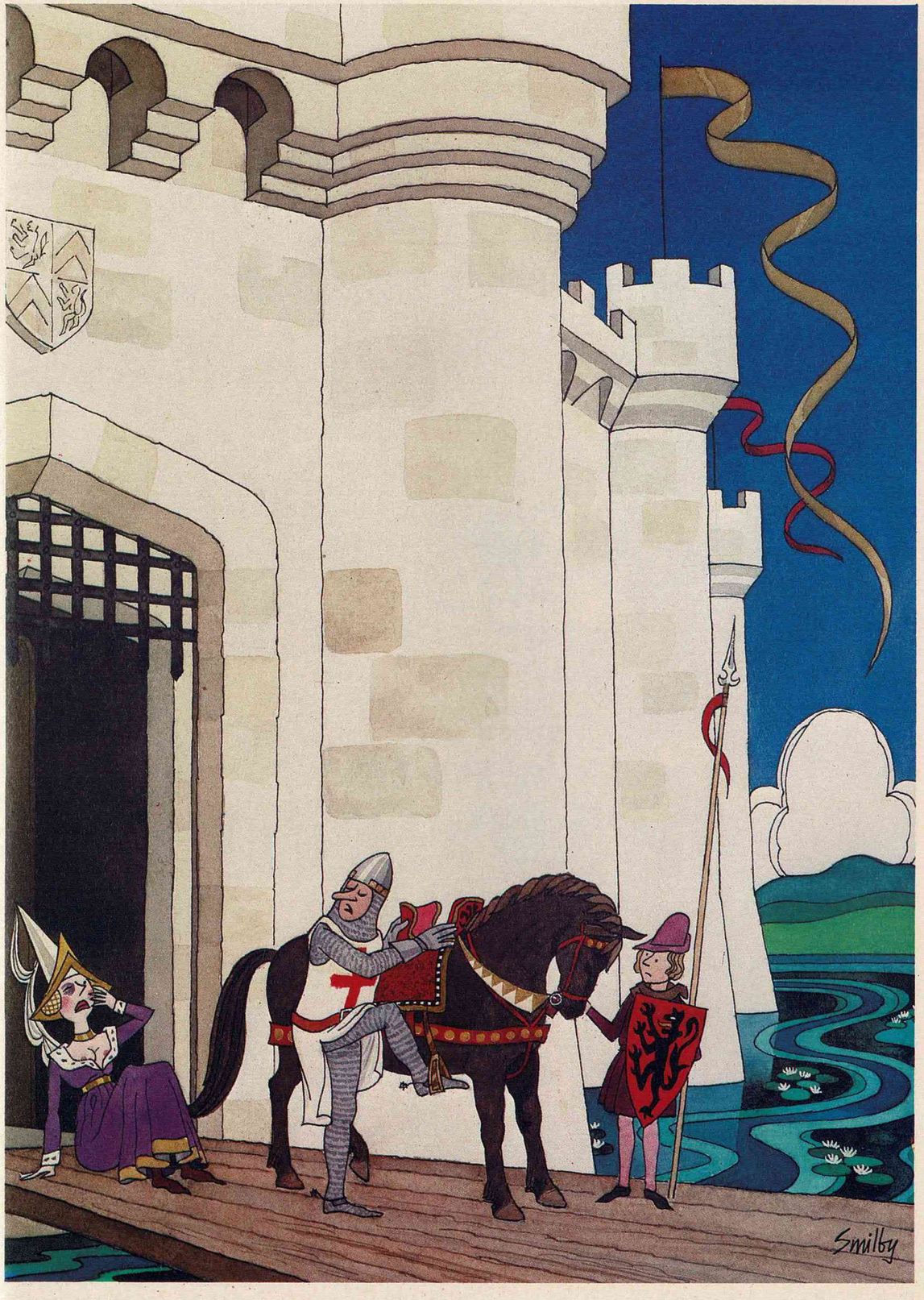
Arguments about nuclear weapons are often confusing and contradictory. The United States and the Soviet Union agreed eight years ago, for example, to ban the testing, production and deployment of ballistic missile systems. The agreement appears silly because the first thing both governments want to do, if they can, is protect their populations against nuclear attack. But they both realised that no ballistic missile defence system could be 100 percent or even 90 percent effective, that both of the sides would be forced nonetheless to develop and deploy them, and that they would both spend billions of dollars and find their major cities, a decade later, just as vulnerable.

The United States now has 12,000 nuclear warheads it can deliver on the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union has 4000 it can deliver on the United States. On today's projections, each side will have many more warheads by the mid-'80s. Only a few of the warheads, each of which is at the minimum three times larger than the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, need to get through for tens of millions of casualties to result.

A bomber flying in the Earth's atmosphere will not be vulnerable to a space laser, but a bomber can deliver enough megatons to level the whole east coast of the United States. A submarine firing its missiles in depressed trajectory would not be vulnerable to a space laser, yet a single US Poseidon submarine carries enough nuclear warheads to destroy every large city in the Soviet Union.

Others may be sceptical but Senator Malcolm Wallop certainly is not. He believes that the laser, because it is an "icepick" weapon rather than a mass destruction weapon like a nuclear bomb, offers a way out of the age of nuclear terror.

"The promise of space-based laser weapons," he wrote last year, "is that they would operate in a purely military environment divorced from innocent populations. They would not kill people, outside of some luckless astronaut, or destroy cities. Were the weapons to be focused accidentally on a sunbather, he might have to turn over a bit more often than usual to avoid sunburn, but the atmosphere would protect him from ill effects. The laser does not loom as a weapon of mass destruction: it is a threat to nothing but weapons of mass destruction. In no rational sense could anyone consider it provocative — but the strategic implications are obvious."



"That was a chastity belt — play around while I'm gone and you'll get another."

A MALE CHAUVINIST LASHES OUT

WOMEN who have their minds between their legs are putting over the biggest con job in history. They don't really want equality, they want everything — the lot. Pussy power has ruled the world for centuries, but they're still not satisfied. The law is being turned into a protection racket. We men are subject to the whims and fancies of women not only in bed, but also in every other walk of life. Just get tangled up in a divorce action and you'll see what I mean. You'll come out of it penniless, facing alimony and maintenance which will cripple you for the rest of your life.

Women's disguise is more effective than that of the chameleon. No doubt Lucretia Borgia was thought a helpless creature by her lovers, too. Here's how it comes about. The scene: she is struggling with the sauce bottle cap.

we're now in the era of the performing stud . . . and pity the poor man who can't manage to get it up on a woman's demand

She: Darling, I can't get this top off. Can you help me please with those big muscles of yours?

He: Sure, babe. No worries. (Flexes muscles, grunts and groans then holds the cap aloft triumphantly.)

She (fluttering eyelids): My hero!

He: Nothing to it. Listen, babe, now we have got a few spare minutes before dinner, how about a quick . . . ?

She: I'm sorry, darling, I can't. I'm too tired. (Or too busy, or someone might come, or the neighbors might hear, or . . .)

This is the era of the performing stud. If the woman doesn't have three orgasms to your one, you're a selfish beast unfit for society. And pity the man who can't get it up when she wants it. Suicide is the only escape for this pariah. You can see him slinking down alleyways with head hung low, whispering a furtive: "You too?"

"No. Premature ejaculation, me."

Clinics have been set up (mostly staffed by women) to treat these subhuman males. "You have a problem," purrs the female consultant, "but with help and understanding it can be

Illustration by Keith Davis, Davis / Farrell

overcome." He wrings his hands and thinks: "God, will I ever be normal?" The sword of Damocles hangs over his head, a giant throbbing penis, and he shuffles home to the nuptial couch with his flaccid member shrivelling even further.

"Don't worry," says the understanding spouse, who has been to the same consultant. "You should be able to do better next time."

"But what if I can't?" he thinks. "Oh God, *what if I can't?*"

These consultants are trained to be careful with the fragile male ego, of which nobody had heard until Germaine Greer went down on her astonished bricklayer. Who would have thought that inside every red-necked, beer swilling Ocker there was hidden away an insecure boy who was ashamed of his little doodle?

Women in Melbourne recently demonstrated against the exploitation of women in massage parlors. Good heavens. The exploitation of *women?* They've been at it for thousands of years — it's the world's oldest profession — but suddenly it's women who are being exploited. On the one hand, you can't walk through Kings Cross without being solicited a dozen times, and on the other, a woman Member of Parliament calls for harsher penalties for rape.

The difference apparently is that the rape victim doesn't get paid, in which case the crime should be heard in the debtors' court. We are led to believe those who say "Want a girl love?" don't even belong to the same species as lady politicians.

Remember the scene back in the '50s, the so-called Age of Innocence? The struggles in the back seat of the FJ in some lover's lane? You've got the bra off and one hand on her lovely breast, while the other fumbles with her suspender belt (they wore such things then). "Don't," she says, "you'll think I'm cheap." Even in the Age of Innocence, the only consideration was the price.

We're told women despise their own bodies, and somehow it's all the fault of males for being born with penises. You can see how women despise their bodies by glancing at the covers of magazines. Every magazine, whether it's for men or women, has a woman on the cover. PLAYBOY has never been known to miss out its centrefold for lack of subject matter, but the male centrefold that began with Burt Reynolds never quite got off the ground.

Women have plenty of respect for their minds, however, even though there is not a single woman in history to compete with any one of a dozen men in her field. This, they tell us, is because women have been suppressed and poorly educated, but what about Benjamin Franklin, who left school at 12, made important discoveries in electrostatics and thermodynamics, then went on to become a leader of the American revolution?

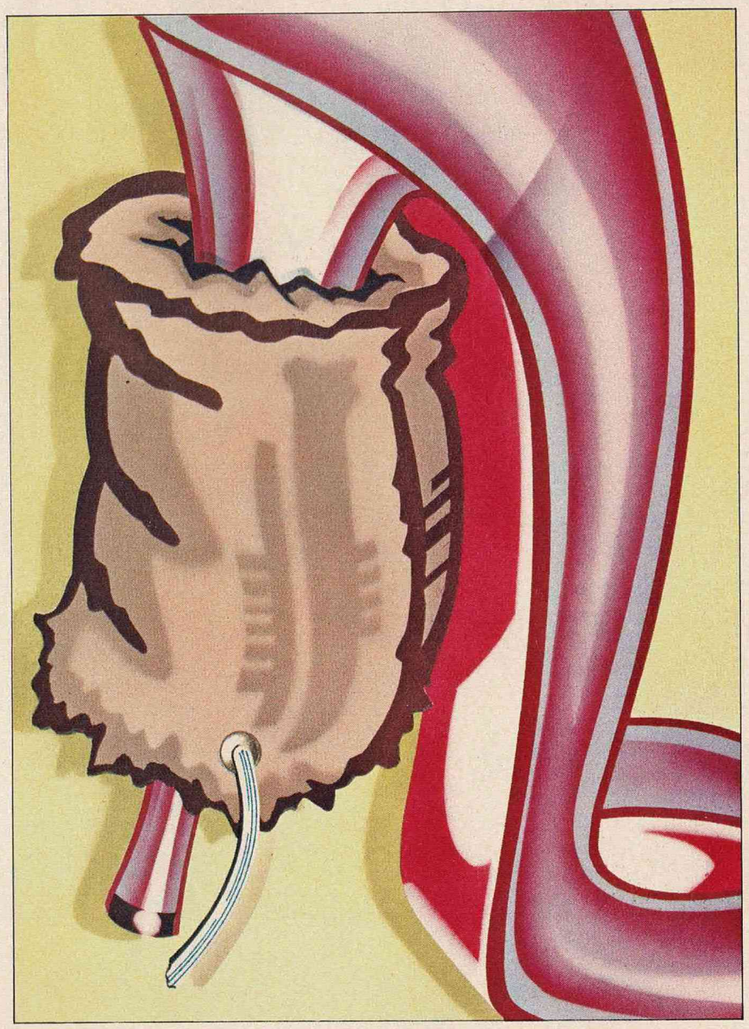
The greatest geniuses of science have been the *sons* of farmers, bricklayers, and shopkeepers whose education was minimal, but there are few women to be found. Authors such as William Faulkner, Hemingway, Conrad and Hardy, not to mention Mr Shakespeare himself, hadn't any university degrees, but the best that women can put up is Jane Austen. Where are the female Picassos, Renoirs or da Vincis in this field where education is irrelevant? Where is the female Beethoven or Mozart, whose talents appeared at seven or eight, before boys and girls are separated?

No, my dears, the argument won't wash. If women were slightly outnumbered in these fields of achievement, or even by as much as two to one, there might be something in it, but lack of education cannot explain the *complete absence* of women in achievement in science or the arts. In any case, the argument is back to front: oppression creates art (that's why the Jews have such a rich culture) and we ought to have a library of heart-rending literature all about the terrible plight of women. Instead, we have Jane Austen, who is concerned mainly with how Miss Dawes is going to snare Captain Cuthbertson, who has an income of £10,000 a year. Women may have been too oppressed to create art, but not Queen Victoria, Elizabeth I and Boadicea, all on a par with Hitler or Napoleon.

It has been stated (by a woman — Sylvia Plath) that every woman loves a fascist. The uniforms, the jackboots, the threat of discipline is what turns them on, which is not surprising since they're basically fascists themselves. We have the Iron Lady in London now; we had the Dragon Lady in Vietnam a while ago; Ilse Koch and the Dowager Empress of China are facts of history. The danger with this women's lib nonsense is that, with women in all the top jobs, we'll have Buchenwalds and Belsens all over the country and trainloads of men being delivered to the gas ovens.

Before being consigned to eternity, the men's penises will be measured. Those who reach the acceptable minimum will be saved for propagation of the master race, their place in life to mind the nursery and manufacture dildos. In time, a whole new species of men will be created with enormous penises permanently erect, which they'll cart in wheelbarrows.

Let us have it plainly stated: Women are *not* the equals of men and don't even want to be. Let's return to happier days when a man's dealings with a woman could be encompassed by two words: food and bed. Let's hear it for male chauvinist pigs before it's too late. — JOHN REGAN



AND MS PIGGY SNAPS BACK

YES, by all means, let's hear it for the male chauvinist pig — the clap he so richly deserves. Where other males make love, your Ocker chauvinist screws, roots, pokes and has a (cough, cough) naughty, and brags to his mates that the object of his lack of affection was a little screamer.

The possibility that she might get more satisfaction doing press-ups in an asparagus patch happens to be entirely immaterial.

Oh yes, the Ocker chauvinist, with his vulgar classroom vocabulary of sex, acting in his own best interest, has a lot to answer for. Specially the Women's Liberation Movement. Let's face it, Germaine Greer didn't dream up *The Female Eunuch* — she based it on the observations she made of her fellow country*men.*

On Ockers who treated sex like a Cape Kennedy countdown, scoring extra points for penetrating virgin space. On Ockers who called women "sluts" if they did and "prick-teasers" if they didn't. On Ockers who weren't in the least fussed that an estimated four out of five Australian women hadn't achieved orgasm.

So what if women manipulated male sexuality at the expense of their own? All that mattered was that Sheila obliged Bruce in the back of an FJ Holden and kept up a titillating appearance to impress his mates. The probability that she masqueraded at both wasn't his problem.

God created woman, but man encouraged her to cheat. The advertising man in particular. He established the ideal of the Body Beautiful to which women must aspire to get — and keep — a man. The tyranny of age was an obvious by-product. Younger girls bought padded bras, false eyelashes and stiletto heels. Older women hid their passports, had face lifts, silicone implants and tummy tucks. Just how many women have made a living from cosmetic surgery and how many have paid the price of the surgeon's knife without sueing for deformation?

The '70s heralded changes. Millions of women rightly recognised their penile servitude and opted for individual freedom. Some made the transition from bedroom to boardroom, others burned their bras — and their bridges. Still others made practical gains in extra-marital lovers. And why not? Many a husband hasn't honored his marriage vow to keep himself only unto her so long as they both shall live. What's good for the gander is good for the goose.

The earth, so women discovered, could move. Sex could be enjoyed, not merely endured. They no longer had to lie back, shut their eyes and think of Oz. They could even fantasise about the Wizard.

What man wouldn't do the same if 80 percent of males were treated as sex objects but sexually frustrated? And what man wouldn't rebel against gross consumer exploitation ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous? Who says women want everything? Male chauvinist pigs, who want everything for themselves.

Women say they want equal pay and opportunity. That's not to say they'll fight discrimination until 50 percent of hangmen are women, or until a woman becomes world heavyweight boxing champion. Women are logical, men emotional. Women *know* they haven't the strength to punch a Muhammad Ali so hard it jolts his kinfolk back in Africa. They aren't interested in the political implications of shaving their legs, and only a lunatic fringe support SCUM (the Society for Cutting Up Men).

Women want the freedom of choice to be wives and mothers, or career girls or both. Before the advent of The Pill, such elementary choice was a luxury. Women were enslaved as men's chattels, educated to be dutiful wives and sentenced to a quarter-century of pregnancies. And society frowned upon the adventuress who opted for a career. It wasn't, er, natural. Prodigious breeding didn't allow the creative women time for even serious artistic enterprise.

Small wonder, then, that there have been no Joanna Strausses or Michelangelas. The great master himself couldn't have finished the Sistine Chapel with a baby at his breast, wet nappies to change and wash, baby food to stew and sieve, and a stack of dirty dishes at the sink.

Small wonder, too, that occasional achievers such as Jane Austen were popular, fostering romantic fantasies of snaring a Captain Cuthbertson with his vast income (by early 19th century standards). He could afford servants to cope with the household drudgery. Those weren't the days of electric ovens, washing machines, vacuum cleaners and other time and labor-saving gadgets.

Today's sexual revolution was a Pill-minded inevitability. All that women's lib did was merely hasten those changes. Yet, while Western women look forward to an emancipated future, myopic men only look down their noses to between their legs. They see only the very roots of their masculinity threatened.

Women's emancipation, they wail, is causing them libidinous shortcomings. "It's the era of the measured prick and the performing stud." It's no such thing but, if it were, men would have only themselves to blame. They've sized up women long enough, and bred on them since time began.

Women generally prefer quality to quantity. They don't club together and gossip about male membership. "It's not the size of the sturgeon so much as the way it jumps" is the Gospel according to Ms Greer. And that's not to say that women demand multiple orgasms or sex on tap, unlike their counterparts who come home insisting on a quickie. "Stand and deliver!" went out with highwaymen.

Of course, women are calling some shots, particularly in politics. Why *should* women be the silent majority? It's time Petticoat Power came of age. Pussy Power is now as dated as Lysistrata. — SALLY-ANN JOHNSTON

S P E E D O F S O U N D

sound is approaching concert hall quality from car stereo systems with (electronic) minds of their own

Article by Dennis Lingane

MORE THAN $100 million will be spent in Australia this year on car sound equipment. And electronics manufacturers, many of them hi-fi companies who previously ignored this mundane end of the market, are now leaping to cash in on the boom. At the Winter Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas earlier in the year more than 150 of the 500 exhibitors were

The Jensen Triax II car speaker. Costing about $65 each, these are the first three-way speakers developed for car door mounting. Jensen, a US manufacturer, has been in the Australian market less than a year, but already has a sound reputation.

Photography by TANDY ROWLEY

car sound specialists — and many of them were not in the business two years ago. Australia has witnessed a similar proliferation of new brands in the past 12 months and the traditional car sound manufacturers such as Pioneer and Clarion are now fighting dozens of car sound companies to hold on to their markets.

Their job isn't made any easier by the fickleness of the car sound buff who is looking for the latest and brightest to fill his car console. The marketing manager for Pioneer Electronics, Laurie Ruddock, warns that equipment fitted with a dazzling array of light emitting diodes, digital clocks, colored indicator lights and brightly lit dials may look terrific in a shop display but in a car cabin at night it is downright dangerous because it distracts the driver. But there are many newcomers to the market who are happy to supply these electronic Christmas trees.

Clarion's marketing man, John McIlwaine, says that even digital readouts are something into which the market shouldn't rush. However, as long as a dimming device is incorporated, the digital readout tuner, which doubles as a clock, will be popular. By the end of this year most of the manufacturers will offer at least one digital tuner.

The reason companies such as Clarion and Pioneer will be forced into this digital market is because everyone sees it as a chance to make money. Hi-fi companies such as Kenwood, Marantz, Sony, Altec and Bose are now launching into car sound. They exhibited at Las Vegas earlier this year and Kenwood already has launched a top-quality range of sound gear for discerning car owners. The Kenwood range includes electronic tuning, high power amps, digital readout and equalisers.

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Today, the once cumbersome car radio has been reduced to a sliver of its former self and packs enough power to fill a ballroom with high fidelity sound. Three years ago a 15 watts a channel amplifier in a car was considered extremely high powered. Now there are several power amplifiers for car sound systems that produce more than 100 watts.

One colleague some years ago was ahead of the present-day car audiophile. He had a sound system that consisted of a full-blown mains hi-fi amplifier and an open reel tape deck. The whole thing was bolted into the boot of his Mercedes, run off a transformer and piped to a pair of domestic hi-fi speakers that filled the back seat of his car. "Now that's what I call a car sound system," he boomed in his North England accent whenever he saw me, striving to be heard above the decibels booming from the back seat.

A lot of purists struggle to install domestic hi-fi speakers in their cars rather than make do with the often harsh-sounding efforts offered by car sound companies. Car speakers still leave a lot to be desired but with companies such as Altec coming into the marketplace that might change.

But, while the car sound manufacturers fall short in the speaker department, their achievements on the electronic side are nothing less than miraculous. Cars are getting smaller and smaller yet buyers want more and more room. Air-conditioning is now almost standard in most quality cars, which means there is very little room behind the cluttered dash for car sound equipment. And as one industry spokesman pointed out, the cardboard-type materials dashboards are made of these days wouldn't hold the weighty electronic sound gear of five years ago.

All these problems — small cars, little space and feeble dashboards — have forced the car sound people to extremes of ingenuity. Units are getting smaller and lighter. And within three years the industry expects to see the introduction of micro-cassette technology.

High quality tape is now available for micro-cassettes. Sanyo demonstrated a hi-fi micro-cassette deck using metal tape at the Las Vegas show and last year in Japan

National Panasonic showed a new micro-cassette tape called Angrom that is 10 times better than the current offerings. Miniature but high quality transport systems are already available for micro-cassette sound systems. The only thing stopping the industry is the problems tape companies are having producing reliable cassettes.

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Today's sound market is divided into three parts — the cassette deck market, the radio cassette market and the component hi-fi system market.

If you already have a radio in your car, all you need is a cassette player. They vary in price from around $60 to $350. But many of the cheaper units tend to be what the industry call "chew and spew". In other words, you feed in a valuable cassette and get out a tangled ball of tape. The lowest price you should pay is around $100. About $200 will get you bass and treble and $350 buys a Dolby.

Clarion has recently released a new Z series range of modular Dolby cassette decks. It offers a choice of two high-quality cassette decks, both of which have treble and bass. They will play chrome tape as well as metal and ordinary tape. The GD301 has auto eject and carries a retail price of $279, while the GD302 has auto reverse and will set you back around $337. Both need an amplifier and the ideal unit is the Clarion Z series slim-line 25 watts per channel amplifier with a heat-sink fascia and a price tag of $82. Both tape decks have a radio input socket so that you can play your radio through the cassette system to get much better sound. If the Clarion Z series range is too

TOP: Clarion's top-of-the-line hi-fi system for cars, the G Series, comes with tuner control ($295), control amp ($179) auto reverse stereo cassette deck with Dolby ($265), twin power amps ($79 each) and a range of speakers (up to $239 a pair). ABOVE LEFT: Sharp's $499 unit includes an electronic search system. ABOVE: One of National Panasonic's top models, the CQ-6800 ($205.95) has AM/FM stereo radio and auto replay stereo cassette.

spunky for your liking, Pioneer, Mitsubishi and many of the other top manufacturers also offer cassette deck systems — with or without amplifier — that rival many of the hi-fi systems in our homes.

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The most important market is the combination cassette radio unit. Laurie Ruddock of Pioneer says that it now represents 50 percent of all car sound sales.

If your car has a cheap AM radio, the best thing to do is pull it out and dump it. Most of these units are "pure shit bought at a price", to quote one industry spokesman. Fortunately, people are now waking up to the difference between cheap radios and a reasonable sound system and car manufacturers are being forced to offer us something better as standard equipment. In three years you probably will find as standard equipment high quality cassette radios. And luxury cars will carry $1000 systems.

But back to now. Get rid of your AM radio, especially as commercial FM radio is being launched this year. In its place install a quality casette radio combination. There are dozens of them around from $99 to $900. Here again you need to watch out for cheap specials that chew and spew. It's better to pay a bit more and get a recognised brand that offers parts and service — $150 is a good starting point. But you will find it hard to stop there. There are hundreds of models with a dazzling array of features.

Probably the most feature-ridden unit on the market is the Sharp RG6550X ($499) with an electronic brain that does most of the thinking for you. There is a digital display to tell you what station you're tuned to and also the time at the mere touch of a switch. An automatic electronic eye measures the brightness in the car and dims the digital display at night so that it doesn't distract you. The heart of this Sharp unit is a micro-processor and this does all the radio station searching for you. You can pre-program five AM and five FM stations into the computerised memory. When you want any of the stations you simply touch one of the electronic seek buttons and the brain does the rest.

The micro-processor picks out the station for you automatically and tunes into it. A PLL (pulse locked loop) system makes sure the tuning does not drift. This is an inherent problem in mechanical tuning systems found in the cheaper cassette radios. If you go bush and you want to tune into one of the local country stations, you don't have to sit there twiddling the tuning knob back and forth, trying to keep one eye on the road and the other on the steering wheel. Simply flick the tuning knob either to the left or right and leave the set to do the rest. The brain automatically scans along the dial looking for stations. When it finds one it tunes in for five seconds to give you a chance to decide whether you like the music. If you do, you simply press a button and the tuner locks into the station. If you don't, you press the button and after five seconds it moves on to the next station automatically and tunes into that for five seconds. It works its way from one end of the dial to the other, looking for and tuning into stations.

If the radio doesn't turn you on, then simply slip a cassette into the cassette player slot. This incredibly versatile unit, which is about 12 months ahead of its competitors, has an APSS (automatic program search system) built into the cassette deck. Simply press an electronic button and the APSS brain will fast wind the tape either forwards or backwards on to the next song. The electronic brain in the APSS recognises the blank passages between songs. When it finds a blank spot it stops and goes straight into playing the song. If you don't like it you just press the APSS switch and it will fast forward or rewind to the next song. The only thing the Sharp unit doesn't do is actually put the cassette in the slot for you.

The power output from this Sharp unit is eight watts per channel, which is more than enough for the average family car. But if you are an audiophile and appreciate the benefits of more power then you can buy a power amplifier up to 100 watts from the other manufacturers.

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You need powerful amplifiers for more than just volume. A high power amplifier will also give you better clarity at low and high volume. Loud music passages draw a lot of power from an amplifier even when the volume control is low. If there isn't enough power in reserve, the amplifier over-runs. This causes clipping — a harsh sound.

A good analogy is a car. Just because you have a V8 under the bonnet doesn't mean that you rush around at 200km/h all the time. The large engine makes life a lot easier. If you are travelling along at 80km/h in a small car and you come to a hill, the engine will run out of power and start to chug. But if you have a V8 under the bonnet you simply push your foot down on the accelerator and, because your engine has plenty of power in reserve, you cruise up the hill effortlessly. An amplifier is much like an engine. It needs to have power in reserve for high volume

when you need to overcome road noise and for music crescendos, which are the "hills" in the musical world.

Having made a case for fitting high power amplifiers into cars, we should warn that moderation should be your watch word. In this life you get nothing for nothing and a 100 watt amplifier working flat out will drain a car battery in no time. In fact, a 40 watt amplifier running at full volume will flatten a 40 amp car battery in four hours. Some sound buffs are using this new breakdown technique to make a romantic evening last longer. It's an updated version of the old "Oops, I've run out of petrol" routine. There is little point having more than 35 watts power unless you are a buff who freaks out on high power and are prepared to have a back-up battery.

The APSS is unique to Sharp. Alpine does have a similar cassette search system in one of its cassette decks but it doesn't offer the electronic brain in the same model.

Most companies now have an electronic tuning brain. Pioneer was first to present it to the market place a few years ago and its dramatic reception sent manufacturers scurrying to their research laboratories. Now most high quality car sound manufacturers offer this unit.

Soon the auto electronic search system will be taken a step further. A switch will be available to mount either on the steering wheel or in the back of the car so that you can get the radio to search out another station without taking your eyes off the road, or your hands off the girl friend. This electronic tuner is certainly streets in front of the rest and, if you can afford it, buy it.

Other musts for a hi-fi cassette system in a car are Dolby, treble, bass, auto reverse or auto reject, chrome bias as well as standard tape bias so that you can play top quality chrome and metal cassettes, locking fast forward or rewind so you don't have to keep your hand on the mechanism while you are driving, and a tight-fitting cassette compartment door to keep the road dust out.

If you are into classical music, try to get one of the reverb or echo control cassette decks. These have a delay control that turns your car interior from a metal box on four wheels to a full-blown concert hall. Pioneer released an amplifier last year with echo and Alpine has a digital time delay unit for around $120 that fits its gear only.

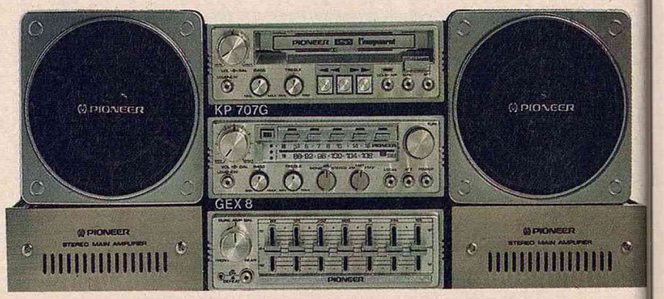
Kenwood, Voxson, National and Sharp are among the companies offering high quality cassette decks with electronic seek systems and digital tuner readout. But others have similar units in the pipeline which should be available by the end of the year.

As long as you stick to recognised brands, most of the units are extremely good quality. It is only some of the cheap ring-ins from Taiwan of which you need to be wary. Production in Japan is now so sophisticated that it is hard to see how the producers can get better quality.

Jaguar, for example, has opted for a Pioneer KEX20 for the new Series Three Jaguar. The KEX20 is a high quality cassette deck with Dolby, chrome bias (which means it will accept metal), bass, treble and electronic tuning for up to 15 stations (10 FM and five AM). It does not feature an automatic scan system, which is a pity. The unit retails at around $500. This price does not include a power amplifier, which you must use with this unit. A Pioneer power amplifier will cost between $58 for a five watts per channel unit and $220 for a 35 watts per channel unit. In the middle there is a 16 watts per channel amplifier for $135.

Instead of a conventional tuning needle, Pioneer uses a series of LEDs (light emitting diodes) to indicate which station you are on. This is a very high quality unit and the fact Jaguar is installing something of this quality into its cars as standard equipment is an indication that the car industry is finally getting off its bum.

Of the more than $100 million to be spent on car sound equipment this year, only $20 million will be original



installation done at the factory. But Laurie Ruddock of Pioneer says that car manufacturers are becoming aware that car entertainment is a major marketing consideration and cheap systems tend to work against them. He says there is now a major re-think on the interior design of cars and within three years car sound will be one of the biggest selling features.

Meanwhile, replacement of the garbage offered as original equipment is still one of the primary buying motivations. In fact, the biggest buyers are the 18 to 25-year-olds, with the 30 to 39 age group as the second major targets. In between 25 and 30 people are too busy paying off mortgages and finding the cash to have babies.

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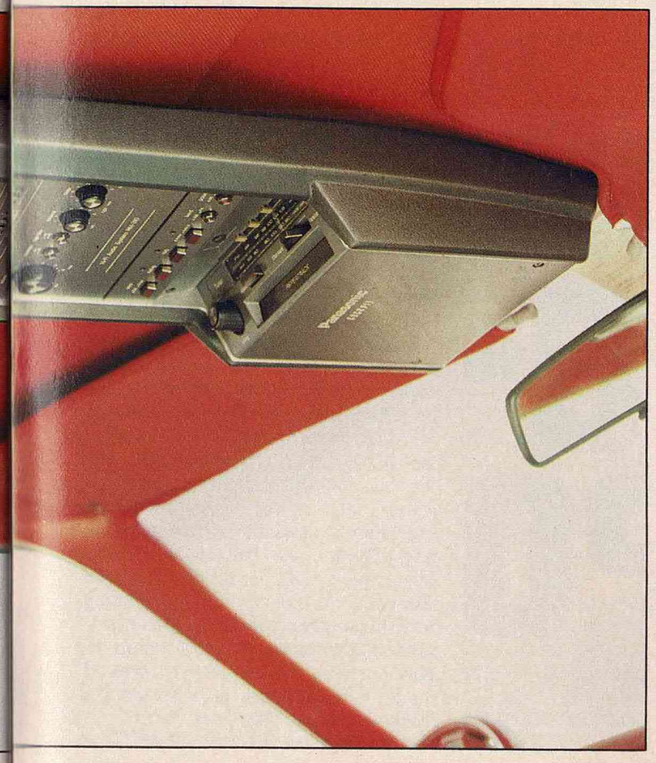
Jensen launched on to the Australian market less than a year ago and in that short time has built a reputation as a manufacturer of high quality sound gear. It gets a little cleverer than Pioneer and offers at the top end of its range two magnificent cassette radio units with bi-amplification. The R430 has two amplifiers in the main cassette radio console and a secondary bass amplifier that is mounted in the boot of the car. A fader on the unit allows high frequency and mid-range sound to be pumped to the speakers in the front of the car while the bass notes are pushed through to a power amplifier in the back and then to the



ABOVE: *National Panasonic has the answer to all those overcrowded dashboards — a cockpit hi-fi system which bolts to the ceiling of your car and comes with a cassette radio player, three-band graphic equaliser and pre-amplifier control centre. It also includes an interior car light and two map reading lights. Estimated cost will be around $1000 when released later this year.* LEFT: *Pioneer's System Six comes with a cassette deck, a tuner, graphic equaliser, twin power amplifiers and a pair of two-way speakers. The unit also features feather touch tuning and an electronic brain. The price is around $1000. Instead of a tuning needle Pioneer uses light emitting diodes to pinpoint the station.*

bass speakers which are mounted in the rear of the car.

Jensen to date is the only company that offers this highly sophisticated bi-amplification system. Jensen cassette radios all have high power output compared to others and also have very high quality specifications. Prices range from $320 to $898 for the top-of-the-range 60 watt bi-amplification unit. None, however, has electronic tuning.

National has a popular seller in its cassette-tuner deck series. It's the CQ7600 ($449) which includes a five-band graphic equaliser, Dolby and AM/FM radio all built in. Like the Pioneer KEX20 you need a separate amplifier and National offers two — a 40 watt or 28 watt, both of which mount behind the dash out of sight.

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The interior of a car has the worst acoustics you'll find anywhere, with loads of padding to absorb the bass and loads of glass to brighten and harshen the top end. So a graphic equaliser is well worth considering. A graphic equaliser adjusts the various tone ranges in a hi-fi system, working from bass through to treble to compensate for the environment in which the system is installed, whether it be a car or a palace. Some come with power amplifiers built in while others come as a straight add-on component.

Jensen has just released a graphic equaliser in the US that slides out from underneath the dash like a drawer and other companies are offering the equaliser as an in-dash and under-dash installation.

But an equaliser is worthwhile only if the installer (and by now you probably accept that installing this sophisticated sound gear isn't a weekend do-it-yourself exercise) uses a room analyser to set the equaliser.

Clarion has a nice equaliser power amplifier that has a row of light emitting diodes which act as a power meter. This pretty unit is very popular with the van fans.

If you have a cassette radio already installed, you can upgrade the sound by installing either a power amplifier or even a combined graphic equaliser and power amplifier. You simply connect them in line between the speakers and the player. The signal from the player is treated like a pre-amp signal and boosted to drive the speakers.

A word of warning. Check with your specialist that the speakers you have installed can handle the extra power; you will probably find you will have to upgrade them. Not that it's such a bad idea. As Laurie Ruddock points out, we tend to get carried away with the electronics of a car sound system and treat the speakers as an afterthought — probably because the speakers tend to be out of sight. However, the car speaker is the first thing you should choose when you are buying a sound system. Take a favorite cassette along to a car sound showroom and listen to the array of speakers. You will be amazed at the difference between them. Find the one you like best and then build a system around it. If it is inefficient, you will need a powerful amplifier and the money you will have to spend on these items may mean that, if you are on a budget, you will have to buy a cassette radio with fewer features.

If you are looking for another add-on gimmick, Hitachi has an automatic noise controller. This unit, called a DU16, fits in between the amplifier and cassette radio unit and measures the ambient noise in the car. When you drive faster, the sound inside the car from road, engine and wind gets louder. This gadget adjusts the volume.

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While most of us struggle around in the car cassette market trying to pick the eyes out of thousands of different models with a blinding array of features, there is a new and fast-growing market that is looking for something even better. The new market is called the "component market" and this now represents something like 15 percent of sales.

A component system is like a miniature hi-fi system and has a separate pre-amplifier, a tuner, a cassette deck, a graphic equaliser and a separate power amplifier. Clarion's G series, that costs around $1000, has two miniature mono amplifiers. The systems can even come with rack handles.

Clarion and National both have miniature systems. But the problem is where to fit these units. Some car owners have ripped out their heating and air conditioning consoles to get them in. But unless you build a special console between the seats or in the back of the vehicle, it's a problem that could send you crazy.

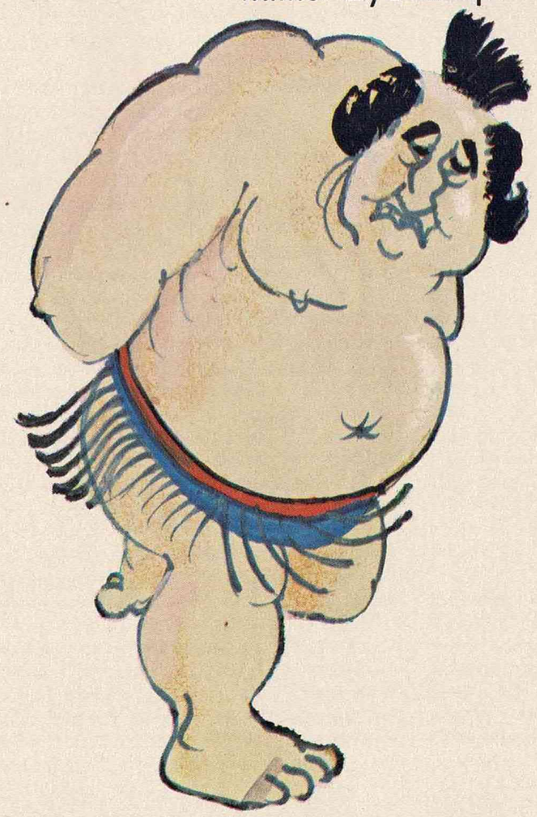
National Panasonic may have the answer in its new sound cockpit unit due to be released here later this year. The cockpit made its debut at the Winter Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas and drew a terrific amount of interest. Only 4cm thick, the cockpit mounts on to the ceiling, from the rear vision mirror backwards.

If you have a roof light you take this out and use the power leads for the cockpit. It has an interior light built into it as well as two map lights. The front section houses the cassette radio, the next section has volume, balance and tuning optimiser controls. A speaker and a three-band graphic equaliser are also included in the cockpit unit. With dashboards becoming so small, perhaps overhead consoles are the only way to go.

The Honorable Art of HOPPO-BUMPO

for years i've been ridiculed for my bulk, but now i'll take my rightful place in the spotlight as a master of that most lyrical of all sports . . .

humor By Phillip Adams



I'VE BEEN seeking a new purpose, a new path. I'd quite made up my mind to form the world's first punk rock group to feature piano accordions: Filthy Phil and his Stomach Steinways. But then I felt something calling me . . . calling me to Japan.

And there I discovered my true calling, the perfect profession for someone of my ilk and bulk. I refer of course to that most lyrical of sports, Sumo wrestling.

In spite of my involvement in "Life Be In It", I have long nurtured an hostility to exercise. Like Henry Ford, I consider it unwise for the ill and unnecessary for the healthy.

As for *sport*, I hernia at its very mention. Having failed to make my mark in football, let alone my kick, I proved myself curiously lacking in buoyancy in the shire's disease-ridden pool. Cricket was more to my taste, providing I was permitted to ignore the ball and pursue my muse, along with butterflies, beside the boundary. Indeed, during an endless match on Melbourne's Eltham Park Oval, I made a daisy-chain worthy of the *Guinness Book of Records*.

You might well remember Nigel Molesworth's *bete noire* in the Ronald Searle books, a soppy child called Fotherington Thomas who used to wander the playground saying "Hello clouds, hello sky". I'd claim Fotherington as a blood brother if mention of that transfusing adjective did not make me giddy.

Little wonder that I was never picked for teams. Along with a skeleton child whose spectacles seemed to have been made from the bottoms of milk bottles, my pachydermatous person was shunned. Which was fine by me, as it meant a weekly idyll lying in the long grass reading John Steinbeck and Batman comics.

Yet there was one form of physical activity I enjoyed. (No, not *that* one). I refer to hoppo-bumpo, at which I was particularly adept.

Hoppo-bumpo involves folding of one's arms into bumper-bars and hopping around on one leg. You then bound at each other and the last one still hopping is the victor. Not dependent on agility or on co-ordination, hoppo-bumpo simply requires a low centre of gravity. Thus I became the heavyweight champ of the entire Diamond Valley.

And it's much the same with Sumo, wherein top knotted, potbellied chaps called Sekitori huff and puff at each other for very little time and a great amount of money. The ceremonial preamble goes on for ages, with lots of bowing, salt-tossing, nostril-flaring and glaring, plus so much emphatic squatting that your Sumo wrestler appears to be suffering from a case of terminal constipation.

Yet the actual fight is usually over in three or four seconds — as soon as one has been hoppo-bumpoed out of the circular ring or rolled in the dirt.

Sitting among beaming, bowing family groups munching their seaweed savories at the great New Year Sumo Tournament, I was watching 2000 years of history. Sumo had its origins, it seems, in some elaborate form or divination, the wrestlers tossing each other as we might toss dice. Yet the outcome of most matches seems to be a foregone conclusion, as the overwhelming majority of the winners come from the same "corner" of the circle.

My donning of the mawashi, or a Sumo loincloth, will undoubtedly cause something of a fuss, as only one foreigner in history has achieved acceptance in the Sumo ranks and he's an Hawaiian of Japanese origin. (One Jesse Kuhaulua, he crushes the scales at a record 165 kilograms).

I'm not sure what a body blow it will be to Australian-Japanese relations when Adams starts flooring their highest-ranking Makwchi, the heaviest of the heavy-weights. I fear it will lead to further restrictions on our beef imports.

After years of dieting (my Christmas pud was a plate of Dietvite) I look forward to the self-indulgence of my new profession.

One of between 600 and 800 competitors, I'll be living in stables with Tackimayama and the other champs. Instead of trying to dig the last saccharin tablet out of the lint at the bottom of a pocket, I'll be quaffing 67 litres of beer at a sitting and munching 27 bananas as an *hors d'oeuvre*. One of the boys has been known to eat 36 Obento box lunches without so much as a belch, while 15 plates of cutlets and eight kilos of sweet potatoes are par for the girth. And this is in addition to constant trips to the Chanko-Nabe cauldron simmering in the middle of the room.

Chanko-Nabe is a calorie-loaded stew — served with endless bowls of rice — containing meat, fish and vegetables cooked in sugar.

The average intake of calories a day nudges 6000, leading to a situation where the incidence of diabetes is 600 percent higher than the norm. And insulin injections must be a pretty dangerous business as a pricked Sumo wrestler is likely to jet through the air a bit like a punctured blimp. It's true my life expectancy as a top Sumo wrestler would be only in the mid-30s, which means I'm dead already. But the money is good, you get two hours of prime-time television daily and the world is your oyster. Or oysters, 10 dozen a sitting. And I suppose that scores of geishas are available for your every pleasure, like fragile little Lilliputians surrounding the giant Gulliver.

I believe that my hoppo-bumpo techniques, learned at Eltham High and subsequently honed to precision in bouts with Fred Schepisi, will revolutionise the sport in Tokyo.

Then I propose introducing the discipline to Australia and I will give exhibition matches of Super-Sumo in the various capital cities, taking on Michael Boddy and Maggie Tabberer in mixed doubles. I'm getting Prue Acton to design my loincloth.

For years I've been ridiculed because of my amplitude in a universe where the Almighty chose the sphere as His perfect form. Now we planet-shaped will take our rightful place in the spotlight, with all you scrawny buggers cheering from the bleachers.

From *More Unspeakable Adams*, a Sphere Book published by Thomas Nelson, Australia Pty. Ltd.

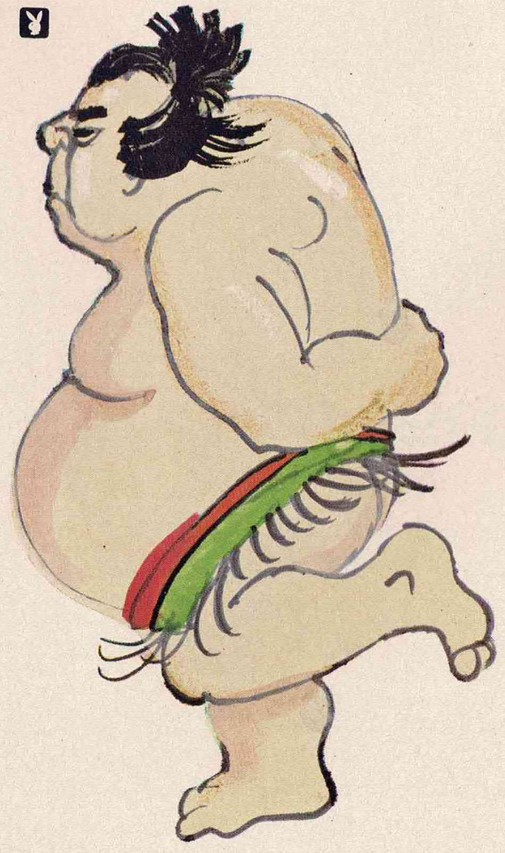
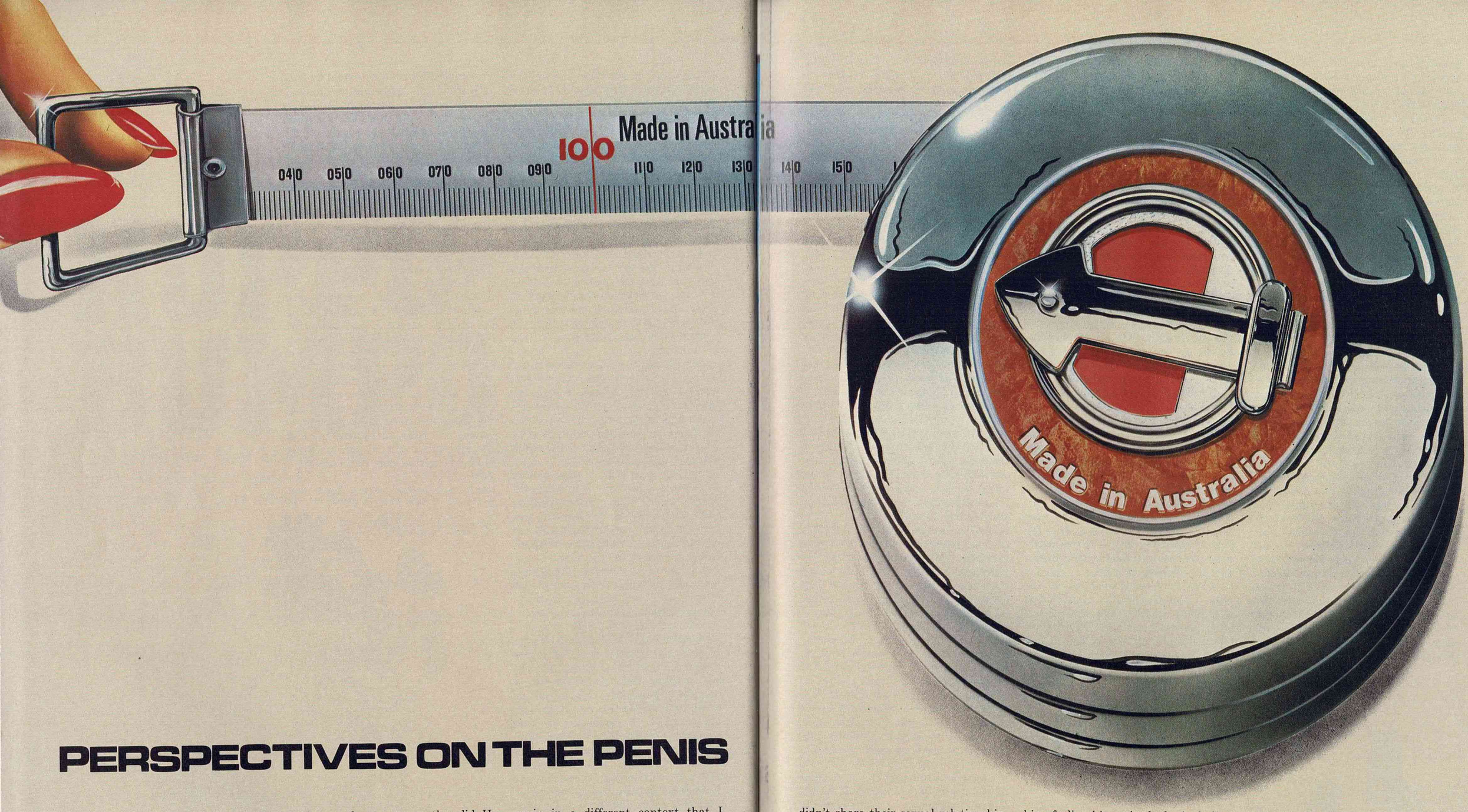


Illustration by Michael Lodge



PERSPECTIVES ON THE PENIS

one of the world's foremost female erotic writers has a long, hard look at the male organ article

By LINDA SCHOR

THE FIRST TIME I saw an adult penis, I was very young, perhaps around three. My father was a prudish and private person. He didn't permit me to follow him into the bathroom the way my mother did. He never let me watch him take a bath or shower, as she did.

One Sunday morning, I walked into the living room. My father, who seemed enormous, was in his bathrobe. He was holding a cup of coffee, his elbow on the window sill. Suddenly, the bathrobe swung open. My eyes went directly to his member. He closed his robe rapidly. My eyes had shifted almost immediately, anyway – I didn't want to appear to stare – yet not before I saw it: a trefoil of three large dangling pieces of flesh. It wasn't until I was an adolescent and saw a penis again in a different context that I recalled that image and changed my idea that men had three penises.

My friend Marilyn's parents took nudity for granted. She was permitted to observe her father's penis in all of its changing states, her parents imagining she would develop a healthy casualness about sex. "But," says Marilyn, "I never felt casual about it. I was always aware of the sexuality and it made me uneasy. There were always questions I wanted to ask about things I couldn't understand and didn't even know how to put into words. Besides, as a child, I always felt like the outsider. After all, I didn't share their sexual relationship, nor could I imagine it.

"And I couldn't be casual about an organ that was so unlike my mother's and mine, that varied so, and swung so, and was so obvious. And, most of all, was so enormous – or so it seemed to me then."

Most women seem to have been able to relate more comfortably to a young male sibling's genitalia as very natural and much less formidable just as they viewed the person it was on. Joan often took a bath with her brother. After washing each other's organs carefully, he lay in the tub and she lay on top of him, feeling his entire body, including his penis.

It was not little boys' penises that turned me on as much as the fear, mystery and eroticism of knowing too little. Sexuality was inherent in the curiosity itself, something I often miss now. One of my most sexually charged experiences as a child was a variant on group sex. Joan Scott, Laura Greenhood and I decided to seduce little Michael Forbes into revealing his penis to the three of us.

I recall the aura of sexuality from the moment we began thinking about it. Convincing Michael to submit was part of it, but he wasn't interested. He was playing on the step with a car.

"Michael," said Joan, as we had planned, "let's do something exciting."

"What?" asked Michael, not even looking up. Our excited whispers surely indicated something that didn't reach Michael. We all looked around. There were windows everywhere. Laura had a bathroom out in her backyard that seemed the perfect place.

"Don't you have to go to the toilet, Michael? You've been out for hours."

"Uh, uh," said Michael.

"I bet you're too chicken to go to the toilet in Laura's backyard," I said,

Illustration by Denis Magdich

hoping I could intimidate him, by way of insult, into submission.

"I am not," said Michael. "I just don't want to."

"We'll give you five cents if you prove it. You can buy lollies with five cents. And when you get there, all you have to do is pull down your pants."

We followed Michael quietly into the dark building, frightened ourselves, watching out for Laura's mother. We were all excited and breathing hard. Michael was either shy or terrified. We had a hard time convincing him to pull down his pants in the creepy little toilet we were squeezed into. We had to offer him another five cents.

As Michael hesitantly lowered his pants, the place was filled with a sexuality none of us knew how to control. This was resolved by a shrill scream from Laura's mother, who had followed us. The spanking that we witnessed didn't turn any of us on.

I learned two things from that experience. One was that the fastest way to a boy's penis is his stomach; the other, that five-year-old boys' pricks aren't very impressive.

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Did we all really wish to be endowed similarly to Michael? Not I. Frankly, at that age, I got the same thrill from making Elizabeth Jones pull down her pants while lying on the cellar floor. Psychologist Erik H. Erikson's opinion that "many of the original conclusions of psychoanalysis concerning womanhood hinge on the so-called genital trauma, i.e., the little girl's sudden comprehension of the fact that she does not and never will have a penis" seems to be how Freud and other therapists imagined a young female would feel, which is how they, most likely, as men, would feel.

I never felt deficient by not possessing a penis. I knew there were boys and girls and that we'd grow into men and women. It never occurred to me to even want to switch. Not until later, anyway, when I coveted Michael's manhood privileges, not his organ.

The boys on my block often had pissing contests. They'd stand on the kerb, flies unzipped, holding their penises, and see who could spray the farthest. Some, with proper handling, could piss arabesques. These contests I observed complacently, interested only in who might win.

The only thing I really envied about possession of a penis had nothing to do with sexuality. It was the neatness and ease of opening the fly to urinate. Urinating presents complexities to the young, such as always having to do it when there's no toilet around.

Ian McGrath could stand casually at the kerb and aim wherever he liked, staring glazedly ahead. I could go behind a bush and squat, my pants around my ankles. But they always got wet – shoes and socks, too. I recently saw scrawled on a ladies' room wall: "What good is a penis? It's handy for peeing when hiking."

I once attempted to urinate standing up, facing a wall. Perhaps I felt that by trying it, I'd really experience how a man does it. Reality fell with the first drops down my leg.

While I don't long to have a penis, it doesn't follow that I wouldn't mind borrowing one. As an adult, I've often annoyed many an indifferent man by imploring: "What does it feel like to have it always there? Can you feel it when you walk? Does it rub on your pants? Do your balls get crushed when you squeeze your legs together? Aren't you aware of it every moment? What does it feel like when it's big and hard? Is it hot? Does it feel swollen?"

I've tried to imagine what having a penis feels like. I've often tried to empathise with my lover, to exchange places with him in my mind. As he moves, I watch, move, imagine the pleasure, feel the pleasure. On one level, I'm observing, while on another level, I'm trying to experience what it is he feels, what he's thinking, what it's like to possess such a thing.

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Men can be arrogant about their penises. Yet, more often than not, most of them are incredibly casual about their members, while I simply watch them in absolute wonder.

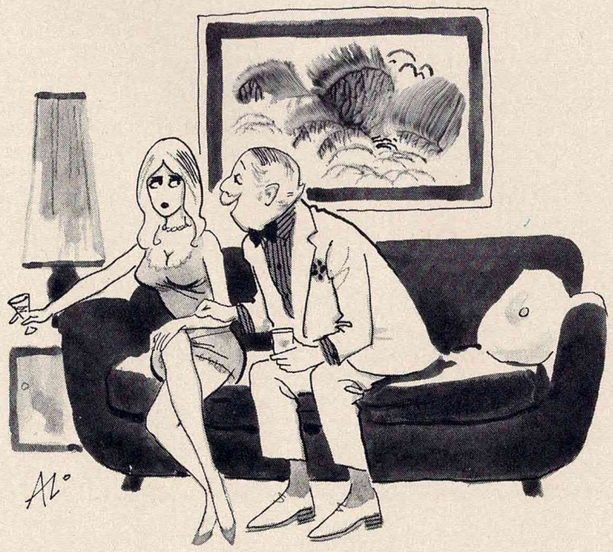
Sometimes the penis seems to have an identity of its own that is expressed in its often idiosyncratic, autonomous behavior. This may serve as a reminder that our impulses may not be as rational as we think. The best lovers I've had have been men who have achieved a balance of respect and understanding toward their penis, taking it seriously, yet retaining a sense of humor about it, recognising and heeding its signals.

Patrick is disturbed that his penis often chooses women who are wrong for him. "My penis," he says, "is attracted to certain types, falls in love, but those women and I never get along." He also feels oppressed by his penis in other ways.

"I may wish not to think about sex, or to ignore the sexuality of someone at work, perhaps, or someone who is married. I try my best, but my prick begins waving like a flag."

He's annoyed at, but affectionate toward, his member, which he thinks is extremely demanding. He feels they can reach a civilised compromise only if he propitiates it with a certain amount of sexual activity, without allowing it to control him to the point of exhaustion. I've often heard Patrick bargain with his prick. "If I give you this one, then you leave me alone for a while," he tells it with a sigh.

Some men refer to their penis as "him". In my opinion, that is showing undue regard for what is really still part of their body. The Chinese, says my friend Tuen-Ping, call the penis "little brother" (someone you learn to live with) or "small boss", (a good excuse for certain behavior). Others give such names as John Henry, John Thomas, Joseph or Rover. That is most embarrassing to me, and I've often refused to call a prick by name when it has been introduced to me that way. But I know many women love that, often make up their own name for their lover's penis and think of it as someone they can share, like a dog or a baby.



"Tell me about yourself . . . Your hopes, your dreams, your erogenous zones."

A step away from thinking of the penis as a separate entity is to treat it like a sex object, although, in my experience, that doesn't happen much. I think that may be because, while boys learn the socially acceptable practice of staring, making noises at or comparing the shapes of breasts, bums and vaginas, my female upbringing was definitely against focusing on the penis as an erotic object in itself. Satisfaction from a male was to come from areas other than those of a sexual or visual nature.

My mother, when discussing a man's sexual attributes, stressed his education, his profession, his appearance. She never said: "The man you marry should be a good lay." She never advised me to look for a man with a large dick. As young girls, we never sat around listening to our mothers joke about thin or wide pricks as they played bridge. I was taught implicitly to look away from crotches. It would have been unseemly for little girls to focus in on men's crotches, attempting to imagine how well endowed they might be.

Yet I'm often embarrassed by males of 10 or 11 years of age staring at my behind or breasts, exhibiting frankly sexual and imitative behavior.

Things have changed, though. Is it maturity, liberation or pure perversion that has me watching a man's small, tight buttocks as I follow him down the street? Why do I find myself staring down a man's half-open shirt for a glimpse of his smooth, well-tanned chest muscles?

I find myself part of female locker-room discussions during which we rate performance, size – which includes width and length – general penis appearance, as well as technique, or "penisability". "He's not that good in bed," Ruth might say, "but he makes it up in size." Joan says, "I like Alan's prick. It's very fat." "I went out with Joe Robinson," says Carole. "I think he's cute. He's also very sweet. But he has an ugly prick."

While these discussions are very true, they are usually characterised by lots of laughter, and exist more in the realm of satire.

To one of my friends, the size and appearance of the penis seems important, quite apart from to whom it belongs. Judith definitely requires a large organ. She discusses penis size as a first requirement, as most women might focus on general appearance, or a personality trait, as if the man were incidental. Unfortunately, she's had to accept that they're attached. Judith was deeply in love for a long time with someone who, she said, had a 25cm penis but, unfortunately, he was very mean to her. I find that separation of man and penis quite rare. If someone showed me a series of flash cards of disembodied penises, the only thing I would do is laugh a lot.

While to me the penis derives its eroticism from being part of someone who is erotic to me, it's quite possible to enjoy it as an erotic object. Although my friend Carole once said to me: "I wasn't turned on by Dave until I saw his prick. Then it was love at first sight". The erotic nature of a penis to me is not simply characterised by its appearance or its size. I have never rejected a man because of penis size, but then again, most of my lovers have been average.

Although women have preferences as far as appearance is concerned, there is little actual prejudice. As an aesthetic factor, circumcision is rarely discussed. Most of my lovers have been circumcised, and until recently, I imagined most men were. When I was 19, I had an older lover who wasn't circumcised, and though it may indicate certain deficiencies in our relationship, his penis seemed like a stranger. I couldn't feel at home with its sheathed appearance; it seemed sneaky to me and was the opposite of erotic. Much later, I was in love with someone who wasn't circumcised and now that seems more beautiful, natural and, of course, sexy to me. Circumcised organs now seem so shiny, so naked, so innocent.

Men tend to objectify their own penis, often self-consciously worrying about size, appearance, color and technique, as if it were a piece of clothing that they were not sure looked well on them, but wasn't returnable. Perhaps that is because a lot of men I've known often think about women's breasts and buttocks that way.

It is easier to discuss appearance than technique. Intercourse, screwing, making love are combinations of too many elements. One organ, the penis, or its technique can't be centrifuged apart from feeling, physical attraction, affection, friendship, loyalty, trust, tenderness, even love. Very often it's love or other special and magical combinations that inspire new heights of technique and sexuality.

The kind of penis I like for sex is a well-rounded one that enjoys everything. It's used with confidence but, like a divining rod, is sensitive, picking up feedback for physical communion. I don't like a penis that thinks it knows what I want. I want one strong but receptive. That way, every act of intercourse varies, has a different feeling or personality, dependent on our moods. Even anger has been a wonderful sexual stimulant. So the prick should work with the rest of the person who, it is hoped, can be aware of how both he and I feel.

I like a penis with imagination, one that can play, that can invent games. I like it to be hard and strong, aggressive like the sword of a conqueror. I like it to play hard to get, be pokey, be passive, to chase me, be cuddly or wildly passionate, to have a sense of humor.

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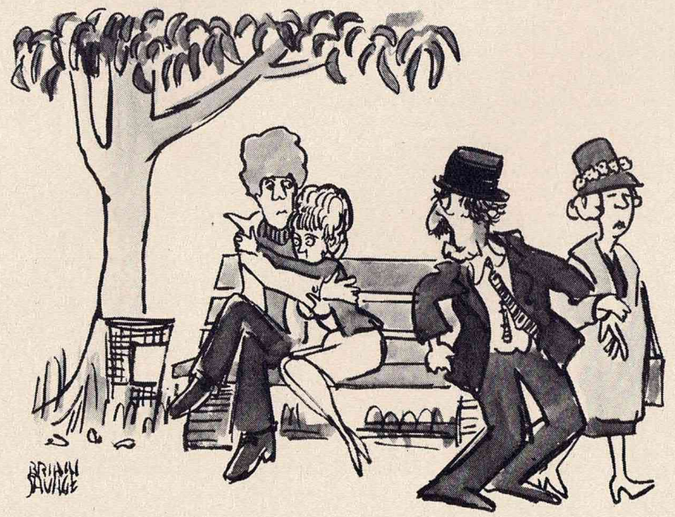
If a man hasn't developed a certain amount of control over ejaculation, sex becomes unsatisfying, or develops the character of a race, the goal being for the woman to win. And even that is



"Get married! Pay your debt to society."

possible only if the woman also has developed a certain amount of desirable control over her own orgasm. Yet, to me, the most exciting aspect of orgasm is that it is a loss of control, a sort of giving yourself up. While everyone enjoys his or her own orgasm, everyone I know also enjoys his or her partner's. For me, a man's orgasm, the pulsations, the passion, the sounds, the pressure, is such an enormous turn-on that it can make me come, too.

The quantity of semen emitted is attractive and often a source of wonder to women; yet giving up semen, like losing blood, seems to symbolise to some of my lovers loss of strength or transfer of their health and energy into my body. For some men, that goes beyond symbolism.

I had a Chinese lover who believed that too many ejaculations could cause illness, even death. This was not an excuse to avoid having sex; he loved frequent lovemaking. It was frequent ejaculation he feared. For that reason, he'd developed, with the help of ancient Chinese texts, disciplines and practices, almost perfect control over his ejaculation.

What did his ejaculating or not mean to me? It meant that he was an incredible lover who could spend endless time and inventiveness without fear. It meant that I could relax totally and with complete confidence that I'd be satisfied in every way. But once his control was appreciated, then taken for granted, such perfect control during an act that is also emotional became more than annoying.

Once in a while, I'd want him to come when I did. Long sessions are not necessary or even desirable every time. Occasionally, I wanted to drive him wildly to uncontrollable orgasm. He was so good at control that, if he decided not to come, nothing I did could make him. It seemed that only he could decide where or when.

I began to feel powerless and lethargic about sex. I also felt I'd allowed myself to become vulnerable to him without his doing the same, that he was withholding something precious to me even when he knew how much it meant to me. Sex soon became a power struggle, a fight, which is, indeed, one way that the Chinese envision the sex act, with the one holding out the longest being the victor.

When I tried holding out forever also, it made him just as angry as his holding out made me. "But men and women are different," he said. Yung-Ching was one of my best lovers but, after a point, his excellent ejaculation control seemed to me to be a way of retaining other kinds of control, including emotional. Perhaps it derives from another ancient Chinese practice, polygamy. When you are obligated to please five or six women, you have something to worry about.

"The bridge to the future is the phallus," said D. H. Lawrence, but I prefer to interpret that symbolically, especially since Lawrence has delegated all responsibility to the male organ and none to the female. What he must mean is, if we deny sexuality, we face a future that's arid, lonely and dead.

My women friends and I discussed the sex scene played by Jane Fonda and Jon Voight in *Coming Home*.

"Could he feel it?" Ellen asked.

None of us was quite certain what condition his prick was in, what it could or couldn't do.

"She was sitting on it," I said, "so something must have happened."

"But," said Ruth, "when Jane Fonda asks whether he can feel it, he says no, but that he can see it. Doesn't that imply that he really doesn't have a hard on?" Well, whether or not Jon Voight had an erection or a paralysed prick, there wasn't one of us who hadn't been turned on by that particular scene.

"Although I've given the subject a lot of consideration, I've never been able to analyse the elements of my attractions."

That is not to say that we can all get along without penises, or that we're all turned on by paraplegics. The two most obvious aspects of the scene that excited me were the powerful feeling that the characters had for each other and the consummate tenderness of the character played by Voight.

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I'm lying in the bathtub, my legs spread — one hanging over each side — so that Robert, who is getting ready to place his foot cautiously between them in the par-boiling water, has room to sit down. He stands there for a moment, a look of pain on his face, becoming used to the hot water I love. Then he kneels between my legs. His penis, at my eye level, begins to harden as he observes me lying back, my legs encircling his hips.

"Rob," I say, "your prick looks so beautiful to me."

As if in response, it hardens more.

Later, on my bed, nearly asleep, after having made love for several hours, Robert asks: "Which is more beautiful, me or my prick?"

"What kind of question is that?"

"Ordinarily, I'd never think about it, but when you called me, you said you'd been up to your neck in penises because of this article you're writing, thought about nothing else, had even dreamed and reminisced about them. You wouldn't even have dinner before we made love. Then, instead of saying that I looked beautiful, you said my prick looked beautiful. Normally, that just excites me, but now I feel insecure. Maybe I'm just a sex object, just a prick for you."

So I think for a moment. How could I separate Robert from his prick any more than I could separate the sex from any other aspects of our relationship? How could he imagine himself in competition with his own penis as though it was an independent entity?

Although I've given the subject a lot of consideration over the years, I've never been able to isolate or analyse the elements of my loves and attractions. When I was eight, I had a crush on Bill Martin. Did I ever try to imagine his penis? Did I ever see it? Never. We sent love notes to each other every day in class. The apex of my feeling for him arrived concurrently with a carefully traced picture of a man on horseback carrying a swooning woman in front of him in his arms, her silky dress draped around and falling below the saddle.

In the sixth grade, when I was in love with Russell Shaw, who was always being punished, did I fantasise about his penis? No. I liked the way he stood, the way he rolled his T-shirt sleeves over his brown and hairless shoulders. I was in love with his rebellion, his badness, his James Dean rebel-like posturing.

And Murray Dunn. Did I ever think about Murray's penis? I was more intrigued by the fact that he had diabetes and might die young. Admittedly, I think much more about penises now than when I was younger, but always as part of someone, never generalised, never isolated.

"Rob," I whisper, nudging him in the ribs as his eyes are closing.

"Huh!" he jumps.

"Rob, I love the way you make love with me."

"Uh-uh." His eyes close.

"Rob, I wanted you before I ever saw your penis, and while I'm fond of it, it isn't your penis I'm in love with," I whisper, putting a leg and one arm over him. "Without you," I say, "your penis would be nothing — absolutely nothing at all."

But he's already asleep.

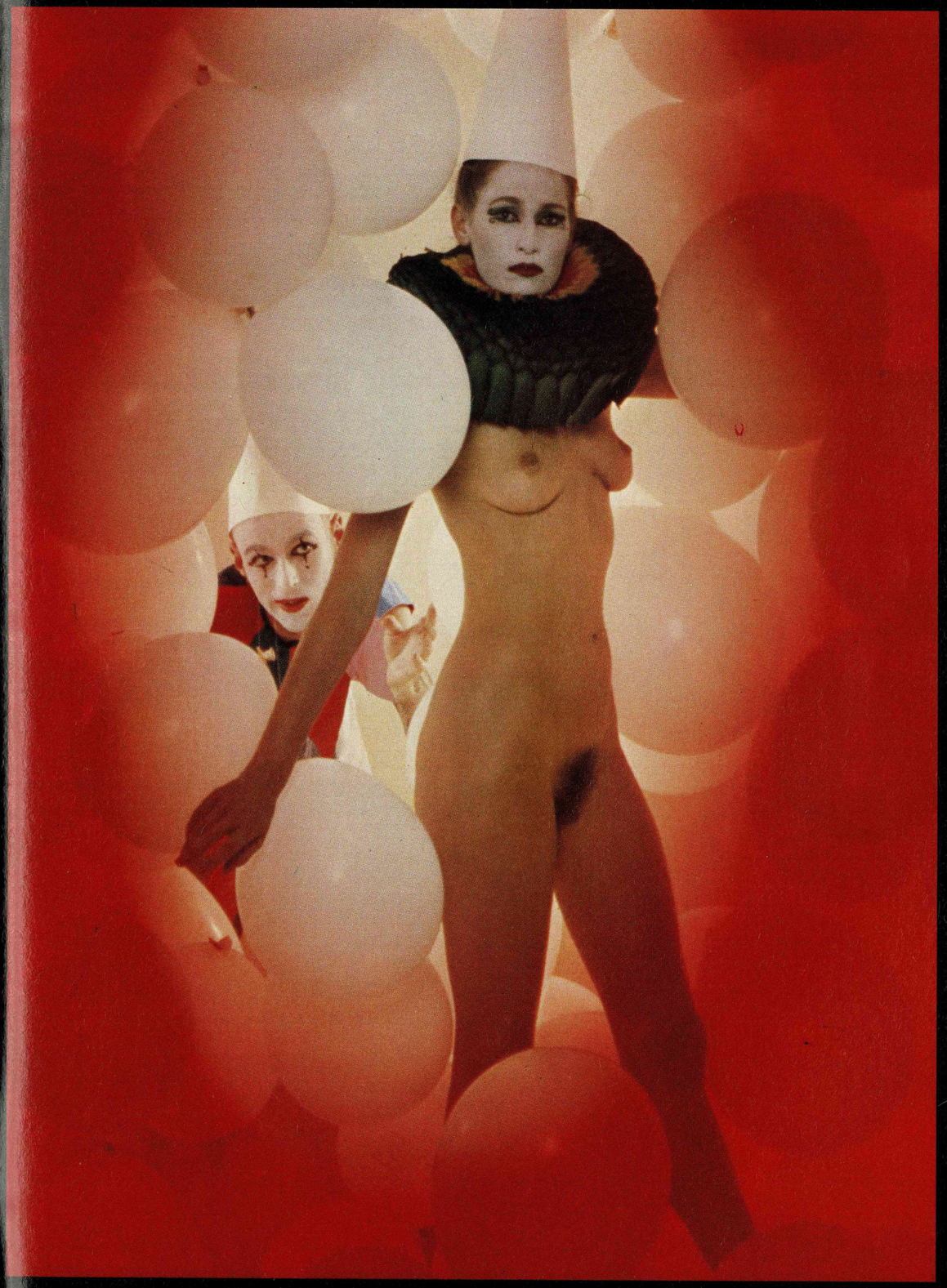
"Best of three . . .?"

CLOWNING AROUND

just to prove barbra streisand isn't the only funny girl, we've put a few lovelies in the roles of the world's most famous clowns . . . and the results are hilarious

Weary Willie, the symbol of pathos and tragi-comedy, is the creation of Emmett Kelly, who said of himself: "I am a sad and ragged little guy . . . the hobo who found out the hard way that the deck was stacked." Kelly adds: "A clown's make-up and character is all that he has to sell."

Photography by Jim Di Mingo



Gros Guillaume, a 17th century French baker, had no time to wash the flour off his face one night — and became the first white faced clown.

Spontaneity was the key to Pimpo's fame. He did his own thing in the ring and refused to accept any of the usual restrictions.

A former acrobat and contortionist, Lou Jacobs, with the help of a miniature car, became one of the most flamboyant of all clowns.

Two famous British clowns are representative of the two basic styles of the profession. Francesco's style (OPPOSITE) is the oldest type — the white faced or *Comedia dell 'Arte,* who covers his entire face with white paint, wears a great deal of eye make-up and a hat, usually pointed. Francesco, a fine tumbler and comic acrobat, worked with Harringay Circus. The most popular modern style however, is the loutish type or *auguste* type — Albi Austin's style (ABOVE). The brilliant Bertram-Mills Circus clown with the bulbous red nose and bowler had a talent for looking funny and sad at the same time. Musical instruments often added that extra, outrageous touch to a clown's performance.

It would have been one of the greatest double bills of the century — Coco, one of the most famous and best-loved of all *auguste* or loutish clowns, with his famous red hair which stood on end when he was frightened or surprised, and Joseph Grimaldi (Joey), possibly best of all English pantomime comics, and one of the few *Comedia dell 'Arte* or white faced clowns to color his cheeks. Coco, a Latvian, ran away to the circus when he was young and later joined England's Bertram-Mills Circus. Joey was famous for his portrayals of a thief, coward and trickster in the British harlequinades.

HOW TO SURVIVE THE MORNING AFTER

a rude awakening awaits you if, after the night before, your first words are "black, two sugars"

advice by Patsy Clarke

OKAY. SO perhaps you've never gone to bed with an ugly girl. But you've sure woken up with a few. Take Fritzi, for instance, that foxy lady with the rhythmic buttocks that continued to gyrate long after leaving the dance floor. Next morning, you opened a bleary eye and saw her lying between damp sheets in a lather of three-blanket perspiration, the cranberry-colored eyeshadow smudged across her sleep-creased cheeks, strawberry-blonde hair matted like a soaked spaniel's. And you freaked.

Or how about the night you took Gladys, the office pin-up, to dinner and wound up giving her a Christmas bonus. You woke up with an underwhelming feeling of post-coital remorse. Hell, you had meant to doze off for an hour and then it was dawn and what if your wife had rung from her

Illustrations by Lonnie Brenner-Kamp

health farm to check that she hadn't left the iron on. And you freaked.

And then there was Kim, that buxom come-on you met in the pub. You bought a few rounds and a few more and, well, one thing led to another and last thing you positively remember was thundering up the stairs to her bedroom singing a rousing *Come On Aussie, Come On.* Maybe she awakened and mocked your shortcomings. And you freaked.

Whatever the scenario, self-recrimination has set in. Only last night, Fritzi/Gladys/Kim made you feel *at home.* Now you just wish you were. You steal out of bed, retrieve your clothes from the floor, tip-toe out of the bedroom, dress in a flash and make a bold dash for your car.

Wrong. Because manners maketh the man, *especially* after man maketh woman. Wham-bam-and-no-thanks-to-ma'am is just plain boorish. Self-respect shouldn't be at a premium.

So she's not a sleeping beauty. So what? You've been seeing too many movies featuring girls who've risen at first light, touched up their make-up, gargled with Listerine and crept back to bed. And besides, Fritzi probably doesn't find your stubble, sweaty armpits, and stale-beer-and-cigarettes breath too madly appealing either.

So you're worried about your wife finding out about you and Gladys. It's all a bit metaphysical if your wife is in a blissful state of ignorance.

And who cares if you have a hangover that registers eight on the Richter scale. Chances are that Kim's had a complete memory lapse too. Tarnishing a girl's self-respect only fosters more cynicism between the sexes. But maybe you struck it lucky. Maybe the earth *did* move. Maybe the night-before's dream girl has not dissolved into this morning-after's nightmare. What should you do, then, apart from rousing her passionately?

Rule One is not to make yourself immediately at home. At your place you can warble off-key while taking a shower, incinerate your breakfast, deafen yourself with the radio, and leave hair combings in the sink. But at her place, it's best to keep a low profile (like under the sheet) until you've discovered Who's Who, Who's Whose, What's Whose and What's What.

For a start, if she doesn't live alone, establish the cast of characters before making any naked dash to the bathroom and wrecking the peace.

Forewarned is forearmed. How else can you cope with the toddler who grasps you round the knees crying "Dad-da"? Or the prissy flatmate who's a member of the local church council? Or the brother who knocks on the bathroom door and inquires: "Who is it this time?" Or worse: "Is that you, Dick?" when your name is Peter. Or the plain Jane who watches the communal kitty and resents your having any breakfast? Never mind the jealous dog that nips at your heels. Meet frowns with smiles, coolness with warmth. And wear a towel.

If she lives alone, the morning won't be fraught with such hazards. But there are still plenty of don'ts. Don't hog the bathroom. Don't use all the hot water and drench her drying underwear. Don't use her razor and leave stubble in the basin.

And don't take a liberty with her toothbrush. If your mouth tastes like the bottom of a birdcage, simply squeeze some toothpaste on to a finger and rub the film off your teeth. And be sure to read labels, or you might mistake acne cream for the toothpaste, or the Pill for her one-a-day multi-vitamin tablets.

Leave breakfast to her, and don't order it as if you are in a hotel restaurant. Every girl knows that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach but she may not rate it worth the effort if you want freshly-squeezed orange juice, cereal with bran, cream and fresh fruit, freshly-percolated coffee, two eggs done sunny side up, bacon, kidneys, grilled tomato, fried mushrooms, baked beans and toast. Followed by a plate of kedgeree.

Above all, while she's toiling over a hot stove, don't snoop. Ask about the photo of a bloke who doesn't bear a close family resemblance and you're asking for trouble with a capital T.

Don't rummage in her cupboards or drawers (no pun intended). It is just possible — but highly improbable — that the leopard-skin Y-fronts and white tuxedo are part of a fancy dress costume but it isn't worth the answer. They could well belong to an absentee Qantas pilot.

Consider the telephone out-of-bounds. Don't answer it unless she asks you to and, even then, have your wits about you before ad libbing "Hello". "This is the plumber" might fool her mother but not her about-to-become ex-fiancé. When in doubt, say "Wrong number".

And hang up.

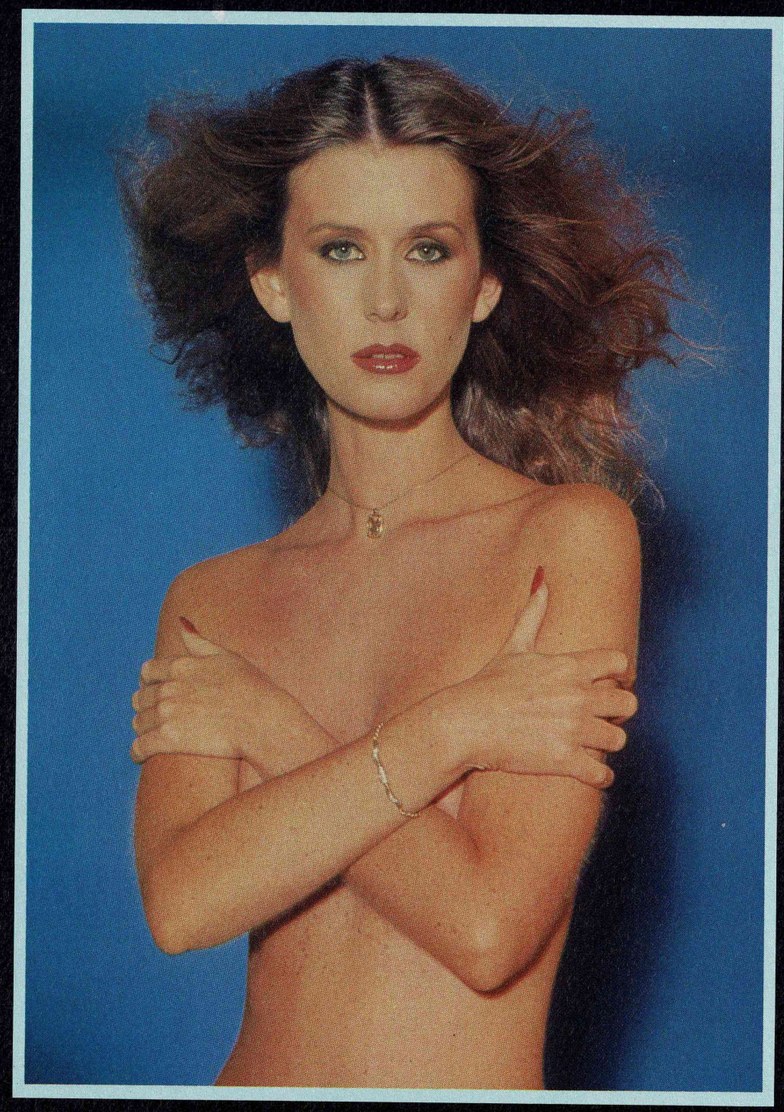
Terminating new relationships is somewhat in need of more delicate handling. Whether she's Superwoman or the Bionic Bore, you should make the same gesture. Make a note of her telephone number and phone at least once. Tell the truth to the girl you want to see again. And a white lie to the girl when never would be too soon. You've been called away on business and you'll be in contact when you get back. That way you won't hurt her feelings. And that way you'll do as you would be done by.

After all, just suppose you awoke one morning in the afterglow of a wild, primeval bewitchment, rolled over to fondle her pert little breasts and ended up clutching a pillow.

You open you eyes, shake your head, look and listen for signs of life. The room is empty. There's no sound of a running shower and no smell of percolating coffee. Then you notice the scribbled note on the pillowcase. "Gone jogging — see you around."

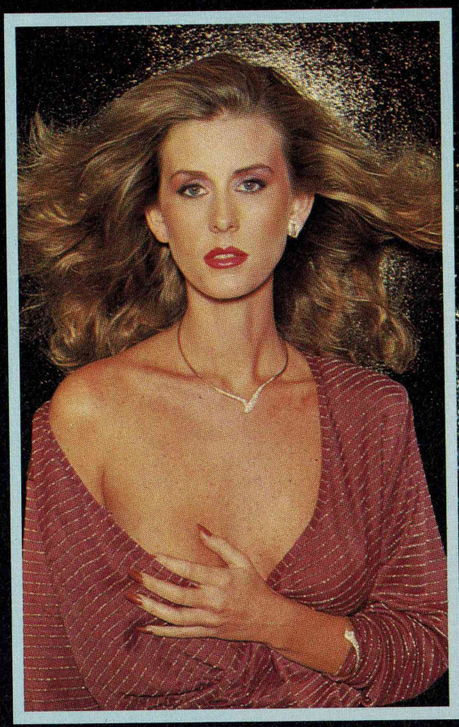
How do you feel? You'll feel like a disposable sex aid.

KIM ★ WRAN
standing as an independent



TWO, THREE, four, here we go. Kim has streaked flaxen hair and blue-green eyes, measures 34-22-32 (give or take a chocolate chip sundae), nudges 5'4", tips the scales at a trim 45 kilos and wins the trifecta for being a popular television actress, sometime-model and also Wran. She says she's 23, born a Scorpio in 1955. You don't need to be Dick Smith to figure that's 24. Actually, she was born in '56 but heard somewhere that '55 was a vintage year for rock 'n' roll babies. So it stuck. Perhaps a throwback to her Happy Days with The Fonz. But that's past history, and Kim is a lady with her eye on the future.

Photography by Peter McLean



Unashamedly and humorously cashing in on her name, looks and talent for making fast bucks, she can go where life leads her — courtesy of her role as courier Caroline Jamison in Channel 9's *The Young Doctors* series and various related promotions including opening supermarkets, making radio appearances, even guest dee-jaying in discos. Plus, as you see here, all-too-rare modelling stints. "I got fed up with being a cover girl," she says. "I grinned so much I thought I was getting lock-jaw. Before Farrah Fawcett did *Charlie's Angels*, snarly was sexy. But nowadays it's grins, grins and grins. I smiled so much I could feel the wrinkles developing. And I was beginning to believe my teeth were false and should be dropped in a glass of water to rest overnight."

Kim shares her self-financed $100,000-plus Sydney terrace house with a Maltese she calls "the latest love of my life". But, lest society spies get into a lather of perspiration, Benjamin is in fact a puppy. "Me? Get married and live with a guy? Yes. Just live with a guy? No way." Perhaps the lady isn't such a Thoroughly Modern Miss after all? "No, I'm a bit old-fashioned. I'd be insulted if a guy said he'd live with me but not marry me. I'm not as permissive as people would like to think. "Sure, I have my permissive moments. I wouldn't mind a guy coming along once every two or three months and staying for two or three nights. That's a different situation altogether. And if he's the ideal lover, he's gorgeous looking, doesn't talk or eat too terribly much, and has a bad memory. A well-built, nice, big boy. But he's not necessarily husband material."

Kim's preferences for the stronger sex are very well defined. "Tall, but not a giant. Handsome but not extremely so. Very sensitive. Wildly passionate. Affectionate, yes. Warm, yes. Profession? Successful. In short? Heaven on a stick." And perhaps a bit like Dad, whom she holds in highest esteem. "You have to admire a man who set himself a goal and worked very very hard to achieve it," she says. "Maybe being Premier of NSW is only stage four of that goal, but he's deserved everything he's got." Kim also has very fixed ideas on who she *wouldn't* marry. And that includes Bonnie Prince Charlie. The media apparently inflated their four-day acquaintance like a barrage balloon. "I wouldn't even consider marrying him," she says. "Apart from the fact that I've known him about as long as Fred, the butcher who sells me chops, I hate England." Provocatively, she says that her adventures with other boyfriends make her "romances" with Prince Charles and Henry Winkler "look like a piece of cake". But probing is met with a meaningful grin, a shake of the head, and silence. She'll concede, however, that the Fonz came into her life about five years too early. "He still leaves an impression on me whereas I can't remember the names of guys I met last week." Yes, she says, he would make a model husband — if he hasn't changed. And yes, it would take a man like that to get her to give up hard-earned independence. "As a woman of the '80s, I think you have to have that independence. I couldn't sleep at night if I knew I couldn't make it by myself. But I have. I can buy any clothes I want, eat anywhere I choose, go on holiday anywhere I please. I can do anything, and it's all *Me*. Marriage will have to be an improvement, not an adjustment."

YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

CANCER

THE MONTH of July presents high tide times for the crab, giving you a chance to pop out of your shell and expose your sensitive regions. Don't expect repetitions of your more memorable July experiences, but a brief grappling on a water bed will show that you are no stick-in-the-mud. However, you'll soon clam up and head back to your rocky niche. It will be a timely retreat because a marital onslaught has you primed for a pincer movement which could make mornay out of your current freedom. Domestic discord poses a problem with the arrival of Mercury later in the month to drive you back into your crusty little cave. This monastic existence can't last because the crab is not cut out for celibacy. Scream for help, and when something cute and cuddly leads you off to a cosy little grotto, you can burrow down to some serious shell-slapping.

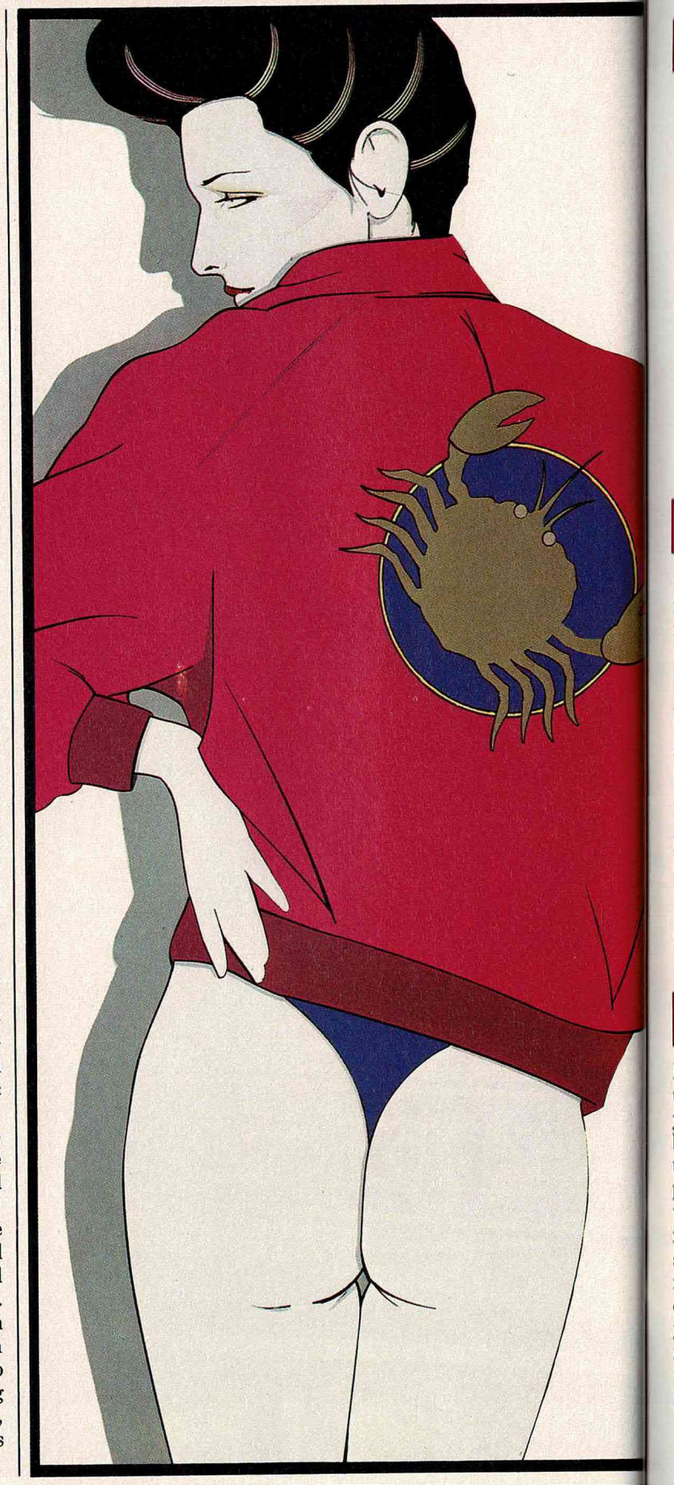
The coming months might not bring all the sub-aqua screwing your heart desires because Uranus has butted into the sign of Scorpio, putting an all-year bummer on your angle of love and affection. Life won't offer any sexual seafood cocktails because of an on-going list of separations which at first might seem tragic but later present the occasional opportunity to exercise your pent-up lust.

Progress could be the factor which straightens out that sideways scuttle and permits head-on confrontation with your problems. A desire to travel features strongly, and your seafaring nature tips a cruise to provide opportunities to dart in and out of a smorgasbord of new crannies. It is the pleasurable mission of every crab to spread joy (much like paté), so by shelling out your sexual favors to all and sundry, you will be contributing greatly to the happiness of womankind. In spite of your appearance and the size of those nippers, it is fair to say that you do not give every girl an attack of the bends. Making partners aware of your cautious nature should send ripples of approval through the female crab colony and offer a surfeit of opportunities.

Jupiter and Saturn will do a bit of moonshining later in the year, triggering some claw-wrestling on the domestic front. You won't appreciate the conditions that result and you'll work overtime to scurry past the many issues and conflicts. Unfortunately, your evasive tactics will not work all of the time and you'll be hooked into a full-on confrontation. Do not be alarmed because it will clear the air and signal out those close to you who are content to settle for a comfortable, boring crevice instead of appearing in public to brandish their claws in a sexual manner.

Your reputation as an occasional hermit will do little to put you into the snappy-dresser category, and if you're fishing for compliments about your appearance, you'll find that even your nearest friends will discreetly clam-up.

The Cancer man is rarely the centre of any social circle so, while you have some good friends on the line, be careful not to endanger their trust by giving them a dose of food poisoning from one of your stale seafood takeaway items. Any discord which results from such misfortune could turn one of your separations into a shell-cracking disaster. Such an encounter will strengthen your will to travel, not only to improve your prospects but to escape the chance of being boiled alive should you choose to stay. Misfortune aside, steady progress in your sexual and personal endeavors should compensate for individual disappointments.



THIS MONTH

fresh crab appears on the astrological menu in july, but the other planets only get served amorous seconds

— by arthur bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

LEO

Your feline fantasy of pawing pussy at every opportunity is not likely to come true this month. Most Leos are more bluff than blow, and your tom cat reputation will cop a mauling if the word gets out. So, if you get your tongue on any real cream this month — lap it up. It might be the only way to improve your mating-rating. Sniff out mates who reek of permanence, and give them a miss. That will keep you one leap ahead of unwanted lion-tamers.

VIRGO

Mars, the activator, is about to move out of your sign so your loin-lunging days could be on the wane. Thoughts of trimming (rather than dipping) your precious virginal wick should see life return to its boring routine. Look for some records after mid-month which will have you out for a duck or breaking your maiden on a sexually responsive wicket. This will instigate a flood of offers from the hot-to-trot lot who've already guessed that under that snow-white exterior lurks nothing but lust.

LIBRA

Your sexual motor should spark early this month so keep a keen eye on the passing traffic for that supercharged lady who's most likely to drive you to distraction. A Leo by the wayside is your best bet, but don't overlook others signaling the green light. They could take you on many a joy ride as travel is high on the agenda, but remember — a two-stroke racer might be quick off the mark but you'll win more points by coming anything but first.

SCORPIO

Juggling that little jabber might be a great way to warm your hands on winter evenings, but it's a wicked waste. Share it and prod your way to popularity with the opposite sex. Your previous approach has been far too solemn, so cast off your crusty facade and deploy that prong for puncturing a Virgo. The new Scorpion will be flashy and unorthodox which will come as a relief to those who've been looking forward to getting their stingers in gear.

SAGITTARIUS

The nether regions of a frisky filly might make an ideal target for that Sagittarian arrow, but be warned: there are marriage-minded relatives ready to slam the stable door on your bachelor freedom. If you can clear that hurdle, your prospects for a bit of stud duty are very good, particularly after July 11, when Mars the activator moves into your angle of hopes and wishes. This will whip your fantasies into full gallop and lead to a friendly exchange with an amiable Aries ewe.

CAPRICORN

Don't bleat about the bush when you're doing your mountin' work this month. There might be a few old nannies among the herd but if you don't grab them, rivals will. Your state of arousal isn't permanent, so while it lasts, hop in for a few novel positions. The end of the month will bring a wilting of the goat's horn and a spot of non-sexual slumber; however, there's a chance of coupling with a crab who could provide a cure for that genital itch.

AQUARIUS

Rumor has it that the water bearer is brim full of brotherly love. But don't let any slosh over into your love life because brother-confessors never make suitable bedmates. Instead, put your soggy mind to the task of humping rather than listening to weepy worries. If someone offers shared accommodation, see it as a chance to spill excess fluid and plunge right in. You could have entertainment and love gushing out of the same faucet.

PISCES

Never mind the handline — with your stars, the net income will be nil. Yes, sexual opportunity has deserted our finny friend, and "the one that got away" story will be as about as close as you will get. If luck's been playing the raw prawn act on you, there is scant relief in sight — save for a few minnows who might leap into your tank. So when you get your chance with a big tuna, don't lose any time before you harpoon her. Venus is about to stir the school into action so dive right in.

ARIES

Danger lurks in untried pastures, and the temptation to darn a few ewes might just about cash in your precious chops. In spite of the risks, there will be some frisky lambs for the plucking, but you will have to show some restraint. Kid-stuffing is still a no-no, so be careful to check birth certificates and drivers' licences. Taking this warning lightly could lead to a brush with the law, and we all know how the fuzz rubs the fleece the wrong way.

TAURUS

A bad case of hoof in mouth is bound to dog the bull this month. With Saturn in your angle of love and affection and Uranus in your angle of partnership, be prepared for a bad bout of embarrassment. Give non-forthcoming partners a wide steer and look for targets more appreciative of your stud reputation. Your horny state will not thrill the daylights out of everybody so be ready to tuck your beef barrel back in its pouch if friends show the slightest indignation.

GEMINI

Double vision? Never. With Venus in your sign, you'll be looking and feeling twice as good. So, tuck in the bib for a bit of sexual gluttony. Sorry, there's no sign of a virginal victory among this spread, but don't worry: you'll be too busy to worry just whose fur you're furbishing. The twins' talent lies in the written word so get all that drool down on paper and send copies to your 10 best chances. If you don't get arrested for circulating dirty literature, you might just receive five twin sets.

Ancient Medicines:

A Guide to the Future

ginseng, loquat and tiger balm — their many powers are legendary throughout the orient, and now westerners are beginning to recognise their amazing properties

article **By Richard Beckett**

WHAT ONE needs to understand about the Chinese (apart from all those rather silly jokes about rhinoceros horn, deer antler velvet, deer feet and even uncultured pearls) is that they actually do believe in and thrive on natural medicines.

Until quite recently, Western doctors thought that "suck a leaf and get rid of your piles" was a kind of Chinese madness. It just didn't work. All those loonies out there were drinking the essence of a root that basically looked like something out of a gardening guide sex movie and they claimed it made them feel better. Everyone in the West knew, and knew absolutely, that the route to good health was through the medical laboratory and the reactions of white rats studied there. It was a pity that a lot of rats were lost in the process. But everyone knew that rats didn't have minds, so what did it matter if a few pills threw them into terminal agony? When science was finished with the rats, it could always go back to experimenting upon humans — the greatest test bank in the world.

That is, until a terrifying thought struck Western medicine men. The

Photography by Luis M

Chinese might just be right. They were curing people with roots and herbs, and they were using the barefoot doctors, people versed in gathering the seven herbs of spring and the seven herbs of autumn from the hedgerows as they went to work.

The Elizabethans used to talk about "real tonics". Their real tonics came from the field. Oh yes, I know that they didn't save them from the Black Death or cholera or the pox or the King's Evil. But these herbals (probably best described in the Anglican world in the book known as *A Modern Herbal* by Mrs M. Grieve) worked up to a point. They worked just as a mixture of rum, lemon and honey does for colds; they worked as beef tea does for those recovering from a fever; and they worked just like our two indigenous painkillers, eucalyptus oil and goanna oil. While goanna oil no longer is made from the oil of the boiled reptile (it is now eucalyptus based), eucalyptus oil is still made from the infusion of a special type of gum. To this day, a good drop of "eucy" is said to cure anything from a kick in the crotch to a severe case of alcoholism. Then there's the story of a station hand who, after being kicked in the groin by a maddened steer, had his private parts rubbed with goanna oil, was given two Bex powders and was able to go back to work within an hour.

The Aborigines, of course, had their own cures. Most of these have been lost, though Western alternative-medicine men are looking at some roots and leaves in the hope of learning something.

But here we are really concerned with Chinese traditional medicine and, perhaps, with Chinese attitudes. In the past, I have been one of the world's greatest cynics; I have always known that brown rice can give you the pox. But until quite recently, I had what most people know as "death spots" on my arms and face. More out of amusement than anything else, I took a course of Korean ginseng tonic (there is a Chinese version as well). It was probably the most foul thing I have drunk in my life (I took the vicious version — the one with the nasty sexual root in it). And, all of a sudden, I didn't have any death spots on my arms or face. As I had not met the Lord God of Hosts on the road to Damascus, it can be assumed that ginseng does actually do what it's said to do — I can't offer any other sort of explanation.

Similarly, my companion of the moment got fed up with her bronchitis and Western cough medicine and bought a bottle of Chinese loquat extract. Every member of the State agricultural departments hates loquats. They attract the fruit fly and no one in his right mind eats them — indeed, no one even makes jam out of them. But the Chinese, apart from regarding them highly because they're the first fruit of spring, also make a cough mixture from the fruit — and the *damned thing works.*

That is just the beginning. The Chinese are very big on anything containing chicken. They claim that chicken strengthens the brain, so they steam it in special pots with special herbs, concocting various remedies for a range of ailments — some for the eyes and some "for the ladies", as one of my informants put it. He went on in a somewhat philosophical mood: "When the ladies bleed, this is very good for them. It makes them feel better and it is very good after childbirth. You know why Chinese women always look so young? It is because of this special herb and chicken soup. It makes them look much better than Western women."

Obtaining information about Chinese natural medicine presents problems. So little work has been done on Chinese herbals by Westerners that some of the names of the various plants do not have any English equivalents. To give but one example, I was doing research on a Chinese tonic soup known as "Buddha Jumped Over the Fence". It uses, apart from a bewildering variety of ingredients that include deer sinew, shark's maw and ginseng root, three special Chinese herbs. After much effort, and consultation with a book of Chinese herbals put together by a Jesuit priest, we were able to translate the names of two of these herbs. The first is known as *Lycium chinoise* - (or was, at the time of writing by the Jesuit priest); the second is known as *Cordyceps robertii* and is said to be very good for enhancing your sex life. At the third herb, we came totally unstuck. In the end my informant, Colin Ho, an amateur herbalist who manages a number of restaurants in Sydney's Dixon Street, turned to me lamely and said: "Well, to our way of thinking this is a really funny herb. It is a white worm in the winter and in the spring it turns into a green plant. And we know it is very good for your eyes." After that explanation I backed off. Here was a man I knew to be entirely rational in a business sense, and he was talking to me about worms that turn into plants come spring and the fact that this monstrous hybrid of the plant and animal world does wonders for the eyes.

To find out more about Chinese herbal medicine, I visited the Burlington in Sydney's Haymarket, where manager Lu Yong and I spent several hours wrestling with the whole matter.

For those who like their medicines packaged, there is the standard collection of varieties of ginseng, including one version that has to be stewed with chicken for four hours in a special clay pot to cure any ills, plus tiger balm (essentially the Chinese version of goanna oil), various essences of chicken with ginseng, tienchi powder (which is said to be good for the blood), deer horn from China at $150 a box, deer feet and rough pearls that have to be crushed and dissolved in rice wine and are said to be good for the complexion.

The sorting-out business was terrible. It was not aided by one cynical member of the staff who, in reply to one question, said: "I'd rather use Panadol myself."

To take some of the more easily understood tonics and medicines first, a few quotes. Pure essence of chicken ". . . possesses the actions of promoting organic functions and metabolism, and cures abdominal pain. Also cures headache and anaemia, post-partum weakness and weak appetite. Essence of chicken with *Cordyceps* is said to be an excellent tonic for both sexes of all ages and should be taken in all seasons. Good for general weaknesses due to severe illnesses plus 'fear of cold' in old people, amnesia, fatigue, dyspepsia, and weak appetite due to excessive work or excercise."

In the middle of all these explanations about chicken essence, photographer Rob Walls went a little bonkers and remarked that the Chinese are basically Jewish because they always seem to be talking about the various health-giving properties of chicken soup. This remark fell on generally uncomprehending ears. At the same time, I remembered many years ago when I was in Hong Kong covering a particularly vicious Tong murder case. The Chinese prosecutor had gone into a marvellous rant, holding the dead man's skull aloft in one hand. Finishing his fatiguing diatribe, he sat down and seized a large jar of essence of chicken with ginseng, and downed it in one gulp.

After the Panadol and Jewish chicken soup jokes, I actually managed to get down to some fairly serious talk with Lu Yong. He explained that there are about 5000 common herbs which the Chinese use to treat themselves without reference to a doctor. Of these, the Burlington stocks about 3000. It also stocks another range of barks and roots that are taken for specific illnesses.

Lu Yong said: "The Chinese have perhaps not lost their way in the use of herbals as you Europeans have. The Chinese are quite different. We use everything. Perhaps it is because we understand that everything on this Earth is really good. There is food in the sea and there is food all over the land. You cannot separate food from medicines. Both are the same in their own way. We also believe in the naturalness of almost anything. You have found in your society that pills don't work. Herbs do and have been working for thousands of years. In the old days, women in China used to have between 12 and 20 children. How do you think they stay so young? Herbs are the answer.

"I have read several articles in your press and all they say to me is that your pills cannot cope with your illnesses. Our herbs always seem to be able to do the job. But your doctors don't see it that way. They don't believe us. Perhaps that is why our medicine and yours will never meet. However, I hope you become more like us because it will be a good thing. I hope some Western doctors will come to China and study our plants."

I've quoted Lu Yong at some length here because what he said is the essence of the Chinese, Japanese and Korean approach to herbal medicine. To them, it cannot be separated from food. They claim that almost everything you eat or drink, if taken in the right proportions and *in harmony* with other ingredients, has medicinal benefits. That is why so many of their everyday medicines are taken with a nourishing stock made from chicken or meat. For example, take this recipe for food-medicine:

SIRLOIN BEEF SOUP WITH SLICED TIENCHI GINSENG

3 to 4 *chin* (about 12 to 16g) sliced tienchi ginseng
1 catty (about 60g) sirloin beef
a few dried red dates
a dash of dried longan meat

Method: After bringing water to the boil in a casserole, put the whole piece of sirloin beef and the other ingredients in the boiling water and simmer them over low heat for three hours. The soup is adequate to serve five to six persons.

Features: This soup is economic and convenient to prepare. It is edible for old and young and suitable for all the four seasons. It can promote the growth of children. This soup is to be taken two or three times a week. It will naturally take effect if it is taken in succession for 10 weeks.

As a footnote to this recipe (taken from the packaging company's instruction sheet), I would add that it uses Chinese ginseng and not the foul Korean variety.

Tienchi ginseng is a tonic herb. There are many others used commonly, one of which is the fruit of the boxthorn *(Lycium chinensis Miller).* It is cheap, generally bought in 500g lots and used in soup as an eye herbal.

An extra point here — if you are encouraged by this information to head for your nearest Chinese herbal and give it a go, remember that, after cooking the soup medicines, you eat the meat and drink the broth but discard the herbs themselves, because the Chinese claim that all the goodness has been taken out.

The Burlington's top line (apart from a whole Korean ginseng root that sells for a trifling $500) is a plant that most mainland herbalists claim is far better than ginseng. It is *Cordyceps sinensis (Berkeley) saccardo,* known commonly as the caterpillar fungus, and it retails for $150 a five gram packet. It is an extremely rare plant that grows in the mountains of the Chinese province of Szechwan. As a herbal remedy, used sparingly, the plant helps to resist diseases and to prevent their return. It also provides a certain amount of immunity against severe illnesses. But once again this medicine isn't simply slugged down. It has to be stewed in a pot with an old duck and "the essence from the duck must be good, otherwise the medicine will not work". It is also said to have the side effect of increasing libido (as does ginseng).

As for other herbals, the list is bewildering. And maybe, in the end, like the sugar pills some Western doctors give patients who only think they are ill, it is a matter of faith. If you believe that a particular plant is going to help you, then often it will.

I mean, I don't really know why my death spots have vanished and I can't explain why tiger balm rubbed on the forehead works twice as well as a quadruple-strength headache tablet. It just does, that's all. . . . For my next trick, it's going to be deer horn and fuchsia berries in snake soup — and we'll see where we go from there.

THE SEXUAL MISADVENTURES OF DAVE THE RAVE IN NEWCASTLE WOLLONGONG OF THE '80s

SATIRE BY TERRANCE HARRISON

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE SUBURBAN KIND

HERE WE ARE ONCE AGAIN IN NEWCASTLE, PIT STOP IN THE FAST, EXCITING AUSTRALIAN WAY OF LIFE! HERE, ON THE EDGE OF TIME, ON THE UNSEWERED FRINGES OF WESTERN CIVILISATION, WORKING MEN & WOMEN ARE CREATING A NEW FRONTIER. SHUTTLING ABOUT IN DOUBLE-DECKER GREEN & YELLOW BUSES, THE PIONEERING SPIRIT TAKES THEM OUT TO THE LIMITLESS HORIZONS OF SUBURBIA, OUT WHERE THE CONTRIVED CHARM OF STATE HOUSING COMMISSION ESTATES ADD A WELCOME TOUCH OF CHARACTER TO DAME NATURE'S LEAN OFFERINGS.

THE AREA'S RENOWN FOR ITS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LIFESTYLE IS BASED ON MORE THAN JUST THE DAILY, CHEMICALLY PRODUCED, HOLLYWOOD STYLE SUNSETS. ONE WORD, MINE SUBSIDENCE, EVOKES THE TERROR OF A THOUSAND SAN ANDREAS FAULTS. IN A CITY WHERE THERE MAY NOT BE A TOMORROW, WHO CAN BLAME THEM FOR GRASPING AT EACH LITTLE PLEASURE AS THOUGH IT WAS THEIR LAST... MANY A HAPPY HARDIPLANKED HOME IN THIS TOWN HAS GONE FOR A MIDNIGHT PLUNGE INTO OBLIVION!

CRUNCH! CRASH! CRUNCH! CREA-A-AK

MID-WEEK SEX IN NEWCASTLE... THE MYTH EXPLODED!

THATS FUNNY, I ALWAYS THOUGHT GROUP SEX WAS WHEN YOU USED BOTH HANDS!

THIS MONTH DAVE IS GOING ALL OUT TO GET A BIRD. HE'S CLEANING UP HIS SLUMMY COOKS HILL FLAT & TURNING IT INTO A GLAMOROUS SEX TRAP

HOW TO PICK UP WITHOUT BEING PUT DOWN

3 BEAN MIX

A SNAKEPIT OF SENSUAL SATISFACTION

WITH LOTS OF DECADENT LUXURY

HOT WATER BOTTLE

A ROMANTIC HIDEAWAY WITH EXOTIC SAVOURIES

MATEUS ROSE

THEN THE FINAL TOUCH ...A FORCEFIELD OF MORTEIN AROUND THE LOVE COT...

JUST TO KEEP THE COCKROACHES AWAY

THERE'S NO PRIZE FOR GUESSING WHO THE FIRST VICTIM OF DAVE'S SEX TRAP WAS GOING TO BE... YES! THE MYSTERIOUS BLONDE BOMBSHELL WHO'D JUST MOVED INTO THE NEXT TERRACE!

LOOK AT THE NORKS ON THAT!

CHOOKS

CLEO

FIFI EATS HER

IT WAS IN FACT ANNIE CROTCH, JUST A TYPICAL GIRL-NEXT-DOOR TYPE. BORN & BRED ON A BOTTLE OF COKE AND A BAG OF BOILED LOLLIES...

SHE'D BE NO EASY CATCH

THE THORN BIRDS

ON THE EVENING THAT DAVE BAITED THE TRAP, ANNIE WAS IN HER ELVIS PRESLEY MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF DELUSIONS... GENUFLECTING ON THE INADEQUACY OF LOCAL BODGIES.

ELVIS

THE REAL ELVIS

Psst! Psst!

CABBOLYS MILK TRAY SELECTION

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

ELVIS & PRISCILLA

ALL ABOUT ELVIS

ELVIS AGAIN

ELVIS' GREATEST HITS

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WHAT LUCK! SHE FELL FOR IT.

A COCKTAIL MY DEAR?

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE MOOD MUSIC?

AND FINALLY...

...SUBDUED LIGHTING!

WHOOSH

DISCO

BOTTLING

THURRUMP

TRIP

WOW

ISN'T SEX FANTASTIC

...SO PURE ...SO BEAUTIFULL

PERFECT ONENESS WITH ANOTHER PERSON

SOMETHING TO BE TREASURED

OH, ANNIE!

OUCH

HEY

WATCH IT, MATE! THAT NAIL POLISH IS STILL WET!

KEEP YA HANDS ORRF I SAID!

STRUTH NOW MY BLOODY CURLS ARE DROPPING OUT!

OH WELL, ANOTHER MONDAY NIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN... DAVE'S LUCK WASN'T IN, NEITHER WAS... ...ANYTHING ELSE.

SHIT, YOU'RE A LOUSY SCREW... LOOK AT THE MESS I'M IN.

GRRR GRRR

IT WAS ABOUT THIS SAME TIME THAT JOHNNO BEGAN KNOCKING ROUND WITH DENISE. HIGHLY EFFICIENT, COURTEOUS, AND ABOVE ALL HYGENIC... SHE WAS THE ORIGINAL, ALL-AUSTRALIAN WAITRESS.

PARAGON

IS THIS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, DENISE?

I LIKE YOUR SENSE OF CO-ORDINATION JOHNNO.

AT FIRST IT WAS... "JUST A GOOD SCREW"... BUT ISN'T THAT THE WAY THEY ALL START? THEN BEFORE HE REALISED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, IT'D BLOSSOMED INTO SOMETHING REALLY BEAUTIFUL.

SHUSH! DENISE, I'M TRYING TO WATCH THE MOVIE!

...JUST TO GET THROWN AWAY LIKE AN OVERUSED KLEENEX.

You BASTARD! 26 STARCHED PETTICOATS CRUSHED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

SMACK

BUT THAT'S YOUNG LOVE IN THE '80s... ALL A MATTER OF JUMP BEFORE BEING PUSHED... ...PRECIOUS, NEVER-TO-BE-REMEMBERED MOMENTS TOGETHER, WONDERING WHO'LL BE THE TOSSER AND WHO THE TOSSEE!

CHOOKS

NO MATTER HOW IT ENDS THOUGH, SOMEONE ALWAYS GETS HURT.

STRUTH CRABS!

SUBURBAN LIVING HOLDS NO HIDDEN HORRORS FOR THIS WOMAN...

...NORMA BURK, THE TRENDY, ALL ELECTRIC NEWCASTLE MUM WHO DOES HER HOUSEWORK IN THE RAW!... WITH LABOR-SAVING DEVICES LIKE TIA MARIA & CHERRY LIQUEUR ALWAYS ON HAND, IT'S ABSOLUTELY NO TIME UNTIL SHE'S FINISHED AND RELAXING BESIDE THE 3 IN 1 FAMILY HOME ENTERTAINMENT UNIT.

HONESTLY NORMA. THEY LOOK MORE LIKE GENE AUTREY'S SADDLEBAGS!

HIC! EVER SINCE I'VE HIC! BEEN HIDING THE ASPROS AND COOKING SHERRY IN HERE IT'S BEEN MORE LIKE A 4 IN 1! HIC!

OF COURSE NO ONES LIFE IS PERFECT... THERE WAS ALWAYS WEDNESDAY NIGHT, WHEN SEX REARED ITS UGLY HEAD...

ARE YOU STILL AWAKE NORMA?

NO!

THERE IS HOWEVER, AN ALTERNATIVE TO HIGH PRESSURE, INNER-CITY LIVING... LAKE MACQUARIE SHIRE, A KIND OF SPARTA-BY-THE-LAKE. HERE, IN GLAD BAG HEIGHTS ESTATE (WHERE GLAMOROUS AUST DISPLAY HOMES GO TO DIE) WE FIND THE CULT OF THE NEUROTIC, YOUNG HOUSEWIFE HAS TAKEN ROOT. MILES FROM THE NEAREST WEA ADULT EDUCATION CENTRE AND WITH NO CLOSER LINK TO REALITY THAN A RADIO TALK-BACK SHOW, THEY SINK DEEPER & DEEPER INTO A RICH, FANTASY-FILLED EXISTENCE...

DRESSING UP AND SINGING RUDE SONGS...

LOVE IS A MANY.... SUSPENDERED THING...

INDULGING IN A BIT OF MISDIRECTED CREATIVITY, LIKE KNITTING CROTCHLESS PANTIES...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT JUST KEEPS SAYING... DROP ONE ...DROP ONE ...DROP ONE

INSTRUCTIONS

THE ZENITH OF THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD SOON CREEPS UP... PAYDAY! WHEN A CLOSE-KNIT, FAMILY-ORIENTED SOCIETY GATHERS ROUND TO AWAIT THE BREADWINNER'S RETURN.

...OR JUST DAYDREAMING AS THEY WATCH LEARNER TRUCKIES MANOEUVRE THEIR BIG MACKS IN & OUT OF TIGHT SITUATIONS.

HE COULD PRACTISE HIS 3-POINT-TURNS ON ME ANYDAY!

GRAB HIS WALLET EILEEN! DAVE, YOU GO FOR THE CHOOK!

THE OLD BA*ST*DS DRUNK HALF OF IT ALREADY, MUM!

THWACK

1ST PRIZE

THEN IT'S OUT ONTO THE STREETS FOR LATE NIGHT SHOPPING

GARDEN CITY SHOPPING CENTRE.

HONK

YOU STAY HERE, NORM, AND SEE THAT NO ONE RIPS OFF THE HUBCAPS!

THAT WEEKLY BACCHANALIA OF IMPULSE BUYING... A RAMPAGE OF CLASSLESS EQUALITY AS NEWCASTLE REVERTS TO THE MATERIALIST "LAW OF THE JINGLE." IN SHOPPING MALLS AND CAR PARKS EVERYWHERE IT'S THE SURVIVAL OF THE FATTEST AS FAMILY COMMANDO UNITS STAGE GUERILLA STYLE RAIDS ON THE EMPORIUMS OF CORPORATE RETAIL POWER...

KUNG FU!

...WITH A DIVIDE AND CONQUER STRATEGY, THE "BURK GIRLS" DID A BROAD SWEEP THROUGH LADIES' LINGERIE...

SMASH

KAZAM

SPOT SPECIAL

BARGAIN BRAS ONE SIZE FITS ALL $2

SPECIALS INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH NON-SLIP TEFLON COATED UNIBLES $1

MINI SKIRTS JUST

...WHILE DAVE CARRIED OUT A FEW LIGHTNING STRIKES IN MENSWEAR. YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THOSE OLD NEWCASTLE BODGIES SQUEAL WHEN HE GOT AWAY WITH THE LAST OF THE LUMINOUS SOCKS!

SORRY SOLD OUT

WITH ONLY 15 MINUTES TILL CLOSING, DAVE FOUND HIMSELF CONTEMPLATING A PINCER MOVEMENT IN FOOTWEAR... ON SOMEONE WHO WAS BENDING OVER BACKWARDS TO HELP HIM.

WHAT A COINCIDENCE, I TAKE A 7½ AS WELL

POINTY TOE SHOES

WHILE EILEEN WAS ENJOYING A BIT OF 5TH COLUMN UNDERCOVER ACTIVITY IN THE FOOD HALL ... BEFORE RE-GROUPING AT THE CHECK-OUT...

IT'S KIND OF YOU TO OFFER, MARIO, BUT I'M NOT INTO SMALLGOODS... HOWEVER A NOB OF SAUSAGE AND A FEW BANGERS SOUND INTERESTING

...AND HEADING FOR THE GETAWAY CAR!

WITH DAVE RIDING "SHOTGUN", THEY ROARED OFF INTO THE NIGHT WITH THEIR BOOTY. BACK TO THE TWILIGHT ZONES WHERE LIFE & DEATH HAVE REACHED A HAPPY COMPROMISE. BACK TO A BEX, A CUP OF TEA AND A GOOD LIE DOWN... WAITING FOR THE DAY THEY CAN DROP THIS HEAVY EARTHLY BUNDLE AND HEAD ON OUT FOR THAT GREAT BIG FIBRO COTTAGE IN THE SKY

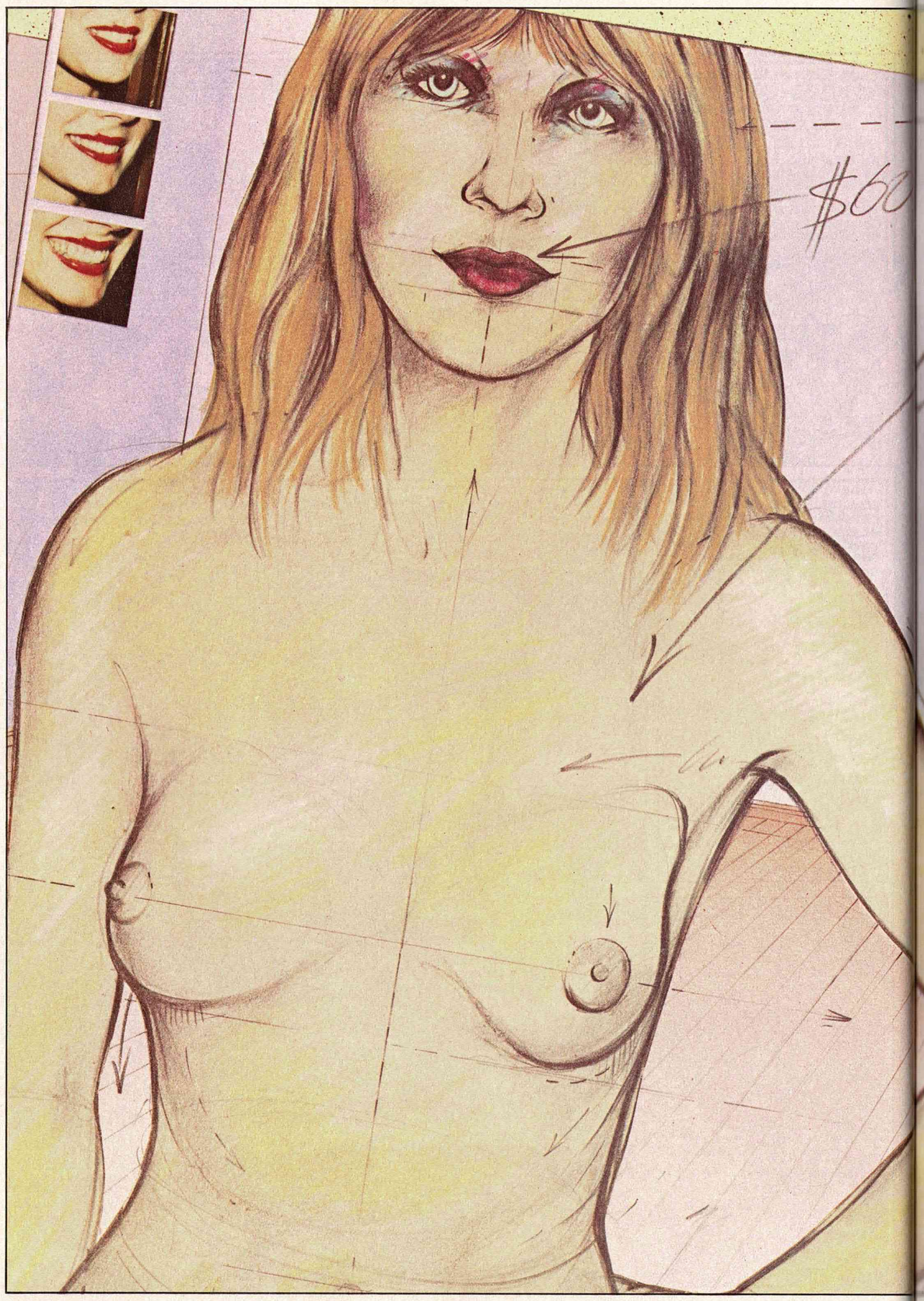
YAHOO!

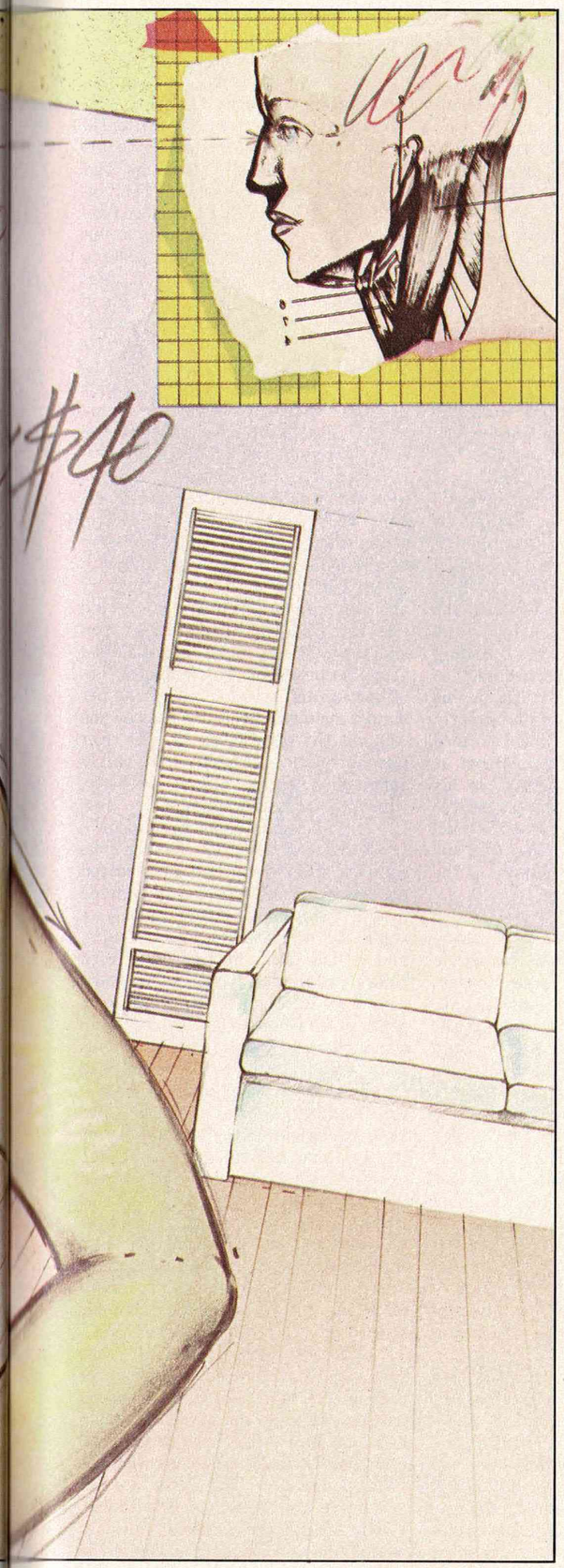
SLOW DOWN NORMA, I'M SPILLING ME GROG!

NOT SO LOUDLY MUM!

CAN ART SAVE NEWCASTLE? OR JUST COUNTER-CULTURAL BIRDS WITH BIG TITS

NEXT MONTH IN... "THE PARIS END OF HUNTER ST."





THE GIRLS OF EAST MELBOURNE

he felt a small tingling of hope. Was it faintly possible that she was a prostitute who had never opened herself up to clients but always stayed on her feet, in control?

fiction

By BRUCE GRANT

Illustration by Bill Burrows

THE young ladies who at all times of the day pulled their cars into the kerb near the big house in East Melbourne had much in common: their cars were painted brightly in yellows, oranges and greens and not in the discreet tonings favored by the local residents. The cars were small and new, and the young ladies handled them as they handled their apparel, stepping in and out with quick movements, swinging the cars out from the kerb and on to the street without the loving care with which vehicles are normally treated by more thoughtful or prudent drivers. The young ladies' faces also had something in common: it was a look of self-confidence that did not quite conceal an impression that the ladies believed they were being pursued. Their faces reflected a mixture of defiance and disdain, but their energy and style were uniformly decisive. They swished their way through the big cast iron gate leading to the surgery at the side of the house and swished their way out again, usually only five or 10 minutes after they had entered.

That was something else they had in common: they

did not stay long. The doctor's other patients usually stayed for at least half an hour and it was often obvious, from the way they made their way carefully to the surgery, that they required medical attention. But the young ladies rushed in and out as briskly as any lunch-time shoppers, bearing no apparent weight of pain or worry. Indeed, they were pictures of good health.

So what were all these alert young ladies doing at the doctor's? They were ladies whose work involved intimate relationships of such a fleeting kind that their health was deemed to be in perpetual jeopardy. In short, they came from massage parlors and escort services and those fleeting visits to the doctor were their official weekly check-ups.

All this was evident to a young man who almost daily observed the procession morosely from a parked car. He was unemployed but well educated; he had only a few dollars in his pocket and the car was not his. In other words he was in a very sour frame of mind.

His inability to find work and money had drastically impaired his ability to keep a girl and his mind had lately concentrated on a single sexual image — that of a beautiful girl who existed on a plane somehow different from his own, almost as if she were only on TV, though she haunted him day and night. She walked, smiled, ran and beckoned. She obviously was available in some way to others (though he never saw them) but not to him. Having come upon the scene at the doctor's by chance, he had become obsessed with the young ladies.

Knowledge of the doctor's unusual clientele had spread throughout the neighborhood and the street outside had now become a popular place for dawdling and gawking. People made a point of calling on the doctor's neighbors or of strolling down his street to the licensed grocer. Men sat for long periods in their cars, moving them only the regulatory few metres from time to time, annoying the parking attendants.

The young ladies seemed oblivious of their audience. They swung in and out of the doctor's gate without a glance. None of them ever stopped to look at the sky or to notice how the light in winter slanted through plane and elm trees but not through claret ash trees.

One day, a busload of Japanese tourists from the Hilton drew up outside the doctor's front gate. As they alighted, each held in one hand a brochure about historic houses and in the other (or slung over a shoulder) a camera. They formed a group in front of the house for photographs and, as each member of the group wished to take a photograph with all the others in it, the process took a considerable time, during which two young ladies went in and came out and another went in. All neatly side-stepped the Japanese tourists, who took great pains not to appear to notice the young ladies.

What tantalised the morose young man in the car was how real and normal the young ladies were, here in a real street in daylight. Yet at the same moment, their self-assurance separated them from the onlookers. They made no attempts to solicit custom, but instead simply ignored everybody, whether they were the Japanese tourists or the watchers in the cars. Was it a legal matter? Did they feel somehow on their best behavior in a select neighborhood? Were they protecting the doctor? Or was it something else — something which would somehow help to explain the lightness in their step?

As he watched from his car, the morose young man began to believe the most important reason for finding work was not, as he had thought, to justify himself in the eyes of his parents and friends — particularly girl friends — but to be able to afford one of these young ladies. Almost at the moment this idea formed in his mind, another formed alongside it. It was a moral idea, which overwhelmed him with its power. It was that his own life was linked with those of the young ladies by injustice.

It was wrong that he was unable to find work and it was wrong that they should have to sell their bodies to anybody who had the money to pay. Work was one's membership into society. One's body was full of the mysteries that made life worth living. Each of them was being ground down by the system.

He decided to follow one girl who looked as if she might well have been pursuing a middle-ranking career in journalism or publishing. She wore modified Annie Hall regalia in a manner that moved him, her brown hair blending with her autumnal jacket and trousers, her white shirt open at the neck setting off a face of high color. The warm effect gave the impression of inviting him as both companion and lover.

After a short drive (precisely where he could not be sure because his attention was concentrated on keeping her weaving little car in view), she stopped at a house which was unremarkable except that its street number was painted in outsize figures on a brick wall. She had hardly disappeared through a black doorway when a man approached and rang the bell. The door opened and he went inside.

As the young man's indignation rose, cold sweat broke out on his forehead and his body trembled. The man was a hulking, slovenly brute. He imagined her fragile response to his great heavings and breathings and felt so sick that he rested his head on the back of the car seat and closed his eyes. When he opened them a few seconds later, the brute was walking away along the footpath. It was impossible to imagine he had found the young lady unsatisfactory. Perhaps the price was too high? He studied the man, who looked as if he might easily spend lavishly on his pleasure and who was now walking quickly. Perhaps he was going to the bank. The young man decided to act.

When she answered the door, it took him a moment to recognise her. She wore a see-through negligee, which was in any case open, exposing a surprisingly ample bosom and tiny briefs. Her legs were slightly angular and her bare feet slightly on the big side. Her face, which had seemed open and sunny in the street, had changed shape because of the widening effects of lipstick and eye shadow, giving her almost a clown's head. He noticed she was not the same color all over. Her face and neck and hands were ruddy compared with the rest of her body, which was a blotchy white.

"Hi," she said. "Want to come in?"

He entered without thinking. The small reception room was over-heated and erotic music was being pumped into it vigorously. On a table were some well-thumbed sex magazines, and a fish tank, lit internally with colors, caught his eye. It was a room at cross-purposes because, though an attempt had been made to create an atmosphere of relaxation, this was quite obviously (since they remained standing) not to be enjoyed for long.

"Been here before?" Her tone was sharply cheerful in the warm room, as if she had difficulty making the question sound genuine. He wanted his answer to imply that, while he was well-accustomed to the services of massage parlors, he had only just found his way to this establishment, whose wares he was in the process of assessing shrewdly. But a catch in his voice produced a mere mumble. "No."

"We have three services," the young lady announced. "Topless for $15, bikini brief $20 and a special fantasy massage for $25 which lasts half an hour. The others are 20 minutes. Extras you discuss with the girls personally. The girls are all attractive and friendly." She smiled.

His heart leapt. Could it possibly be that she was *not* a girl at all but the

"Tut, Tut, Tutsie, goodbye . . .!"

hostess? Why, then, did she visit the doctor's surgery?

"I saw you going into that doctor's place in East Melbourne."

Her cheerful smile remained as vacant as before, though perhaps it stayed on her face a little longer before she spoke.

"It's a house rule. A check every week." She formed her lips in a wet circle. "You're my first customer since then. Couldn't be any fresher than that, could I!"

What she said offended him so deeply that he had to put out a hand to steady himself against the wall. If she had said "purer" he would have fended with her ironically, but "fresher"! It was appalling cute!

"All ready to go?" he asked as bitterly as he could.

"Yes, I'm free now." The young lady offered herself as if opportunity had knocked on his door.

"And what are your extras?" he asked, grinding on.

"You discuss that with the girl in the room."

"You mean with you?"

"Yes. With me."

Did he detect a tremor in her voice and a slight softening of her eyes as she acknowledged responsibility for what she was about to do?

"Only in the room? Why not now?"

"You pay now for the basic service provided by the management. What you and the girl decide in the room is your own affair."

"They lay down the rules and you just lay down, is that it?" he chortled fiercely. The girl moved around the room, holding her negligee to her body with folded arms.

"I'll be honest with you. If you want sex or oral or stuff like that, I don't do it. The only thing I do is hand relief, that's all."

He suddenly found himself caught by a glimpse of mystery and stood, saying nothing, while the girl observed him calmly.

Then in a high voice, sniggering, he said: "You don't mind getting your hands dirty?"

The girl turned on him. "Listen, buster. The way I do it, it's a job, like hairdressing. Nobody ever lays a hand on me — never!"

They were about the same age. Angry, she reminded him of a girl in his street.

"Just a fee for professional service, is that right?"

"That's right," she replied. "He comes in, lies on the table on his stomach and I give him a nice, soothing massage for 10 minutes. He turns over and I do the same. If he wants a climax, so what? It gives him pleasure and I get paid. But he never gets near me — never. I'm in charge from beginning to end."

"And what is your fee for this splendid service?"

She hesitated. "It's fifteen. And if you're a copper, I'll deny that I said anything at all to you."

A minimum of $15 for 20 minutes!

"You should compare yourself with the medical profession, not with hairdressing," he said.

The girl laughed self-consciously, as if embarrassed by the compliment.

"An hour in your hot little room and you make almost as much as a decent man on the dole makes in a week," he said. "And I suppose you're doing it all for your sick mother."

She seemed surprised. "The dole?"

"Yes," he said. "The bloody dole."

She looked at him carefully, as if for the first time. "You're on the dole are you?"

"Yes, I am." He gave the words all the weight and aggression he could muster. She moved across the room and opened the door.

"Nice to meet you. See you again some time."

As he stood his ground, the indignation which had forced him to confront her subsided and a coldness overtook his body. He looked at her scornful face and slackly provocative body. His hands twitched. He wanted to kill her, to take her neck in his hands and squeeze until her tongue and eyes popped and her wretched body slumped to the floor.

"See you," she said, holding the door open.

But though he wanted to hurt her, he could not. He was burdened by humiliation and despair so he could only stare at her, trying to pierce her with his eyes, trying to wither her with scorn and distaste. But she remained unmoved. When he felt tears pressing against his eyes he lunged past her, stumbling on to the path, and heard the door close.

In the car, the young man sat wondering what to do, how to find a fitting ending. He would not drive away. What he wanted, he realised, was the return of the hulking, slovenly man. He wanted to see her open the door to the brute. He wanted to savor whatever indignities the brute might impose on her. All that talk about being in control. She wouldn't be on her feet for long if the brute decided not to be satisfied with hand relief.

But nobody came to the house. The late afternoon settled on the street, blurring its outline. A red light came on over the front door.

Then the door opened and she came out, walking quickly down the path, into the street and towards her car. She noticed him as she reached her car and she hurriedly opened the door. The car shot off, gathering speed. He made no attempt to follow but simply closed his eyes in anguish. He had lost everything.

Except one small hope, tingling still in his body, so that as he sat quietly, his eyes still closed, it flickered and gently warmed his mind. Did she speak the truth? Was it possible — just faintly possible — that no client had ever touched her? Was there some difference between a prostitute who had to open herself up to a man and this girl who remained on her feet, in control? Was this the secret of their style, the young ladies who tripped in and out of the East Melbourne doctor's house like professional young women?

Her car drew up opposite his, on the other side of the street. She put her head out of the window.

"You lost?"

He refused to answer. She opened her car door and came across to him, grinning, her hands in her pockets.

"I'm heading for town. Follow me, you'll get out of this rabbit warren."

"Business slack?" He was embarrassed that she'd found him outside.

"I decided to make the five o'clock session." She spun on her heels, hands still in pockets, shoulders hunched. "That all right with you?"

Then she walked back to the car. The sarcasm had faded as she called out to him: "Want to come?"

His mind leapt but the old bitterness stayed on the end of his tongue. "How much?"

"I'm shouting," she said. "Just the film — no funny business."

It seemed to him that some cruel fate was now bringing them together on terms which he barely understood and did not like.

"Only if I can keep arguing," he called across the road.

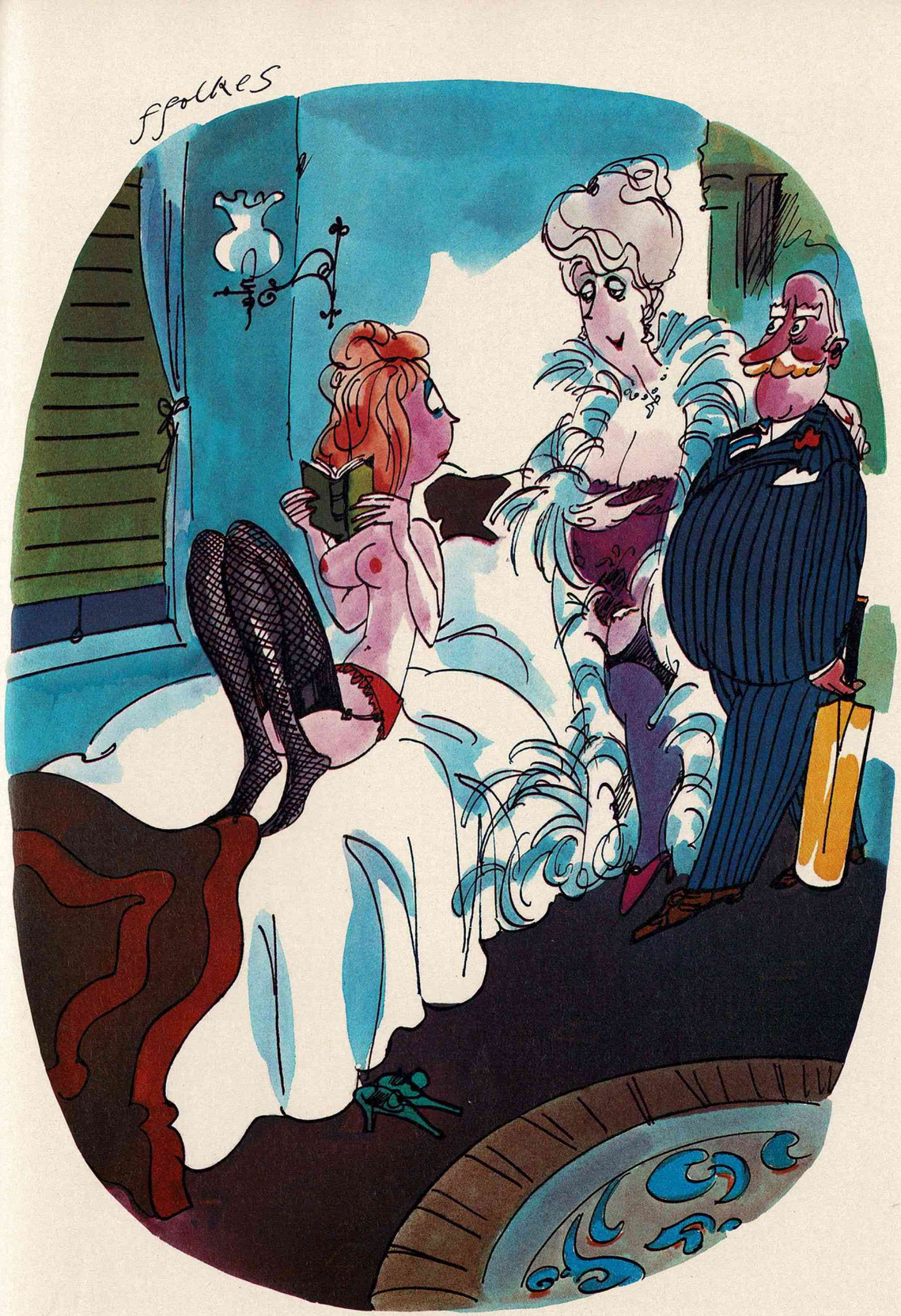
"Why do you think I asked you?" the young lady shouted back.

He stared at her. Her tousled hair hung over her eyes, giving her nose and her mouth an impish point. The jacket fitted her shoulders well, and the baggy pants gave her figure a compact and impenetrable unity. Nothing in her appearance aroused him except this stubborn unity and he felt a smile of relaxation spread slowly over his face.

"Okay."

"Well follow me."

She turned and walked the last few steps to her car, as he had seen her walk from the doctor's house: competent, defiant, restless. And at that moment he thought she must be the most attractive lady in the world.

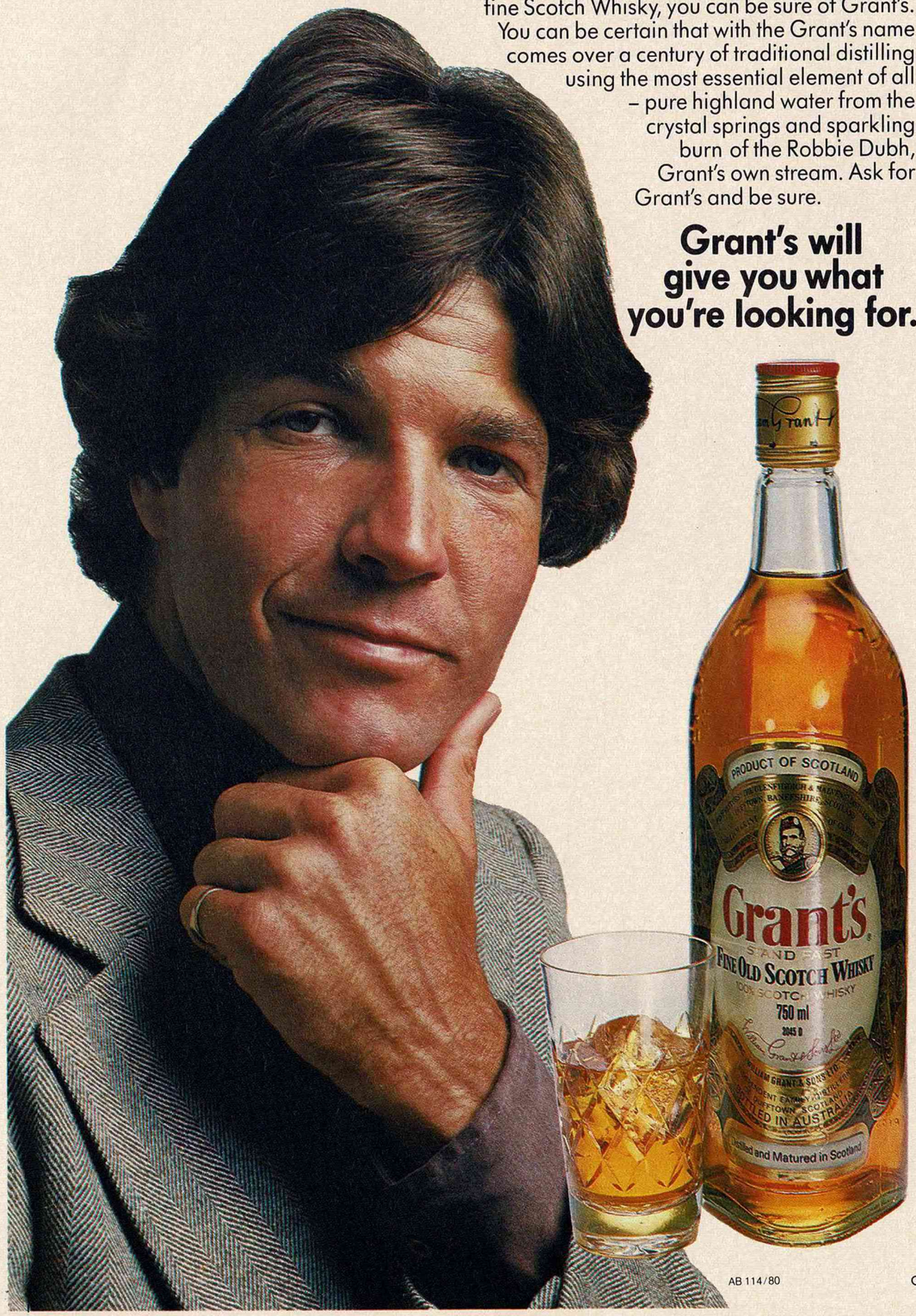


"You'll like Sir Frederick, he's terribly English."

How sure are you of your Scotch?

If you're looking for the smooth, mellow taste of a fine Scotch Whisky, you can be sure of Grant's. You can be certain that with the Grant's name comes over a century of traditional distilling using the most essential element of all – pure highland water from the crystal springs and sparkling burn of the Robbie Dubh, Grant's own stream. Ask for Grant's and be sure.

Grant's will give you what you're looking for.



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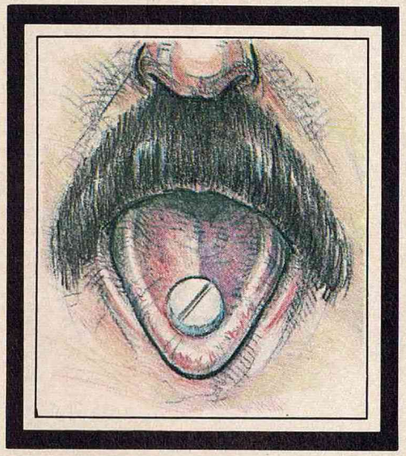
BIRTH CONTROL: SOME OF THE LATEST IDEAS ARE INCONCEIVABLE



Playboy's Pipeline

SINCE TIME began, females have had to bear the brunt of contraception; men being unwilling to put their virility at stake. In the second century AD, for example, the Greek gynaecologist Saranus Ephesus had the women of Rome engaging in the post-intercourse precaution of holding their breath, coughing, jumping and sneezing to expel semen; Cleopatra allegedly used spermicide made of dried and powdered crocodile dung.

So it's little wonder women now are urging men to share or assume the burden of birth control. New contraceptives for men are being developed at a time when the Pill and IUDs are coming under fire. Even sterilisation is much simpler for men than it is for women.

To date, men have had only two birth control options — condoms or vasectomy. Condoms have been around since the 16th century when physician Gabriel Fallopius designed a medicated linen sheath for the tip of the penis to prevent venereal infection. They were soon being used as contraceptives. Early models of animal gut (hemmed at one end) or fish membrane were so inefficient that the Marquis de Sevigne once referred to them sarcastically as "armor against love, gossamer against infection". In the 1840s, vulcanised rubber took over and then, in the 1930s, latex condoms were introduced on to world markets.

Vasectomy certainly seemed more promising. It's a simple operation in which the vas deferens (the tube that carries the sperm from the testes to the penis) is severed. The testes continue to create sperm, which subsequently are absorbed by the body, occasionally causing medical problems. The operation takes a urologist about half an hour, using a local anaesthetic. In spite of the fact that modern techniques usually allow it to be reversed, vasectomy has not caught on in a big way.

Now another answer has arrived on the horizon — the male Pill, which should be available in Australia soon. The Pill is easy to swallow and conveniently priced. An experimental Pill produced in Britain a few years ago did a great job of stalling potency in men but introduced an embarrassing side effect: it turned the user's face red. Scientists have since discovered a chemical used in the manufacture of dynamite which has all the qualities required and keeps your face the usual color. (Interestingly, gunpowder was once used as a contraceptive.)

The chemical in the new male Pill reacts with stored sperm, making them incapable of fertilising the female eggs, although it does not inhibit sperm production or reduce the sexual urge in any way. Male rats given the drug daily for up to three months continued to mate in a normal fashion, although they were rendered completely sterile.

Science certainly is working overtime dreaming up new male contraceptives but some of the ideas are more weird than wonderful. One such invention is the Phaser, a product of the fertile imagination of microcomponent engineer Louis Bucalo. It's a kind of miniature tap which can be inserted in the vas deferens in the "off" position. If you want the sperm to flow once more, another minor operation can turn the valve to the "on" position.

Another method to stun the imagination is an ultrasound machine which, so its inventor claims, will cause temporary sterility. A doctor at the University of Missouri devised the machine, which creates a mechanical vibration transmitted by pressure waves so weak that sterilisation levels are only 100th the approved human tolerances. The unit connects to a special chair with a cup designed to cradle your most valuable possessions. The cup is filled with water which acts as a sound conducting medium (without the water the ultrasonic vibrations would reflect off the skin instead of passing through it). The inventor considers contraception would involve spending 15 minutes in the chair every three to four months.

Whatever contraceptive methods are adopted, the greatest obstacle is the emotional/psychological factor in males, according to Dr Dolores J. Patanelli. She told a symposium in Canada that great strides had been made in research into the male reproductive system and future male contraception probably would involve interference with the intricate process of sperm production.

It could be that all our new theories on contraception will be invalidated when we get more news from China on what promises to be the most exciting birth control discovery ever (or so Western doctors are hoping). The Chinese have developed a contraceptive called gossypol from a plant and, although it is still very experimental, evidence suggests it may be of tremendous value.

Said one Sydney doctor: "So far, it has not been released to the West but there are likely to be some trials in the near future. As far as we know, it is an effective contraceptive which is reversible and there are no apparent side-effects."

With China's population approaching one billion, it seems appropriate they be the first to come up with the perfect solution. Until then, we'll have to put up with condoms or vasectomy. But, please, not the ultrasonic chair or the vas deferens tap.

— GRAEME ORR

When is a
Henri Wintermans half
better than a whole?

Gentlemen in fine shape agree that a half corona is a fine shape for a cigar. Because a half corona's ample but not overlarge size gives a smoke of unparalleled flavour and coolness.

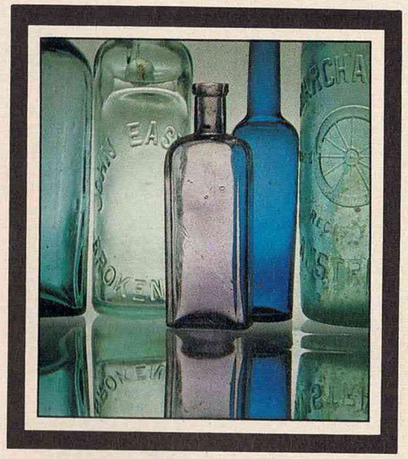
Note the generous cut at the end of a Henri Wintermans Half Corona. Don't fall for a little vee – it won't smoke as well. Note also the outer wrapper of quality Sumatran leaf. Superb.

Fine shape.
Fine company.

HENRI WINTERMANS
HALF CORONA
5 CIGARS · MADE IN HOLLAND

HENRI WINTERMANS.
HALF CORONAS. The nicest cigars in the world.

THE PLEASURES OF COLLECTING ANCIENT EMPTIES



THE CANDLES are flickering low, the glasses empty, the coffee drained. She looks at you dreamily and asks: "What are your hobbies?" It's been a great night, the show was superb, the dinner divine. Should you tell her the truth? Yes, you'll dare it.

"Bottle collecting." There, you have said it. And the lady didn't even laugh. If anything, there was a flicker of interest in her sultry eyes. It may not have been the answer she expected, but it has sparked something.

And why not? Bottle collecting is one of Australia's fastest growing hobbies. Aesthetically and financially rewarding, it's a pastime which combines the thrill of treasure-hunting with the pleasure of building up a fine collection of antiques with minimal outlay. Old bottles are beautiful, coming in innumerable shades of color, all turned out by hand by craftsmen of yesteryear.

So vast was the number of products the containers held in those days before plastic that most collectors concentrate on only one field. Because, during the 1800s, most food, beverage or medicinal products were packaged in glass jars and bottles, it stands to reason that they were discarded by the millions. And what you find could be worth from $2 to $200, depending on the scarcity of the particular bottle.

Old bottles are to be found all over the country, wherever there are dumps, hotel or homestead sites, rivers or long-abandoned mining towns. These last are likely to reveal a real bonanza because of the miners' penchant for consuming seemingly endless gallons of rum, Walker's whisky, Harvey's Essence, and, that old standby, Percy Davies Pain Killer.

Former pockets of civilisation, now abandoned, dot the countryside, their original dumps forgotten, just waiting to be rediscovered. Local councils often can help you to pinpoint old garbage tips or quarries where tipping may have taken place. Newspapers from the late 19th century also yield valuable clues in their detailed reports of council debates or in their letters columns which then, as now, printed complaints of unauthorised garbage disposal. You can study old mining maps; sometimes a check with a tourist office or mining warden can be helpful. Local old-timers are another valuable source of information, as some mines are well nigh impossible to find, and will require clear directions or guidance, as well as considerable bush skill.

The key to successful bottle hunting is research, and the best place to start is close to home. Apart from ease in reaching your digging spot, it means less distance to carry your find. Collecting bottles is hard, backbreaking work and a fossicker has to be extremely careful that any bottles he finds are not damaged by a hefty swing from his pick or spade. Because of their long exposure to the elements, many of the bottles will be extremely brittle, and a slight tap could shatter a prized find. A garden fork is probably the most effective means of exposing any buried glass, and it lessens the risk of damage.

If you plan to work on an old dump formed from a pit or depression, it is a good idea first to poke around the ground and define the limits of your find. When the rod hits glass, there will be an unmistakably hollow note. You should never start a dig on the evidence of a single probe and should continue to poke away until you reach the perimeter of the dump. If you start digging in the middle, discarded soil will only cover deeper any finds nearby.

In the past century, the demand for clear glass reached its peak. To produce this clear effect, manufacturers added large quantities of manganese to the glass and, upon exposure to sunlight, these bottles have turned a beautiful amethyst shade. The greater the amount of additive, the greater the change and the richer the color.

Other sought-after colors are blue, green or black. When the demand for packaging in glass increased in the 1800s, several problems arose. For example, it was found that light action on alcoholic drinks often produced unsightly sediment, so glassmakers added iron oxide to the sand and produced dark green bottles.

One of the bottles which few collectors will spurn is a glass marble mineral water container. Such a bottle, if unbroken, is worth from $15 to $100, but they are rare, as the children of the day used to smash them to get at the glass marble stopper they contained. The stopper was invented by a Hiram Codd in 1875, and the expression "Codd's wallop" originated from the contempt beer drinkers held for soft drinks bottled by his invention.

Pickle jars appear in a wide variety of shapes. Only poor quality glass was used in their manufacture and they are usually full of bubbles, or tears, which enhance their decorative value. Other frequent finds are beer bottles, ink bottles, whisky containers, perfume holders, tobacco jars — plus flasks, Chinese snuff jars, stone ginger jars, pottery jugs. The list goes on.

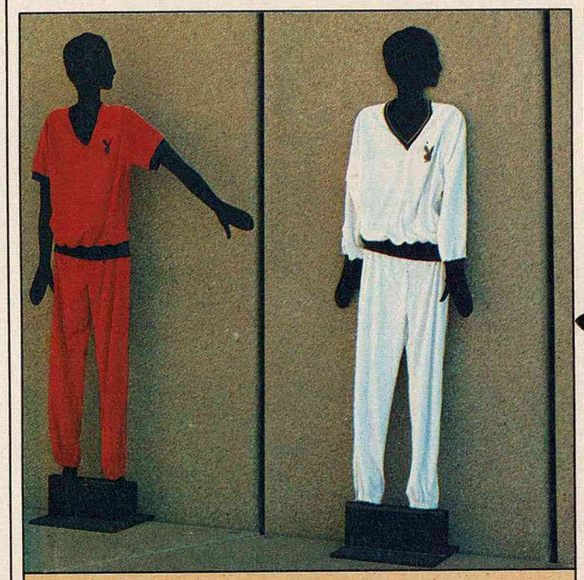
But no matter what you turn up, after it is cleaned and polished you will have a worthwhile addition to your home's decor.

— JOHN COCKERILL

Playboy's Pipeline

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

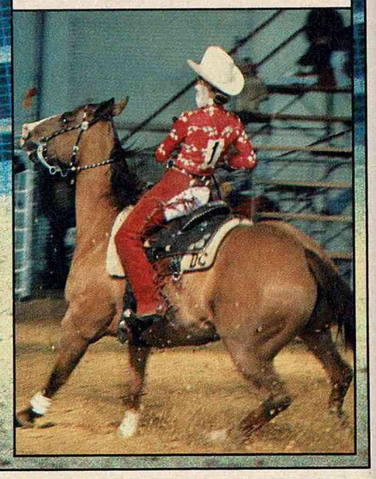
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



RUNAWAY FAVORITE
Stay warm as toast on your early morning jogs this winter in terry towelling Playboy Active Sportswear. Available from leading menswear stores for $34 to $40.

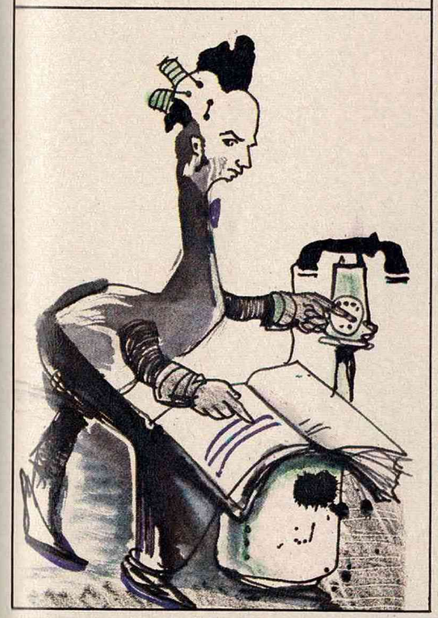
PIECE OF CAKE
Forget today is her birthday? In Melbourne, by ringing 211 3982, you can have a decorated cake delivered by a lovely lady to a lovely lady, anywhere in the city for $26.

QUARTERLY REPORT
About $2 million in horseflesh will be brought together in this year's Australian Quarter Horse Championship Meet, to be held at the Melbourne Showground on July 2-6. Top prize money of $40,000 will go to the horse exhibiting the greatest ability and "cow sense". Star of the show will be Mr Wallcutter, judged best cutting horse the past two years and valued at $100,000.



SAND TREK
If you can't get away to Thredbo this winter, try Bondi — all you need is a pair of cross country skis, boots and stocks. The only hard fast rule of sand skiing is that your skis must be proportional to your body height. Although it's a relatively new sport, sand skiing has grabbed international attention, and world championships are to be held in California later this year.

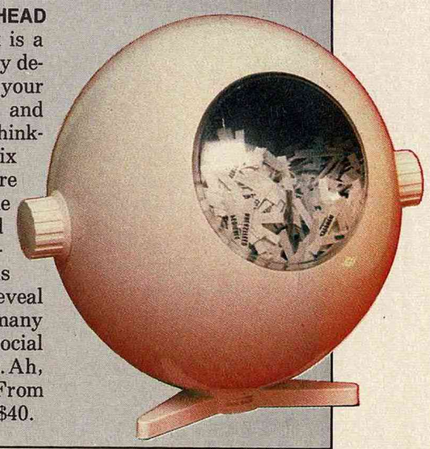
DIAL-A-GOOD-DEAL
For $89 a year, the Australian Buying Service will find its members the best price on anything — from aardvark to zwieback.



THE GARAGE DOOR ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS
The Renlita Manufacturing Co (Nunawading, Victoria) has developed a solar powered unit that will automatically open and close garage doors.

NO SWEAT
If getting a good tan seems like hard work, relax — tan at home on a Sul Tan Couch. It also doubles as a piece of pine furniture. Cost? About $1300.

PORTABLE EGGHEAD
The Think Tank is a new executive toy designed to stir your creative juices and help the lateral thinking process. Six random words are selected from the 13,000 provided which, when arranged in various combinations, reveal the solution to many of the world's social and economic ills. Ah, and it's fun too. From Myer stores, for $40.



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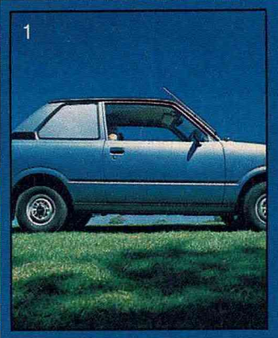
ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

A CIGAR IS A CIGAR ...AHHH

Photography by Peter McLean

The best hand-rolled Cuban cigar costs about $2.50 — and there's a right way and a wrong way to handle such a big smoke. First, if you've got any class, you'll take off the band (it was only introduced so gentlemen wouldn't soil their white gloves), then cut the cigar at the end. To light, use a match, gas lighter or cedarwood taper, slowly rotating the cigar to burn the whole area. The stronger the draw, the hotter the smoke, so puff moderately, letting about two centimetres of ash accumulate for a delicious cooling draught. Ahhh . .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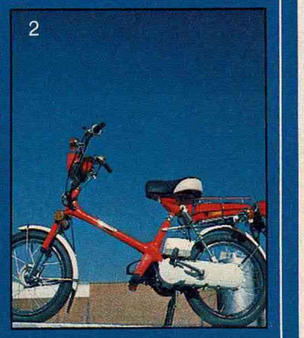
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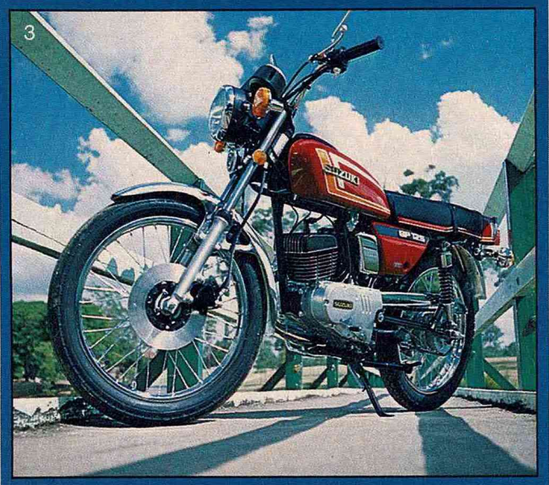
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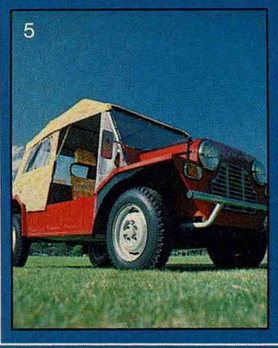
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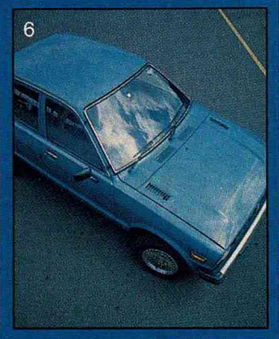
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STRETCHING PETROL

Let's face it — the petrol price spiral seems never ending. Time for you to get out of your fuel guzzler and try one of the latest petrol misers . . .

1. Suzuki Hatch ($4000), a three-cylinder light commercial can notch 100 kilometres on just 4.4 litres of petrol. (64mpg). Available from Suzuki distributors.

2. The Honda Express ($425) is a nifty 49cc two-stroke that will give you up to 1.4 litres/100km (200mpg). From Honda distributors.

3. The Suzuki GP 125 ($750) is a 123cc two stroke single cylinder with five gears giving you better than 2.8 litres/100km (100mpg). Sold at Suzuki motorcycle agents.

4. The Yamaha Passola (FOREGROUND), a 49cc two-stroke with automatic transmission, sells for $579. It will give you economy of about 1.4/litres/100km (200mpg). Sold at Yamaha outlets. BACKGROUND: this Vinkell moped ($349) gives 1.4 litres/100km and requires no licence or registration. At the flick of a lever it becomes a pushbike. Sold at selected motorcycle shops.

5. The Moke ($4200) carries two passengers, has plenty of room for luggage and a detachable vinyl roof. The 998cc motor consumes around 9.4 litres/100km (30mpg).

6. The 993 Daihatsu Charade ($5600) is a three-cylinder, four-door sedan. Consumption is 5.36 litres/100km (53mpg). At Daihatsu dealers.

BELOW: The Yamaha QT-50 ($500). This two-stroke has automatic transmission and will give you 100km on 1.4 litres of petrol (200mpg). From Yamaha outlets.

Note: All prices quoted here are subject to fluctuation.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUIS MARTIN

THE GENTLE WITHDRAWAL

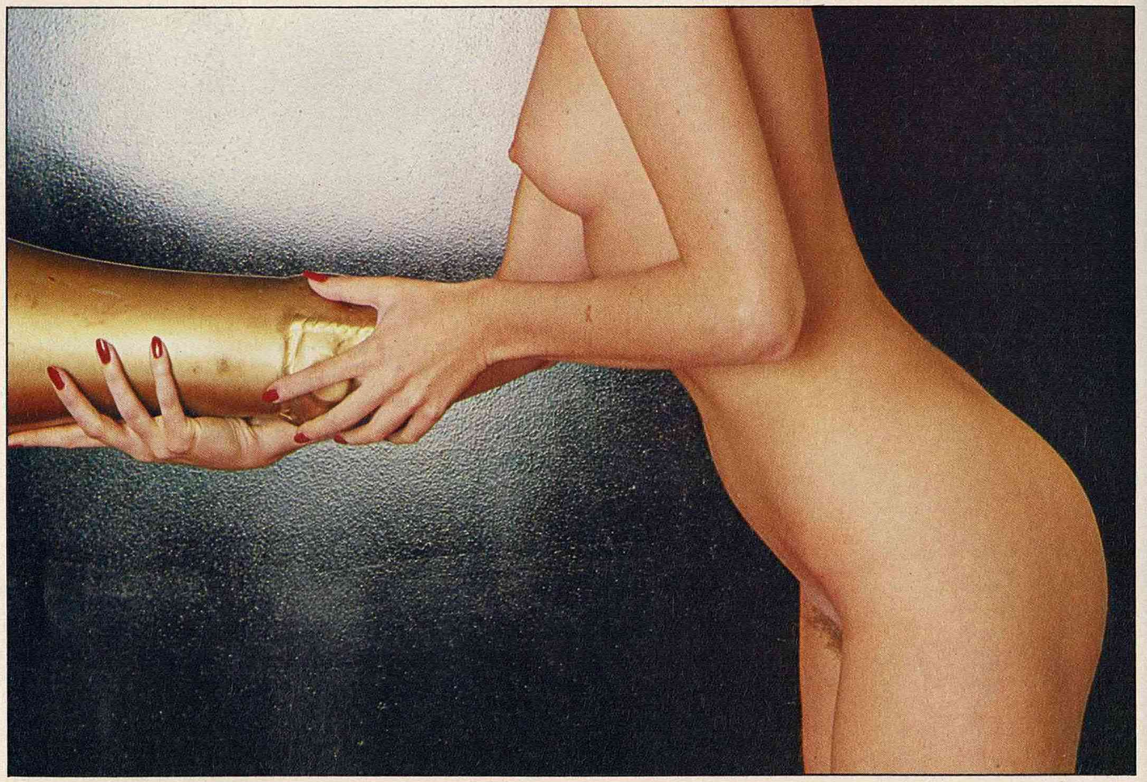
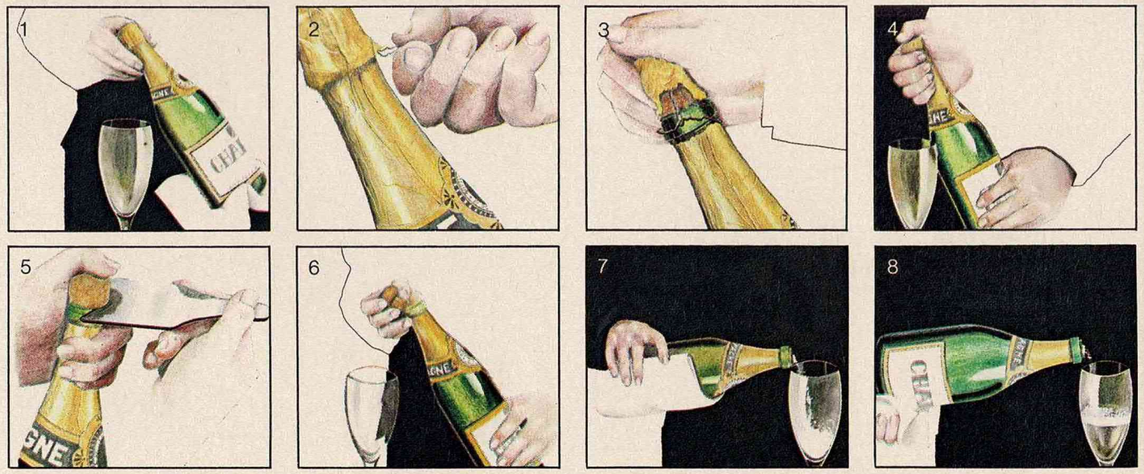


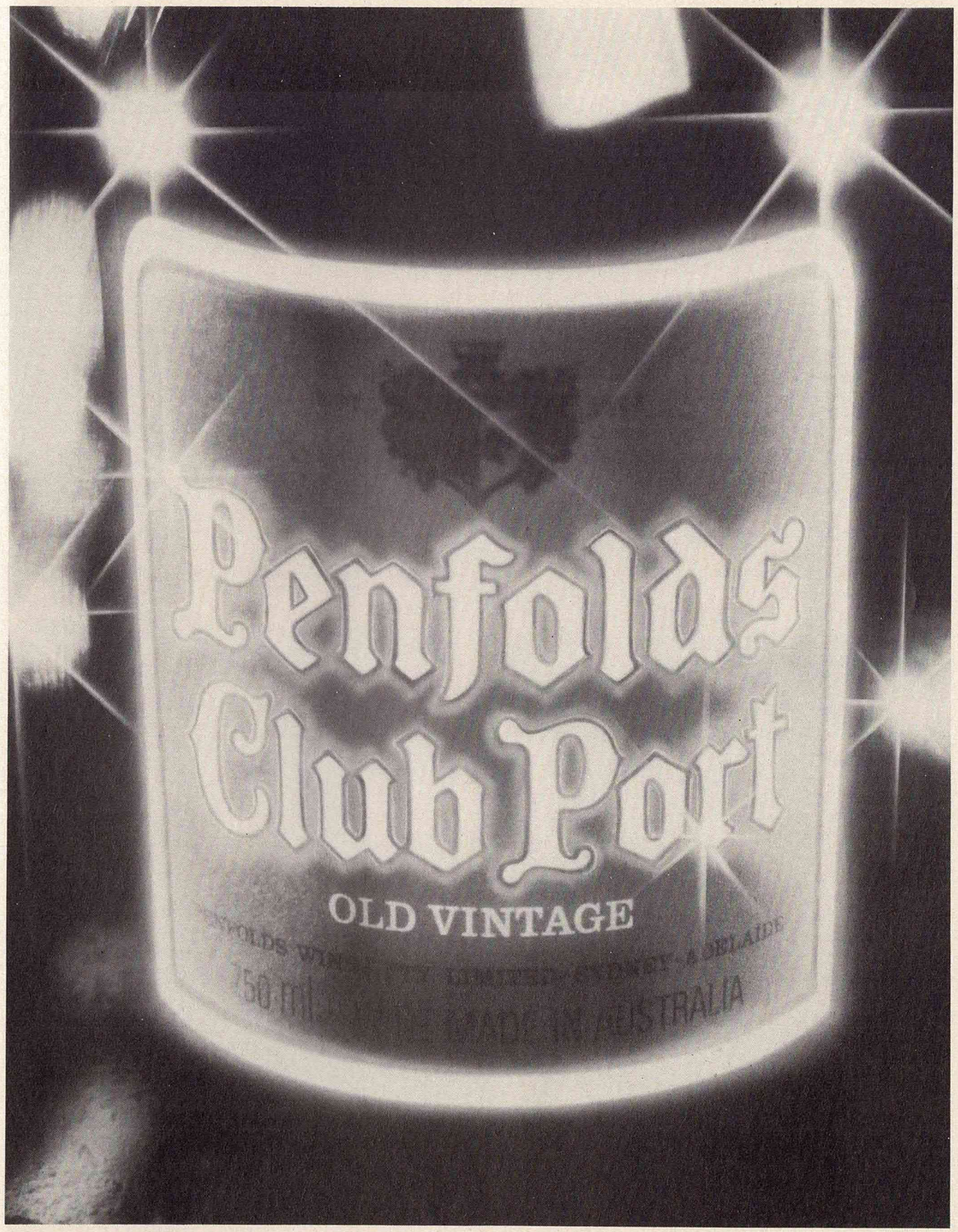
PHOTO BY PETER McLEAN



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DONNA CROSS

Any butler worth his cummerbund will tell you there is a right and a wrong way to serve a bottle of bubbly. So the next time you're entertaining your favorite lady *a deux*, you might like to be aware of the sophisticated — and correct — way of decanting a bottle of champers. Because fine French champagne takes years to reach maturity, it is a matter of respect (for the wine and for your dinner guest) that the opening ceremony be followed to the letter. A few rules of thumb to keep in mind: champagne should be served chilled — never ice cold; it must never be stirred or shaken; and it should always be served in crystal-clean tulip-shaped glasses. On the right, we offer you a step-by-step guide to the proper way to *not* pop your cork or shake your bubbly.

Opening and serving champagne, according to the French Wine Butlers' Association: (1) Remove the bottle from the ice bucket and wipe it with a clean linen cloth; (2) Tip the bottle, and free the ring holding the muzzle wires; (3) Remove the muzzle and its dressing; (4) Grasp the bottle firmly in one hand, hold the cork in the other with the thumb placed on top of the cork and the remaining fingers around the neck of the bottle, and turn the bottle to remove the cork silently — popping the cork lowers the status of the establishment; (5) If the cork is difficult to remove, use a pair of pincers or a special lever; (6) Wipe the neck of the bottle with a clean napkin or with the flat part of the cork; (7) Pour a little wine into the glass of your guest first; and (8) fill remaining glasses no more than two-thirds full, allowing for the volume of froth.



The Night Club.

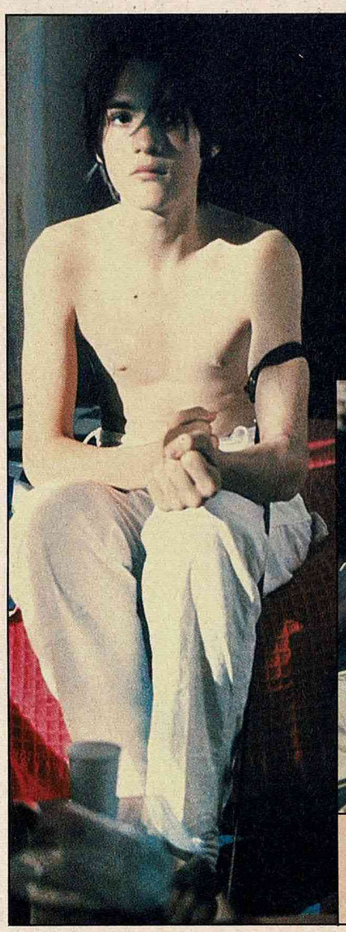
SSB/PF/159

MOVIES

and more in the way of light-hearted entertainment—incest and cardiac arrest

The overseas reviews of Bernardo Bertolucci's **La Luna**, especially the American ones, had prepared me for something equally pretentious and confused; and as one who disliked *Last Tango in Paris* intensely, and found *The Conformist* less than convincing, I was ready to believe the worst. But *La Luna* is a surprisingly sensitive and moving work, visually the most ravishing movie that Bertolucci has given us. One can forget the accusation that the director is still indulging his taste for gratuitous obscenity and shock-tactics. The few much-talked-about scenes of incest are brief, understated and quite integral to the film's story of compassion and of sacrifice. We are given a glimpse of the world of a high-powered and wealthy stage celebrity. The great advantage of using fabulously rich people in films is that directors can do what they like with them: send them across the world, put them down in bizarre settings, adorn them in expensive clothes and surround them with luxurious apartments without anyone having to worry where the money is coming from or how they earn their living.

Actually, in *La Luna,* Bertolucci is at pains to show us something of the real-life grind of an operatic superstar (Jill Clayburgh), and there's one appealing sequence when the camera prowls through a big Italian opera house, idling on the mechanics of rigging and scenery. At the start, Jill Clayburgh's husband (Fred Gwynne) dies suddenly at their New York apartment on the eve of a tour; the singer and her teenage son, Joe (Matthew Barry), travel to Italy. The boy is a junkie and seriously disturbed. He grieves for his father but senses the presence of some unexplained mystery in his life having to do with his parents. The singer's relationship with her son, her efforts to understand and console him, are the heart of the film. The mystery, none too obscure for those who follow such things, is resolved toward the end; and there's a weird, liberating, cathartic climax during an operatic production staged in a vast Italian amphitheatre.



Above, Jill Clayburgh tries to offer a hand to her drug-addicted son, Matthew Barry (above and left).

I found the title puzzling, but titles often are: is the moon a mother symbol? Bertolucci himself has said, recalling his own childhood, "It was on a summer night. I wasn't two yet, and I was sitting in a wicker basket attached to the handlebars of the bicycle she was riding. I looked at my mother's face and, behind, I saw the rising moon." This image is lovingly recaptured in *La Luna,* when the moon looms over the opening shot and the final setpiece; however, for Bertolucci, the film is remarkably free of contrived obscurities. Clayburgh is magnificent as the confused, egocentric and anxious but concerned mother, torn between career and the suffering of her son. Her discovery of his drug addiction carries an appalling conviction, and her defenceless confrontation with the pusher who feeds the boy's habit is one of the film's most intriguing and most complex encounters.

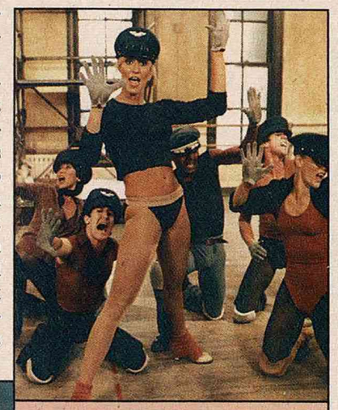
Bertolucci's camera is rarely still, tracking through the Italian countryside, exploring streets and apartments, giving full rein to the director's love of architecture, his fascination with colors, textures, rooms and surfaces. The film's *mise en scène* is as elegant and as stylish as anything I have seen. As the boy, Matthew Barry manages the difficult feat of playing a spoiled and callous brat who nevertheless manages to engage all of our sympathy.

•

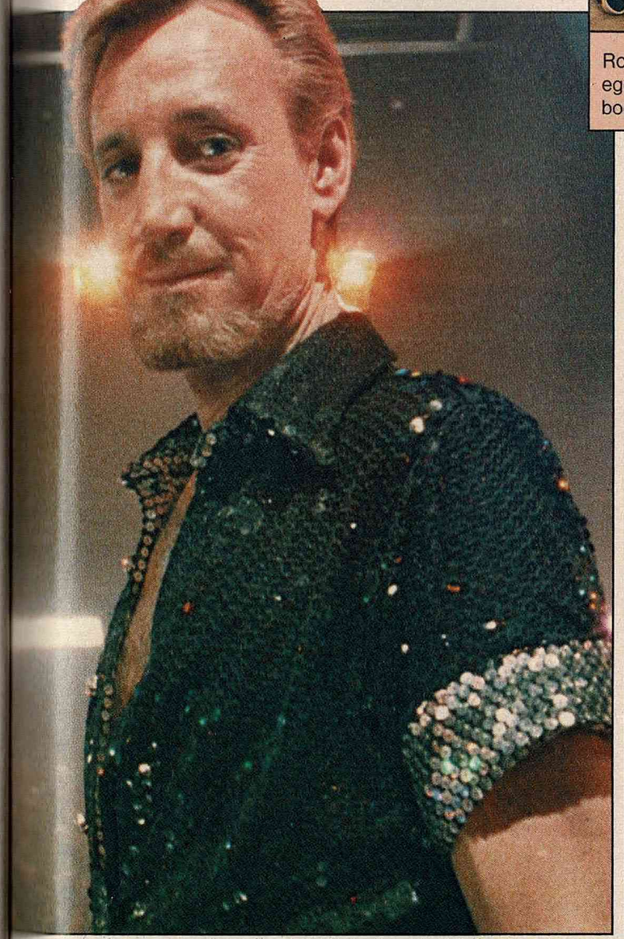
Cecil B. de Mille was a lousy filmmaker, but he knew exactly what the customers wanted. In that respect, he belongs in that same pantheon of American heroes inhabited (for different reasons) by the likes of Henry Ford, William Randolph Hearst and Senator Joe McCarthy. The greatest and most facile of all cinema vulgarians, de Mille built a reputation based on the American fondness for Sunday school and lavish bathtubs. He pilloried and trivialised the Old Testament in much the same way that modern filmmakers, from Pasolini to Monty Python, have played fast and loose with the New: it is arguable that Mr de Mille introduced more people to the Ten Commandments than Moses did himself. But it was not till near the end of his career, a few years before his death in 1959, that he discovered his true milieu in a movie by the name of *The Greatest Show on Earth,* his only genuine masterwork. It was about circus life. Here at last was a fit setting for the brashness and crudity, the shoddy spectacle and tawdry emotion at the heart of de Mille's genius. The film was capped by a head-on smash between a couple of freight trains (one loaded with circus animals) which remains in my book as perhaps the most audacious single spectacle ever filmed.

I recalled de Mille's films while watching **All That Jazz,** a decidedly off-beat musical by Bob Fosse about the life, and more particularly, the death, of a hard-drinking, hard-driving show-biz impresario called Joe Gideon, a character loosely based on Fosse himself. Not that the film is notable for lavish spectacle: the dance numbers, in spite of their sly echoes of Busby Berkeley, are fairly humdrum. But it seemed to me that Fosse had at last discovered his ideal character (himself) and his ideal subject: the shallow, fake, desperate, relentless and lethal world of high-powered entertainment. The film is about the special forms of deceit and corruption bred by the demands of impresarios and the public's appetite for the suffering of their victims. It is clearly the movie that Fosse has wanted to make for years.

Unfortunately, that does not make it a good film. It rates pretty high, in fact, in pretentiousness and self-indulgence and, sadly, it's nowhere nearly as satisfying or hypnotically accomplished as *Cabaret,* the Fosse 1972 masterpiece, one of the great musicals of the past decade. Part of the success of *Cabaret* was due to Liza Minelli, for whom stardom waited just around the corner; even the smoothly adenoidal charms of Michael York added something measurable to the movie's gloss and glamor. It is paradoxical of *All That Jazz* that a movie essentially concerned with the mysteries and obsessions of stardom has no real star. Roy Scheider, whom I still unfairly associate with *Jaws* in much the same way that Sean Connery is forever identified with James Bond, gives a brilliant portrayal of a basically unlikeable and insubstantial character. Weary, cynical, ruthless, resolute, Scheider offers us every nuance and shade of Gideon's character, but we never care what happens to him. The man remains, not just an enigma, but a nonentity. And there is, I venture to suggest, something fundamentally wrong with a movie if the death of its central character fails to move us, especially when the man has all the selfish charm of Errol Flynn, the seedy seductiveness of Humphrey Bogart and the choreographic talents of Fred Astaire. Make no mistake, our Joe is meant to be likeable, positively irresistible in fact; apart from booze, Dexedrine, money, luxury and power, his only weakness is women. In the words of his current girlfriend: "You're so kind and warm and giving and generous, Joe. But I wish you weren't so generous with your cock." It's the kind of generosity that most men would like to aspire to almost all of the time.



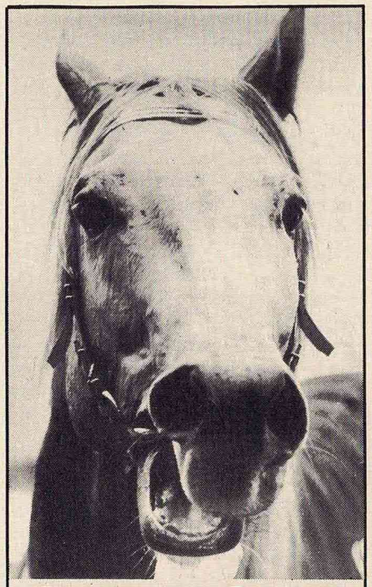
Roy Scheider (left) as the altered ego in Bob Fosse's autobio on booze, babes and heart surgery.



The main trouble is that Gideon, as the poet said, is an unconscionable time a-dying, and if you find coronary disease and open-heart surgery faintly depressing, you would be well advised to stay away and listen to the music on LP. Joe collapses with a heart attack while directing a Broadway show and, for two hours, we are given an extended flashback over his life and career, in which he relives his experiences with his wife and various mistresses while putting together his last and greatest showbiz extravaganza — a musical which turns into a dance number based on his own death.

The film becomes an out-and-out fantasy reminiscent of a kind of dream-cinema popular in the '40s. In the final sequence, the dance routines grind laboriously around a team of surgeons operating on Joe's gaudily exposed innards — a moment that took me back to a British wartime romantic fantasy, *A Matter of Life and Death,* in which Kim Hunter stood frozen in time while doctors worked on David Niven's injured brain.

It's a movie of extraordinary energy, with fine performances and an inventiveness that borders on the grotesque, but somehow it lacks charm. Perhaps, like *Chorus Line* (again, strong reminders), it is too bleak and harsh a reminder of the realities of modern showbiz — with its ruthless financial calculations, its cold dealing in desperation and neurosis and frustrated ambition. Jessica Lange, last seen as the object of King Kong's affections, appears as the back-lit figure of Death herself, swathed in gossamer and drifting in and out of conversations with the hero, receiving him at the end with enigmatic smile and open arms before the last close-up of Joe's body being zipped into a plastic bag. Not the usual stuff of American musicals, you'll agree; there's a point where deliberate frankness and a kind of trendy abrasiveness become merely silly, and *All That Jazz* slips over the line more than once. But one can recommend it cautiously for



STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

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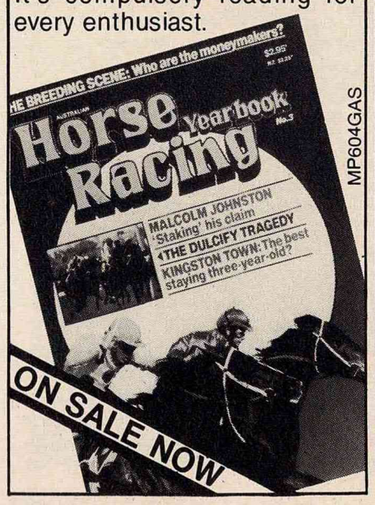

MP604GAS

its insights into backstage misery and the reality behind the lights and the tinsel. In essence, it's all been done before, but what Hollywood story has not.

•

Paul Schrader continues to scratch away at the unsavory underbelly of urban society in **American Gigolo,** a pseudo-moralistic pot-boiler about a male prostitute (the kind bought by wealthy women to enliven humdrum domestic lives). With a director of lesser standing, the movie would probably be called *Lonely Wives* and shown as a second feature at your uptown Eros Sinema. Since he made *Taxi Driver,* Schrader seems to have been shedding his serious sociological pretensions. Last year's ambivalent *Hardcore* at least had the benefit of an actor of George C. Scott's capability; this time it's Richard Gere as Julian, looking like an up-dated Elvis with bodgie haircut. When a customer is nastily killed, Julian finds himself framed on a murder charge. The movie works best as a slick police thriller (nice performance by Hector Elizondo as a hard-boiled lieutenant) with plenty of brisk, knowing detail on all kinds of metropolitan ugliness.

But gigolos are sensitive too, of course. Julian falls hard for a senator's wife (Lauren Hutton) and, taking a serious pride in his work, recounts — with evident professional satisfaction — a three-hour effort to bring a particularly sluggish client to fulfilment. It is possible that these humorous touches are unintentional, but Schrader's script is good enough to earn him the benefit of the doubt.

•

Final warning: join the enormous crowds who are staying away from **The Black Hole,** Walt Disney's umpteen-million dollar space spectacular. There is a fair chance that by the time you read this *The Black Hole,* with its familiar paraphernalia of cute robots, laser guns and rockets, will have disappeared up its own spiral, never to be seen again. I hope so. — EVAN WILLIAMS

•

Gay protesters wanted to keep **Cruising** from being made in the first place, arguing that writer-director William *(The French Connection)* Friedkin — using Gerald Walker's novel as his source — was sure to make the gay lifestyle look grim. Well, all the fuss turned out to be more exciting than the film itself. While I'll defend Friedkin's right to make any kind of film he chooses, I wish I could defend *Cruising* with a little more zeal. Militant gays might have served their own cause better by letting the movie, a story about a series of brutal homosexual murders in New York, sink out of sight unpicketed, unpublicised and unsung. Al Pacino plays the decoy cop dispatched to trap the killers. Although I admire Pacino more than a little, if I were the chief of police, I'd send an irresistible hunk of beefcake out to the fleshpots as bait, not a guy who's short, sullen and 40ish. Pacino sneaks away occasionally to have wham-bam sex with his girlfriend (Karen Allen), but whether it's to reassure himself or the audience that he's still straight you'll have to guess. That's not the only confusion in *Cruising;* the film also leaves you wondering whether or not the cop himself is a killer (no, says Friedkin; yes, decrees the book). *Cruising,* finally, is just a sexploitational slice of life filled with S/M hardware played against a background of music for restless ravers and probably no more damaging to the gay world than *Looking for Mr Goodbar* was to singles bars.

•

Chances are there has to be something to like in a comedy by the man who collaborated with Woody Allen in writing *Sleeper, Annie Hall* and *Manhattan.* The man is Marshall Brickman. The movie is **Simon,** Brickman's first solo effort as a writer-director, and it's the kind of work apt to be damned with faint praise as a good try. The film stars Alan Arkin, with Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton and Judy Graubart as premium second bananas. *Simon* is often funny, occasionally extremely funny. Just as often, however, a strong comic idea is tossed into the hopper and forgotten, so faintly sketched that Brickman is on to the next joke before he has finished this one. The best bits are truly choice: Arkin single-handedly re-creating the evolution of mankind, from embryo to automation (with a musical excerpt from Stanley Kubrick's *2001* to help him along); Kahn drily citing her scientific credentials, capped by the inevitable book, *A Comprehensive History of Oral Sex — Illustrated;* then Pendleton, going all the way in an hilarious love scene with a computer called Doris (which seems to have Louise Lasser's voice).

The plot concerns a diabolical brain trust, the Institute for Advanced Concepts, whose five members decide to perpetrate a hoax by offering the world a certified extra-terrestrial being. To be their patsy, the computer picks Arkin, an associate professor of psychology with delusions of genius. A promising start. But *Simon's* central premise is no sooner said than it is undone by Brickman, who inexplicably loses his sense of comic direction. The targets of his satire, loose ends and trivia, get easy laughs but limit the scope of *Simon.*

Karl Stockhausen, Leo Buring Winemaker.

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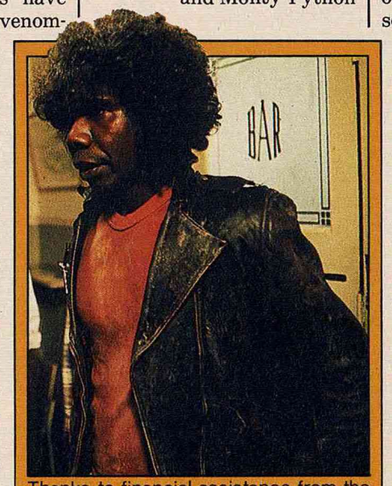
SHOWBIZ

australia's best known aboriginal performer makes the first wave at film direction

THERE'S BEEN a lot of hoo-ha in the local movie industry lately about having to deal with the bureaucrats who run the Australian Film Commission. Various producers and directors have been bitching quite venomously (over their Gauloise cigarettes and glasses of claret) about the difficulty of getting dough.

Far be it from us to intervene in such venal matters, but we should report that the AFC does shell out a big quid, often to people who wouldn't have any chance with commercial backers. For instance, David Gulpilil, the black actor and close mate to Jack Thompson, who has an unnerving habit of disappearing for long stretches in Arnhem Land, has just scored $27,000 to finalise a script for a feature called *Billy West* which he says ambiguously will be filmed "somewhere in Northern Australia."



Thanks to financial assistance from the Australian Film Commission, actor David Gulpilil (above) is putting the finishing touches on the script for his new feature.

Commercially successful producers fare even better. Richard Franklin (director of *Patrick* and co-producer of Brooke Shields' film *Blue Lagoon*) copped $350,000 to begin a feature called *Roadgames*. It will be a co-production with the newly formed, and very active, WA Film Commission, and according to Franklin it's described as a cross between a Hitchcock thriller and *Sweeney Todd*.

•

One of the major advantages of living in Melbourne or Sydney is one can see bizarre acts like Circus Oz do their stuff. So far, the troupe's literally breathtaking reproductions of airborne gazelle antics have only been seen in the two above-mentioned cities, but a national tour is on the cards after they finish a five-month stint in Europe which starts in July. Those who are wondering who or what on earth is Circus Oz need only imagine the Goon Show and Monty Python combined with conventional acts normally performed under the big top. For instance, a highlight of the show is a gentleman walking upside down across the ceiling and playing the drums 30 metres high above the audience. Jon Hawkes, the troupe's resident weightlifter, juggler and accountant, says the 12 university graduates who make up the company spent a couple of years on the road with various tin-pot circuses before developing their act. So that's what the unemployed graduates do these days!

•

Those who like to funk their boogie, boog their funky, fog their goobie, or even flog their flunkey, will be really blown out to hear that the Osmonds are due in July for concerts in Sydney and Melbourne. We had some difficulty discovering just how many make up their group (their Sydney publicist went for anywhere between five and 15, their record company thought seven), but we can report the number is five, plus 46 dancers, musicians, sound people and stage crew. And, of course, Donny, the handsome youth who, along with syrupy sister Marie, will be fronting the band. But I'm afraid we have bad news for physical fitness freaks who enjoy the Osmonds' uproar while squirming about in discotheques. After this tour, the band will break up forever. Perhaps the ubiquitous bubblegum music is finally about to OD on saccharine.

•

Okay gang, you can plug in your new earphones and start playing with the FM mechanism on your clock radio. It gets underway on July 11, and entertainment heavies involved in the proceedings so far include Mike Willesee, John Laws, Graham Kennedy, Rod Muir, Paul Dainty, Ron Tudor and George Chapman, so obviously there's going to be a quid in it. Needless to say, it's unlikely to sound like the FM we're used to (very slow organ preludes and women chattering in Arabic), but what can we expect?

"I guess you could say that, while AM rapes you, we will be screwing you gently," advised Rod Muir, the noted radio whiz-kid who orchestrated 2SM's domination of the Sydney airwaves throughout the '70s. "It will be commercial, but not aggressive, and I can assure you the sound will be incredible."

Hardly a compelling reason to purchase a new FM wireless, but in America the new band has snapped up more than 56 percent of the radio audience in less than 10 years of operation.

According to Muir, surveys have shown that about 52 percent of the Oz population will listen at least once, with a substantial proportion of them becoming devotees. And, perhaps more importantly, advertisers are rushing to buy air time. One wonders if they would be so willing to spend their dough if Messrs Laws, Kennedy and Willesee weren't heavily involved. — ANDREW SAW

PRIME TIME POL

There are those who would argue that there's very little difference between showbiz and politics. After all, both involve belaboring a captive audience.

But Don Dunstan, the still fashionable but retired Premier of SA, is making the transition with much enthusiasm. In July, he begins filing a series for the ABC under the devastatingly original title: *Don Dunstan's Australia.*

According to Don, it will be "a sort of follow-up to my book which traces the steps by which Australia has come of age."

But Don, ever quietly-spoken and self-effacing, was quick to point out that we'll be copping his voice and lots of scenery rather than his face on the tube. "Talking heads are an appalling misuse of the television medium," he said.

And what of his showbiz career following the completion of the series? "Well, I can't say a great deal at the moment, but I'm sure there's an overseas market for worthwhile documentaries about Australia. We haven't reached finalisation to the negotiation stage, but I can say we have every hope of a successful future." No doubt about it, once a pol, always a pol.

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BOOKS

the camera goes to war—and returns with a picture of misery

IN HIS book *The First World War—an Illustrated History,* British historian A. J. P. Taylor wrote: "In the narrative, war is an academic exercise, as remote from present experience as the great war of Troy. The illustrations show men. This war was our war too. Maybe if we can understand it better we can come nearer to being what the men of that time were not, masters of our own destiny."

He was speaking about World War One. Since then, photography has brought us visions of war with dreadful regularity. Each new battleground produces its star photographers and its more startling, more horrifying images. Have they helped us understand war better? Are we yet becoming masters of our own destiny?

Jorge Lewinski, in *The Camera At War* (W. H. Allen—Hutchinson), takes a long look at war photography from 1884 to the present day. It is a remarkable collection, brilliantly edited, which presents many well-known and often-published images and many more never printed before. Lewinski uses the familiar visuals — the little naked girl scarred by napalm fleeing down a Vietnamese road; the little boy, arms upraised, marching to death out of a Warsaw ghetto; the Australian soldier about to be beheaded by a Japanese officer; Robert Capa's stark snap freezing the death of a Loyalist soldier in Spain. These famous pictures are reproduced almost postage stamp size. It's a trick that retains their notoriety without letting them dominate lesser-known photographs.

The book is an illustrated catalogue of misery. The early images fit basically in the Glory-of-War category — such as Roger Fenton's classic of 1854, showing an officer at rest in the Crimea with a soldier in shirtsleeves pouring him a glass of wine.

But perhaps such images were only the result of the photographic processes of the day, which insisted on minute-long exposures and cumbersome darkrooms on wheels near at hand. Thus many photographs of this period have a staged appearance and even the battlefields are empty.

By the time of the American Civil War, exposures could be made quicker and stored on plates until developed. This enabled photographers such as Mathew B. Brady to stay close to the action and capture the aftermath of battles — fields carpeted with bodies. Brady was responsible for one of the most gruesome photographs in the book — the collection of the remains of the dead at Cold Harbor. A stretcher dominates the foreground, a soldier stoops to pick up something in the background. It is well composed, the focus is sharp. On the stretcher lie five skulls, a heap of bones, ragged cloth and a boot with remnants of bone and flesh extruding.

It received little public exposure at the time and serves to illustrate the retrospective aspect of many wartime photographs. Frequently the most vivid images surface years later, often from the soldier in the field or even the official army photographer, as in the case of Vietnam's My Lai massacre, a wanton killing of 120 women and children in May, 1968, by officers and 24 men of the US forces. It was recorded by a United States Army photographer, Robert L. Haeberle.

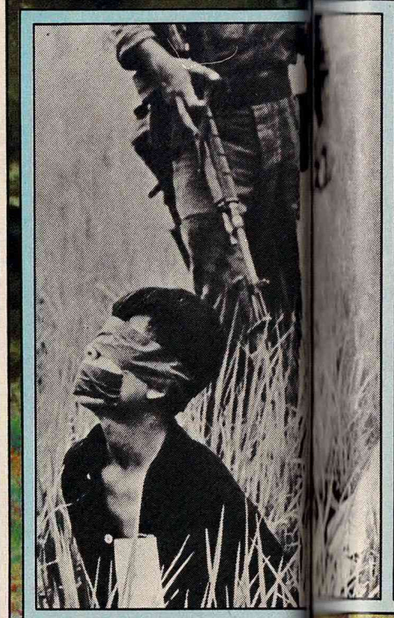
Author Jorge Lewinski describes it: "In one of his pictures, a group of terrified women huddle over their children. 'Guys were about to shoot at these people,' Haeberle recalled: 'I yelled "Hold it" and I snapped my pictures. M16s opened up and from the corner of my eye I saw bodies falling but I did not turn to look'."

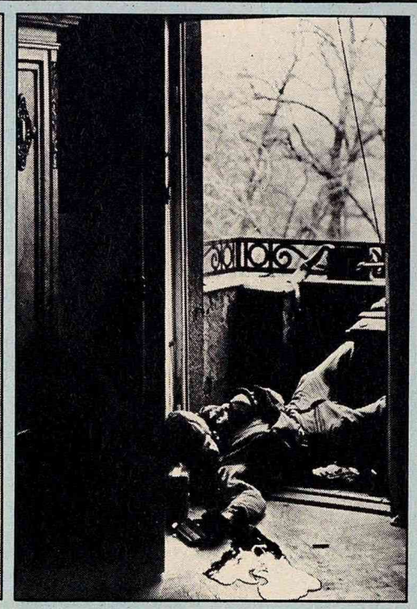
On arriving back at base, Haeberle gave the black and white film to his army unit and kept the color. The color shots surfaced only because they were discovered by a reporter from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer.* Up until then they were part of a vast, untapped "private" collection.

While not denigrating the efforts of the official photographers of any action, it is these hidden collections which show the true face of war — the common man's view. The common man who has become traumatised emotionally. I have viewed many examples of photographs like these, from the Congo, Rhodesia, Vietnam . . . they probably never will be published. They show bodies degraded beyond recognition, mutilated genitalia, torture in progress, torsos and limbs reduced to flesh sculptures. Civilians of all ages feature. This is the pornography of war.

The Camera at War comes closest to illustrating this aspect in the photographs of Penny Tweedy, a former top London *Sunday Times* photographer, who worked in Bangladesh. She dealt mainly with civilian atrocities such as the stoning of Bengali intellectuals in a Dacca brickworks. One remarkable image shows a body nearly covered in water and bricks; the face has a look of relief and repose. Penny was also present at the killing of four Beharis in the Dacca Stadium in 1971. Following a speech by a Bangladesh leader, she and a group of photographers followed him toward the gateway. The leader spotted the four prisoners, taunted them, burned them with a cigarette butt — and then bayoneted them to death.

Would this ruthless killing have taken place without the audience? Penny said that she photographed





No book has so graphically captured the horror of war as Jorge Lewinski's tribute to the men and women whose cameras have clicked on battlefields ranging from the Crimea to Kampuchea. An unknown photographer snapped the attack by three Gurkhas in North Africa in 1943 (ABOVE). Paul Schutzer took the 1965 shot of a Viet Cong (FAR LEFT) while Robert Capa recorded the death of one of the last Allied soldiers to be killed in World War Two (LEFT).

the incident by instinct. But photographer Marc Riboud refused to take photographs of the massacre.

Perhaps these are the images historian Taylor had in mind that can make us the "masters of our own destiny". — ALLAN MOULT

•

Mix one part of Jackie Collins with two parts of Agatha Christie and the result is the very refreshing American newcomer, Susan Isaacs, whose spicy whodunnit *Compromising Positions* (Penguin) is highly recommended for winter chills.

Judith Singer is her heroine, a libidinous suburban housewife who waives the restraints of motherhood and fidelity in favor of acquiring a taste for police work in general and a Lieutenant Sharpe in particular as she snoops into the murder of a local dentist.

Dr Bruce Fleckstein had a manner at once bedside and remedial: his patients often obliging with more than their dental cheques. So his death — hastened by an awl plunged into the base of his skull — and the subsequent discovery of a pack of porno pictures — unleashes a mighty maelstrom of conjecture. Using her wit and wits, Singer narrows the field of suspects to one.

Odds are that this is only the first of Susan Isaacs' winners. — CAMILLA BEACH

•

Three years ago Ken Follett resigned as deputy managing director of a big British publishing company to write full time and thriller fiction libraries are richer for that decision. Two years ago he gave us *Storm Island*— which has been republished as *Eye of the Needle*— and now he has written *Triple* (Macdonald and Jane's). It is a worthy successor.

Triple has it all. Beginning with a snippet of factual mystery which concerns the disappearance of a 200-tonne shipment of uranium ore, Follett gradually builds up the tempo until the story explodes in a bloody and brutal climax of international brinkmanship. Follett is precise with his detail and, from the opening when they are all introduced as Oxford undergraduates until they meet as operatives for the Mossad (the Israeli secret service), the KGB and the PLO, the central characters are all totally credible.

Follett's solution to the mystery of the vanishing uranium is equally plausible. He leaves the reader convinced that the Israelis outwitted and outfought the Russians and the Arabs to seize the ore, which has since been converted into fissionable material as the ultimate deterrent to war in the Middle East.

A multi-talented Welshman, Follett has progressed from a journalist with the London *Evening News* to writing children's books, non-fiction, science fiction and scripts. But *Triple* confirms that he is at his most convincing in the merciless theatre of espionage and intrigue. — RUSSELL DEILEY

•

The short story appears now to be one of the most healthy, vigorous areas of present Australian writing. Adelaide based writer John Emery, with his newest collection, *Summer Ends Now* (University of Queensland Press), has established an important and original place for himself in a field that also boasts the likes of writers like Peter Carey and Frank Moorhouse.

Summer Ends Now contains some of the most evocative descriptions ever of the Australian outback. Emery's outback is not the glossy, idealised place for which nostalgic city dwellers hunger on high smog days. It is the stark, grubby, hostile world of caravan parks, rusted car bodies and intimidatory small town police. In all but a couple of stories, Emery is determinedly unromantic, giving an acute ground level view of the lives of itinerant workers, the dispossessed fringe-dwelling blacks and a collection of dust-smeared drifters. Most of his people have learned to survive, in one way or another, but in doing so have accepted forever their role as misfits, and second-rate citizens.

From that closed off, futureless existence, it is only a short step into the incomplete yet boundless world of the child and this is something that Emery can recreate particularly well. Most notable is Country Music, in which a young boy, already partially conscious of his status as an alien observer, becomes entranced by the behavior of strangers at a country show and ends up looking through a caravan window at the beginnings of a squalid bare-knuckle abortion.

There is also celebration. Some of his cruising workers, the carpenters and steel workers meandering from one back country project to another, express a real joy in their knowledge that something new, anything, may lie just round the next bend of the endless road. They are happy just to be able to say that they have been there and shared it with a few others of kindred spirit. — GORDON GRAHAM

Frank Apology

Such is the reputation of Frank Moorhouse that any new book by him is awaited as an important event in Australian writing. His new collection of stories, *The Everlasting Secret Family* (Angus and Robertson) adds to that reputation, for in it Moorhouse has extended his range well beyond the mating habits of that now almost geriatric inner-city literary push that so often has been his pre-occupation in the past.

True, there are still references to life in Balmain and a long story set at one of those pompous literary conferences that Moorhouse has dealt with so often he could probably write about them in his sleep. But what makes that story, Imogene Continued, much more than just another exposé of the kind of buffoons and poseurs who inevitably are attracted to such occasions is the power of the central relationship portrayed. Frank Moorhouse touches upon a sadness, a painful longing for the past to settle into its place and leave present life alone. But that past, that misty tangle of contradictions, ghosts, lies and loose ends, will not be put down. It exists, bubbling along just below the surface of our everyday reality, a private, enclosed underworld in which each individual dwells for all of his life — and that is what the Secret Family of the title story is about. As one of Moorhouse's most uninhibitedly personal stories, it is so revealing and so apparently scandalous that he has seen fit to precede it with a half apology for allowing it to appear at all, claiming that he considered circulating it privately and fearing that it may be looked upon as merely a ploy in some personal relationship of his. It may well be that those in the know will be able to fit some famous and powerful names to the participants in the oozing, soaking hothouse of a sex life that he presents. That is not the point, however. You need to know nothing of Moorhouse's celebrated lifestyle to appreciate the description of loss, humiliation, passion and joy.

In the book's two other stories, Moorhouse distances himself more than usual from his central characters and it may be that his success in doing so is the most important transition in his work so far. In The Proprietor of Darkness he portrays the life of a whimsical, obsessed cinema proprietor in a small town in the 1930s. In this story, and in the macabre, disturbing Dutch Letters, what he leaves out is as important as what he defines.

An immensely readable book. — GORDON GRAHAM

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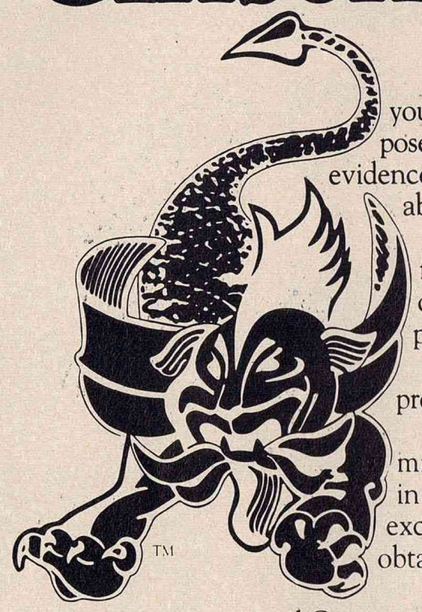

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MUSIC

everybody's talkin' 'bout the new sound, but it's still rock and roll to me . . .

WELL, IT needed saying — and Billy Joel says it all on his *Glass Houses* (CBS) album. The important cut is called It's Still Rock and Roll To Me: "It's the next phase, new wave, dance craze, anyways — it's still rock and roll to me." Yes, it needed saying, and we're glad that Billy finally got it out because all this labelling has been a pain in the butt for too long. In getting that off his chest, he's managed to hang with the times with 10 crisp tunes shot through with the Joel sense of melody and innovation.

In terms of comparison, this LP will probably suffer alongside the monumental *Turnstiles* but that's a little unfair. With the help of producer Phil Ramone, Joel has pogo-ed through the rock and roll eras. In fact, It's Still Rock and Roll To Me has the sharp edge of new wave squatting on top of '50s jive and plain old boogie. My, how things haven't changed! Following hard on the McCartney-esque Don't A..k Me Why, the effect is a journey through the musical past. However, the grand chording of All For Leyna is classic Joel.

In true style, the album is chock-full of memorable tunes and it's just a case of taking your pick of favorites. On first listen, I Don't Want To Be Alone and Close To The Borderline are right up to the Joel standard.

•

Calm Before The Storm (Mercury) is Jon English's cleanest, most sophisticated album and if he is ever going to strike the international blow, this might be it. The album's careful balance, tight production and lack of pretension are the dog-tags for critical acclaim, if not sales success.

Australians have come to expect big things of English — after all, he's been one of the most well organised acts in the country for some time, and the results are there to prove it. He's well-managed by Peter Rix, well-supported by Baxter Funt and the Bruce Brown-Russell Dunlop production-engineering job is as good as anything ever yet created in this country. English, your complete team man, handles his share of the songwriting and makes a good fist of the autobiographical song, Survivor. Much of the collection has been written by the team headed by Funt guitarist, Mike Wade, and though this appears to depart from the tried English formula in a pretty risky fashion, it serves to give the album a fresh sense of originality. By some standards, English and Funt are veterans of the roundabout, and it shows in their style which (like Bob Seger's and others of that ilk) leaps proudly above mode and gimmick.

There's an underlying forecast in the album title which suggests that the full impact of the English team talent is yet to be unleashed. For that to happen, much will depend on the public's commercial response to *Calm Before The Storm.*

•

If you think you've seen the artwork that wraps Chris Rea's *Tennis* (Magnet) around somewhere else, you're right. It's taken from an Australian "Hang Ten" poster. But it's unlikely that you have ever heard the English songwriter sounding this good before. *Tennis* is a far more elaborate affair than the previous *Deltics,* which all goes to prove that Rea is chipping out a nice market niche for himself.

From the opening serve of the title track, *Tennis* slogs down one ace after another. If *Deltics* and the earlier *Whatever Happened To Benny Santini?* lobbed short of the mark, it had much to do with the absence of support for Rea's slick lyrics and catchy melodies. No such failure here. The six-member band is boosted by a guest list bonus which includes the saxophonists Raphael Ravenscroft and Geoff Driscoll. Rea grabs an advantage with a lunge at relevancy and he volleys home the winner with Stick It — a tale of redundancy and failing hope in the face of the British industrial disaster. The result? Game, set and match to Rea.

•

The Sports are sitting safely at the classier end of the current Australian crop and are likely to stay there as long as they can stamp out albums of the class of *Suddenly!* (Mushroom). This is the standard, and it is a real surprise to have even the Sports bubbling with so much spontaneous diversity and raucous enthusiasm.

In spite of a spate of stories which might cast doubt on the ability of young producer Peter Solley, the whiz-kid has worked a good one this time. Talk about those multi-national efforts: this one has an Oz band recording at Eden Studios in London and then beating it off to the States for additional mixing and mastering in Miami and New York. Consequently, they've created something as international as Qantas with enough of a touch of Melbourne to remind us how fertile the scene is in the band's home town. The only real disappointment is the much-flogged Strangers On A Train, which does slip back into the old Sports formula to the point where at first listen one could almost predict the rises and pauses in Stephen Cummings' standardised vocals.

•

The Bellamy Brothers' *You Can Get Crazy* (WB) skates very close to the C&W market, and so it would be almost plain misleadin' to file it anywhere else. Sadly, it's got all the wrong country items — short on imagination, long on repetitious lyrics and a lead-foot pace. The fault lies not with the backing band nor Howard and David's lead vocals. It's the songwriting which lets this one down as rapidly as a punctured dirigible. And the Bellamys, who are involved with nine of the 10 tunes, must shoulder the blame. Michael Lloyd's smooth production technique is a redeeming factor, but the project had fallen well short before he got his hands on it.

•

The concept of *Tell Me On A Sunday* (Polydor) originally stemmed from a conversation lyricist Don Black had with a British woman on a trans-Atlantic flight. The subject was the numerous affairs she had had in the United States. Odd start? Yes, but when Black put the lyrics to Andrew Lloyd Webber's music and they approached female vocalist Marti Webb to relate the yarn, it surfaced as an incredibly well-received item.

First performed at the Sydmonton Festival in September of 1979, it has since been packaged for TV. It has a fat, Broadway feel that puts it closer to good theatre than middle of the road or even rock. Backed by the London Philharmonic and an eight-piece band led by Rod Argent, Marti Webb completes the final touches to a daring and unique concept. — NEIL JAMESON

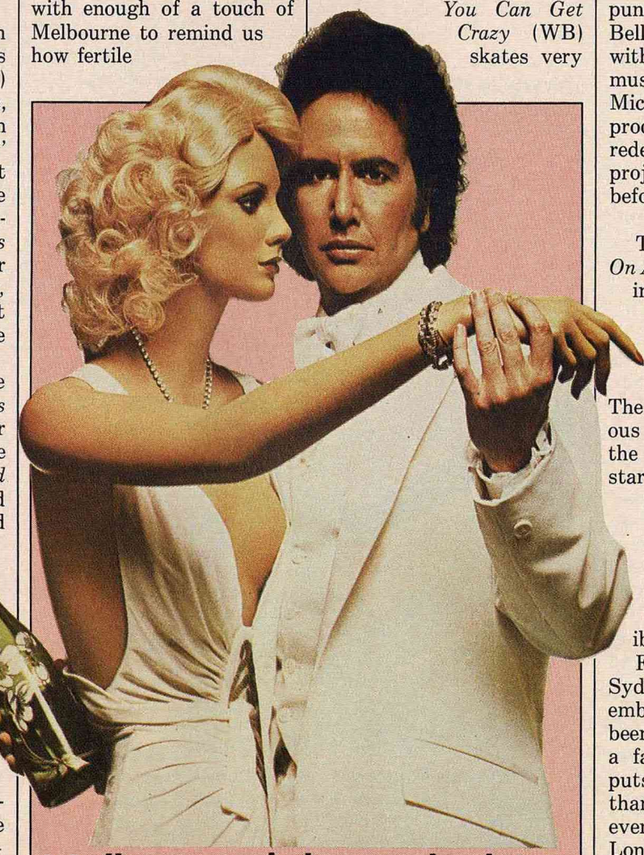
•

SHORT CUTS

Can *The Flying Lizards* (Missing Link) be England's answer to the Reels or is this piece of cheapo trash just a hoax for art school wankers? **Ask** *Lizards* creator David Cunningham, who engineered this $100-budget album.

The yukky-poo cover suggests things might come unstuck on *Lovedrive* (RCA Victor) but heavy-handed rockers, the Scorpions, are Deep Purple-Black Sabbath

Billy Joel isn't throwing any stones on *Glass Houses* — he embraces all of rock and roll here.



Hollywood dream babies

My, my, my. How John Stewart's (above) fortunes have soared since the success of his Fleetwood Mac-assisted LP, *Bombs Away, Dream Babies.* In the absence of the Mac, California's finest have got together for Stewart's follow-up, *Dream Babies Go Hollywood* (RSO). Just look at those contributing vocalists! Nine in all, and including Wendy Waldman, Nicolette Larson, Phil Everly and Linda Ronstadt.

John Stewart's obvious appeal is in the stark simplicity of his songs. It's a tidy formula: he ropes in the light melodic feel of his Kingston Trio experience and builds upon it the contemporary ingredients of rock. If commercial acclaim escaped Stewart before *Bombs Away, Dream Babies,* his latest should at least buy the groceries for a long time to come. If you don't believe it, just lean an ear in the right direction when (Odin) Spirit of the Water roars on the player. Convinced, that's what you'll be.

reincarnate — which ought to please some of the heavy leather set.

Union Jacks (Chrysalis) by the Babys is a far better album than the name and faces might imply. Five pretty faces and an offensive language warning conceal the truth about nine solid rock tunes.

When your name is Waylon Jennings, it is enough for just "Waylon" to be billed on the cover of *What Goes Around Comes Around* (RCA Victor). The LP should do a power of sales with long-distance truck haulers and talk-back radio hosts.

Has Gershwin ever sounded this good? *Manhattan* (CBS) is the soundtrack of the movie, and with Gary Graffman on the ivories and Zubin Mehta conducting the New York Philharmonic, it captures New York as precisely and nostalgically as does Woody Allen's film.

Last bleatings from a dying breed? KC and the Sunshine Band's *Greatest Hits* (Epic) will not usher them out the door with the death of disco. These boys can slip just as easily from funk to fudge — witness the schmaltzy Please Don't Go. So we'll have to put up with their Florida tans and toothy grins for a bit longer.

Songbird (Creole) is an appropriately dubbed title for a Ruby Winters album. This one gets a bit cute in parts but Ruby's velvet vocals pull it through.

If you are old enough to remember the Rascals, you might be able to remember their singer-songwriter Felix Cavaliere. He's re-surfaced with a mildly interesting album called *Castles In The Air* which, in spite of its containing the old Rascals classic People Got To Be Free, never quite recaptures the individualism of their sound.

•

When the Fraser Government took the pruning shears to the ABC, one of the first casualties was the Sydney Show Band. For many middle-of-the-roaders, the axing of the Show Band was a detour into a dead end. But out of the ashes has emerged the Tony Ansell Orchestra and, backed by the new independent record label, Batjazz, Ansell and the boys have combined to produce an extraordinary collection of sound, mood and rhythm in the eloquently descriptive new album, *Just Arranging*.

And what names these Ansell arrangements of some new, some old numbers lured into the studio — Don Burrows, Col Loughnan, Tony Buchanan, Keith Stirling, George Brodbeck, Jim Kelly and Paul Baker. And to put the vocal edge on his tasteful and fascinating blend of rich backings and flawless solos, Ansell has added the singular voice — and voices, on the multi-tracks — of Kerrie Biddell.

He claims that he was *Just Arranging*, but Tony Ansell has turned out a formidable array of tunes brilliantly performed by some of Australia's leading jazz artists.

The album reinforces Ansell, the pianist with the Don Burrows Quintet and cornerstone of the Trio jazz combo, as a major musical talent. Whether he is at the keyboards or directing the surge of Crossfire's rhythm section or setting the solos, Ansell is quite obviously in control from the very first track to the last.

It all works — from Burrows' mesmeric alto flute in Softly, As in a Morning Sunrise to the interchange of the Stirling flugelhorn and the mellow Loughnan soprano sax on Boz Scaggs' We're All Alone; from the back-to-back piano and guitar of Ansell and Kelly on the Gershwin classic I Loves You, Porgy through to Dish Rag, in which the piano and Buchanan's tenor sax cut wildly loose.

It is also refreshing to find artists and a recording company backing up quality with quantity. The music on *Just Arranging* is clocked at precisely 41 minutes and 54 seconds — an unexpected bonus these days when so many of the major recording companies find it difficult to coax more than half an hour from stable stars.

—RUSS DEILEY

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I am quite enthusiastic about Charlie Byrd's latest, *Blue Byrd*, on Concord, released to coincide with his recent Australian tour. His brother Joe plays unobtrusive electric bass and contributes some first rate vocals (in the Mose Allison manner) on I Ain't Got Nothin' But the Blues and Saturday Night Fish Fry. The group's drummer, Wayne Phillips, is a vast improvement on the percussionist who made up the trio on Byrd's previous visit here.

Byrd is at his very best in the two Latin-flavored tracks, Vou Vivendo and Carinhoso. This is the sort of music that brought him world acclaim in the early 1960s when he and Stan Getz brought Latin American jazz north of the border.

It is marvellous to hear such new and pleasant treatments of a couple of neglected Irving Berlin compositions, Soft Lights and Sweet Music and Isn't it a Lovely Day.

Byrd is a most versatile musician and *Blue Byrd* is a new and fascinating *tour de force* by one of the most talented musicians of the present.

— KYM BONYTHON

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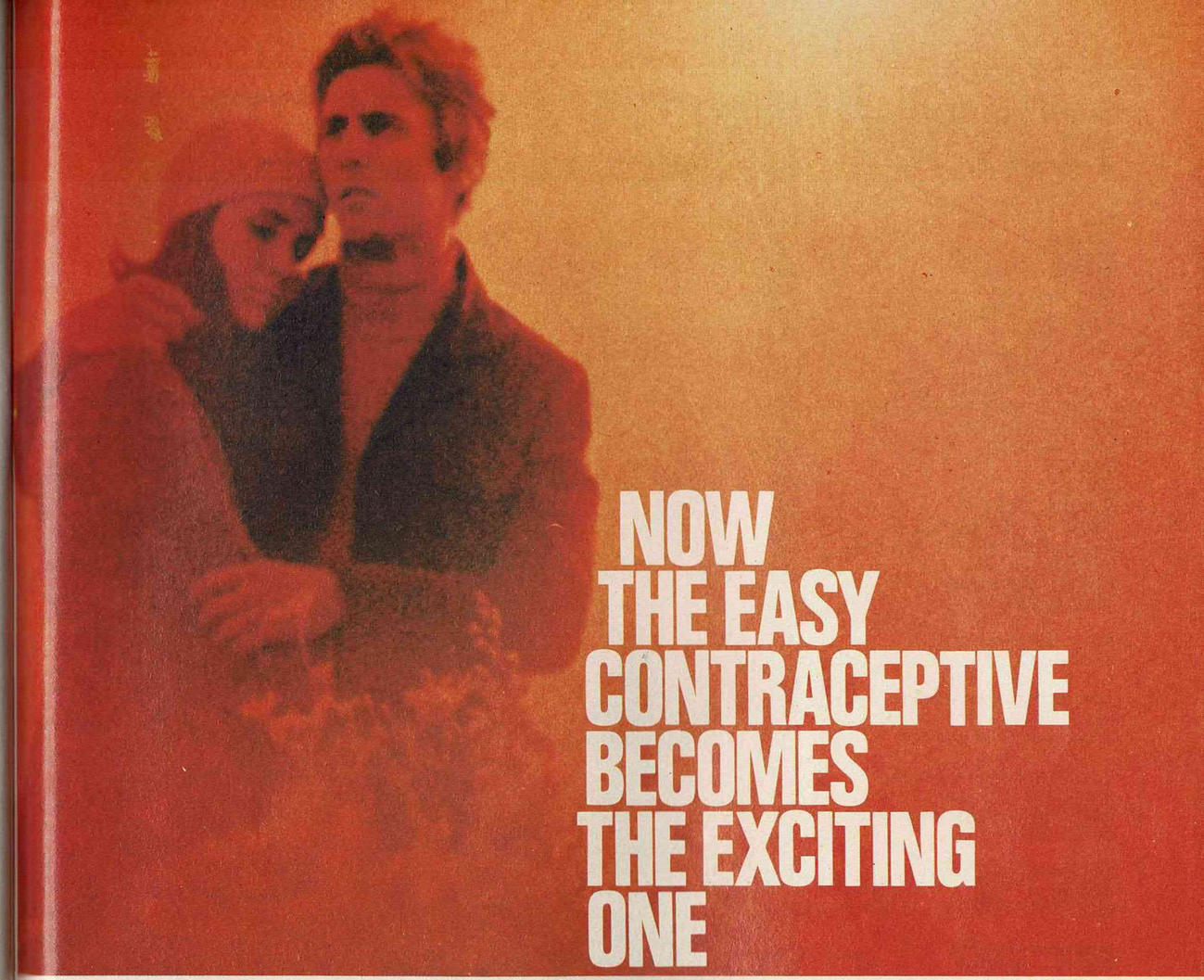
NEWSBREAKS

All those talented rock musicians looking for the right break should start rehearsing for the 2SM, 4IP, 3XY *Violet Crumble Battle of the Sounds*. The booty totals $14,800 and includes a recording contract with Wizard Records. Three heats will be held in each State in June and July, State finals are in August, the Grand Final is at Sydney's Hordern Pavilion on August 31.

The title of **Kiss**' newie leaves one wondering if they could be so foolish. It's called *Unmasked* . . . And the sound track to *Urban Cowboy*, featuring a cast of thousands—including the **Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, Bob Seger, Jimmy Buffett, Dan Fogelburg, Boz Scaggs** and **The Charlie Daniels Band** — will do for west coast American rock, according to a WEA rep, "what *Saturday Night Fever* did for disco". **Delany-Venn** newly-released *New Hearts* LP takes its name from the Sydney-based duo's band.

Out now or expected shortly: LP's from **Jimmy Cliff, The Doobie Brothers** *(One Step Closer)*, **Jackson Browne** *(Hold Out)*, **Cheech & Chong** *(Let's Make Another Dope Deal)*, **Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott** *(Solo in Soho)*, **Roxy Music** *(Flesh & Blood)*, **Joan Armatrading, Kevin Borich, Richard Clapton, Bob Marley, The Angels** (*Dark Room*), **Mi-Sex** *(Space Race)*, **Elton John** *(21 at 33* — stands for 21 albums in 33 years), **The Jacksons** and **Bruce Springsteen**. Rumored to tour soon: **The Motels, Styx** and **The Kinks**.

— JENNY HUNTER BROWN



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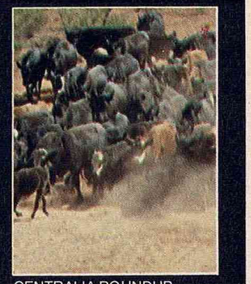
Potpourri (Page 158): Pictures of Australian Quarter Horse Championships by Mike Kenyon.

NEXT MONTH

ABIGAIL


CENTRALIA ROUNDUP

THE PROCURER

ABIGAIL REVEALS ALL — AUSTRALIA'S SEX SYMBOL OF THE '70s, THE GIRL WHO MADE HISTORY AS THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN ACTRESS TO APPEAR NUDE ON TV IN THE *NUMBER 96* SERIES, DRESSES UP YOUR FANTASIES IN A SUPERB PICTORIAL

THE CONTROVERSIAL CHIEF JUSTICE — A PROBING PROFILE BY **DAVID MARR** REVEALS SIR GARFIELD BARWICK AS AN OBSESSIVE JURIST WHOSE CAREER HAS BEEN A SUCCESSION OF BLIGHTED AMBITIONS

DUDLEY MOORE'S 10 FANTASY — THE STAR WHO PURSUED BO DEREK THROUGH THE MOVIE *10* HAS A FEW NOVEL IDEAS ON HOW TO TRAP YOUR IDEAL WOMAN. AND **HARRY STEIN** LISTS 10 WOMEN YOU SHOULD AVOID AT ALL COSTS

ZING GO THE STRINGS OF MY VAS DEFERENS — CUTTING THROUGH THE MYTHS OF VASECTOMY, **RICHARD BECKETT** DECIDES THAT SEVERING THE CORD IS THE WAY TO FREEDOM

FLYING IN THE FACE OF HISTORY—AUTHOR **XAVIER HERBERT,** FAMED FOR HIS EPIC STORY *POOR FELLOW MY COUNTRY,* RECOUNTS HIS ADVENTURES AS A FAILED HORSEMAN TRYING TO COME TO TERMS WITH A FLYING MACHINE

OUTBACK HEROES — IN A LAND GRIPPED BY DROUGHT, THE LIVELIHOODS OF THE CATTLEMEN ARE IN THE BALANCE. **NEIL JAMESON** REPORTS ON A DUSTY CENTRALIAN ROUNDUP

THE PROCURER — GRIPPING DRAMA AS A PRETTY AUSTRALIAN TOURIST VISITING THE PYRAMIDS DISCOVERS TOO LATE THAT SHE IS PHARAOH GAME. FICTION BY **PAUL MANN**

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I carelessly dropped my cigarettes and lighter – carefully wrapped in a waterproof wallet – over the side of the camera boat. I dived in clear water and on retrieving the treasure, swam towards the nearby shore.

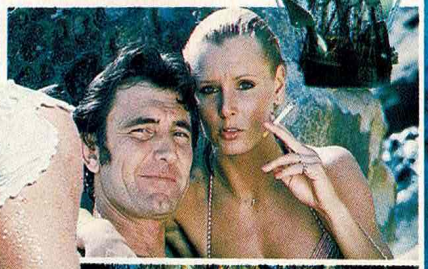
"Rescue me, James", a swimming voice called.

"George", I corrected.

"George", she gurgled.

So I lifted her from the water, and we relaxed on the beach and enjoyed a cigarette.

"That's what Benson and Hedges Extra Mild commercials are all about", she smiled, satisfied.



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